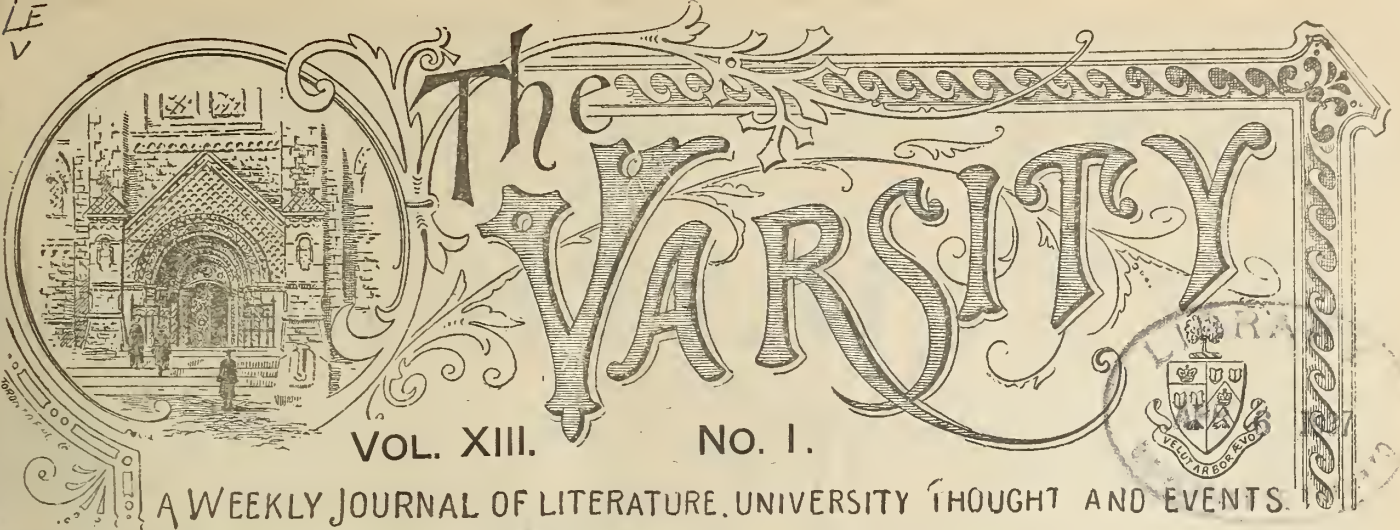




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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1893.

NO. 1.

Editorial Comments.



WITH this number VARSITY enters upon the thirteenth year of its existence. Its history during this period may be broadly divided into two sections. During the first of these it was under the control of a joint stock company, composed mainly of graduates. This regime lasted up to 1889 and was followed by a year of great darkness in our literary world, when its lamp ceased to shine. But happily our *Dark Ages* were only of brief duration, and after an interval of one year the paper was revived under a new management.

Under the present system, inaugurated in 1890, VARSITY is a purely undergraduate concern, controlled by a body of directors but subordinate to that great organ of student opinion, the Literary Society. As to its success hitherto, public opinion is unanimous. Guided by some of the ablest men whom our University has sent out in recent years, it has sped onward in prosperous course. It is our hope and it shall be our endeavor to secure it a like good fortune during the academic year on which we are now entering.

So much for the past—we turn now to the future. There are various opinions as to the ideal to which this Journal should strive to attain. The safest conclusions on such a subject can be reached only by careful consideration of the position in which we stand. Briefly stated it is this—that we are forced to make one paper perform two entirely distinct functions, to serve as a newspaper, and also as a literary journal. The dawning of that happy era, when each of these functions will have its own separate organ, will settle many vexed questions in regard to the style and conduct of journalism in our University. But till then we must live as best we can.

Hitherto VARSITY has aimed at combining both these elements. Whilst giving the news of the College, it has striven also to afford a medium of communication for such as have felt the burden of messages, literary and otherwise, to the University public lying heavy upon them. The difficulties attaching to this dual position almost all centre around the question as to the relative importance of these two branches of our work. Some there are who advise the elimination of the newspaper side of that work. But the advocacy of any hasty or radical changes in that direction fails to recognize the fact that we have as yet no other agency for the publication of such items of news as concern simply the student-body. The city papers, it is true, to a certain extent accomplish this end; but their primary object is to interest the general public and it is to that end that their column of College topics is directed. Here then is a felt need: and, so long as the

present condition of affairs remains, VARSITY must endeavor, in some measure at least, to meet that need.

But let us not be misunderstood in this matter. It is by no means our opinion that VARSITY should be devoted mainly to this end. Newspaper work is only a part, and a subordinate part at that, of its mission. Its higher aim, as performing the function of a literary journal, must ever be kept in view. And it would be well that this side of its work should receive increasing attention as time goes by, and thus the transition period in which we now stand be brought to a termination. By such means gradual but substantial progress would be made; for in this, as in so many other instances, the old caution "*festina lente*" is not superfluous.

It must not be forgotten, however, that unless our students themselves are ready to contribute literary matter, the conduct of the paper along such lines will be difficult, nay rather impossible. It is not the duty of the Editor and his associates to monopolize its columns from week to week with their own productions. Their duty is rather that of selection and supervision than that of creation. We entertain the hope that there will be no difficulty in this regard, and that each and all of our subscribers will recognize his duty and will not be negligent in fulfilling it.

In the Editorial page it will be our endeavor in every topic discussed to maintain an attitude which, while respectful to the powers that be, will yet set forth, without fear or favor, such views as we believe conducive to the best interests of the undergraduate body. As representing them, VARSITY will, of course, strive to be a faithful mirror of their opinions. Unswerving loyalty to the University will be our Alpha and our Omega. But true loyalty consists, not in unquestioning submission to established institutions, but in a fair and candid criticism of those institutions from the standpoint of those affected by them; and since the undergraduates constitute so important a factor in the University, and are largely influenced by every change in method or policy, it is not unimportant that their voice in these matters should be heard and should be uttered with no uncertain sound.

In conclusion, we would crave the indulgence of our fellow-students toward us in the new position in which we find ourselves placed. In many respects it is, indeed, a very trying one. The Editorial robe as yet sits uneasy on our shoulders. When we recollect on whose it has rested in times gone by, we are forced to utter the sentiment of Horace: "*The era of our sires has brought forth us, their more degenerate sons.*" But if unwearying zeal and unstinted effort are of aught avail, these verily shall not be wanting. And we feel assured that if the students second as they ought, and as we are confident they will, the efforts of the staff, then VARSITY will weather safely through the winds and waters of another voyage.

It is with great regret that we are compelled to announce that our financial condition is not at present as fortunate as might be desired. Financially speaking, we cannot sit under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest us or make us afraid. In short, we are in debt. Of course, the reader will understand that we speak in our VARSITORIAL, and not in our personal capacity. VARSITY is in debt: and the problem for us is not how it came to be there, but how to get it out. But with two such business men as McMillan and McArthur to face the situation, and with a large constituency ready, nay anxious, to subscribe and to *pay up* their subscriptions, we feel certain that the present condition of things will not be of long duration.

To *pay up*: aye, there's the rub. 'Tis easy enough to give in one's name and weekly to read the paper or (which may the gods avert) consign it to the waste-basket; but to hand out the wherewithal therefor is a more arduous task. And yet it must be done. The man that will not pay his VARSITY subscription is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Put not your trust in such an one, for verily you will find cause to repent it. But in our constituency such men are rare. College men love honor beyond all things else. They will not be wanting or prove false at the critical moment when our B. M.'s agent strikes them for a contribution; nay, they will rise to the greatness of the occasion and raise the necessary dollar.

One word only of advice would we add. We often hear men recommended on election day to "vote early and often." And so too we would say "pay early and often." Pay early and so avoid the rush. Pay often and so make the heart of our B. M. to swell with joy and his face to shine with gladness. Truly the reward is ample for the sacrifice.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA.*

General Lew Wallace, the author of the *Prince of India*, is a man now in his sixty-seventh year. In personal appearance he is rather tall, with grey hair and a beard also rather grey. A friend of mine, who met him in Constantinople some years ago, said his most striking characteristic was his extreme kindness and courteousness. He was born at Brookville, Indiana, where he passed most of his younger days. His favorite book was Plutarch's *Lives*; the parallels however excluded. After twelve years' schooling, during most of which time however he had not attended very regularly, he gave it up and studied painting at Indianapolis. During this time he wrote a novel called "The Man at Arms; a tale of the Tenth Century," which was never published. He also formed the plan for his "Fair God" at this period. With no prospects of a livelihood from painting, in which art he does not seem to have had much skill, the author of "Ben Hur" turned his attention to law, and this occupied his time until the outbreak of the Mexican war.

Wallace's services in this war, besides gaining him experience as a soldier, for he commanded a company organized by himself, was also productive of new ideas for his "Fair God" which he had not until then intended to finish. At the end of the war he again took up the study of law, but still maintained his connection with the militia in his position of Adjutant-General of the State. In the American Civil War he served with the Union Army, but a detailed account of his life at this time will not be necessary. Since that time he has held several diplomatic positions, the most important of which has been his last one at Constantinople.

When asked the other day if his residence at Constantinople had any connection with his new book, he

answered that he might almost say he had been sent there to write it. President Garfield, in giving him the Turkish mission, said he hoped he would not find his official duties too onerous to prevent the writing of a new book, and the *Prince of India* is the result. At Constantinople General Wallace had facilities as minister for inspecting many valuable records dealing with its fall in fourteen hundred and fifty-three, but as there are mosques by the hundred and every mosque has a library he found the undertaking rather a tiresome one. He was indebted to Professor Grosvenor, however, of the American College at Hissar, for much valuable assistance. Six years' work was necessary to complete the book, and its careful preparation is evidenced in almost every page of it.

The chief character, the Prince of India, is the Wandering Jew, who figured so prominently in the mythical legends of the middle ages. In a book of the Chronicles of the Abbey of St. Albans, which is cited by Baring-Gould in his "Myths of the Middle Ages," the story is told as follows: "When therefore the Jews were dragging Jesus forth and had reached the door of the hall of judgment, Cartaphilus, a porter of the hall, in Pilate's service, as Jesus was going out of the door, impiously struck Him on the back with his hand, and said in mockery, 'Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker; why do you loiter?' and Jesus, looking back on him with a severe countenance, said to him, 'I am going and you will wait till I return'; and according as our Lord said, this Cartaphilus is still awaiting His return. At the time of our Lord's suffering he was thirty years old, and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered. After Christ's death, when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Cartaphilus was baptized by Ananias and was called Joseph." That there is some ground for the legend of the Wandering Jew, many of whose appearances are recorded in chronicles of the middle ages, must be admitted: for in the twenty-eighth verse of the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew we find the following words: "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom." Baring-Gould, however, who has made a thorough study of the subject, claims the whole matter to be a myth even against frequent evidence of the Jew's appearance.

The incident of the young Sultan's love affair with the Princess Irene is recorded in "Knolles' History of the Turks," and is almost the same as Johnston's Tragedy of Irene. Gibbon and Von Hammer reject the story but Wallace declares it has an historical basis.

In the first book we accompany the Wandering Jew in a visit to the tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre, from whose sarcophagus the former is supplied with money in jewels, which pass current everywhere. He has not visited the tomb for one thousand years and rejoices to find that it is still untouched.

After the lapse of six years the second book renews the narrative when Uel, a merchant at Constantinople, receives a letter from a Prince of India, who has known his father, asking him to aid the bearer in securing a house, as the Prince is now on his way to Constantinople in order to take up his permanent residence in that city. On his way thither the pilgrimage to Mecca is taken and there he falls in with Mirza, Emir of the Hajj, who has charge of the comfort of the pilgrims. To him the Prince relates his opinion of future events; for years the west has been the conqueror of the east, but in the son of Amurath the Second, the present Sultan, the world shall see a new eastern conqueror who shall overcome the west.

Possessed of what he declares to be a "universal solvent," the Prince of India is deeply interested in the worship of the prophet. In his opinion, God has revealed Himself to mankind in Mohammed, Buddha, Zoroaster and Christ, who are simply incarnations of the same spirit of God. In the worship of Mahomet, however, he finds God to be neglected and the prophet himself to be the sole

* "The Prince of India; or Why Constantinople Fell." By Lew. Wallace. 2 vols. Harper & Bros. 1893.

object of adoration. At Constantinople he hopes to find God worshipped more in Himself and there before the Emperor he intends to declare his new doctrine.

The scene now changes to Constantinople, where the Prince of India is at length installed in his new residence. Uel, the Jewish merchant, who has aided in procuring his quarters, has a young daughter who so resembles the former daughter of the Prince's that he prevails upon the Jew to allow him to adopt her. With her education the Prince takes great pains, and as he is well versed in the study of astronomy and astrology he instils into her young mind the hidden mysteries of the heavens.

When she and the Prince of India are one day being rowed along the Bosphorus, they are suddenly overtaken by a violent storm. The European side cannot possibly be reached, and they are therefore forced to take refuge at one of the Turkish fortresses on the opposite shore. Another boat is driven to the same harbor, and both land together. The occupants of this boat are Sergius, a young Russian monk, who is now connected with the Brotherhood of St. James, at Constantinople, and the Princess Irene, a cousin of the Emperor's. The whole party are received by an eastern knight, who acts as their host in the character of the Governor. When the Prince of India, however, is summoned to his chamber in the evening, he finds that this Governor is no other than the son of the Sultan, who has heard of the Prince from the Emir Mirza. The young prince is anxious to hear more of the prophecies of the heavens, but the Prince declares he cannot tell them until he knows the time of Amurath's death.

Later on in the evening he also visits the Princess Irene, whose looks have charmed him at the landing, but his disguise represents him to her as an Arab sheik who is a wonderful story-teller. During the whole interview, however, she thinks she detects something in his eyes by which she recognizes him, but she is not fully convinced though she considers the matter for some length of time after his departure. He at her request visits her at her palace of Therapia, but still in the character of the singing sheik.

The Emperor is now brought on the stage and we are shown him not only as a grand type of true knighthood, but also as a man greatly hampered in his acts by the religious disputes of the city. He himself is on good terms with the Sultan, but since the latter is now a very old man he cannot tell when he may be suddenly called upon to defend the city from the hot-headed son. His brother Votoras, is also aiming at the throne, but in such trying times with the Turk at the gates it is impossible for him to deal with him as he deserves. The armies again are not filled, for the brotherhoods of the city have absorbed about five thousand of the best blood of the Grecian youths. With all these cares about him, the Emperor still maintains a bold front; but the disunion of the parties weakens the city.

At the presentation of his "universal solvent" to the Emperor by the Prince of India, we are given an instance of the former's powerlessness. The Court has been summoned and also the Patriarch Hegumen and other leaders of religious thought. With respectful attention they listen to the Prince of India until he places Christ on an equality with Mahomet, when one of the brotherhoods jump up and rushing wildly past the speaker disappear down the stairs. The Emperor apologises but his powerlessness is evident. In his answer the Patriarch opposes that God alone could not be worshipped, for there must be a Saviour. This refusal of the greatest prince of Christendom to receive his new doctrine whereby all mankind might be made brethren arouses the Prince of India against the Emperor, and when the latter refuses to have the monasteries searched for Uel's daughter, who has been abducted, the Prince resolves to leave Constantinople and to aid Mahomet in its capture.

The old Sultan being now dead, his son is seated on the throne and has already begun preparations against the Grecian capital. In the city itself is the Emir Mirza in the character of an Italian, Count Corti, which title he

really holds, for he was kidnapped when young. He keeps up constant communication with the young Sultan, and sends him continually plans of the walls and fortifications. At the Sultan's command, he is especially solicitous of the welfare of the Princess Irene until their frequent meetings kindle a flame in the breast of the Italian himself. With his love for the Princess come other changes: he becomes a Christian, but more strange still, a faithful follower of the Emperor. In a secret meeting with the Sultan he discloses the changes in himself. To his surprise the Sultan declares that he has foreseen them and that the Emir is henceforth free to serve the Emperor. The siege, however, is to be for a wager: if the Turks are repulsed, Count Corti is free to press his suit with the Princess, but should they be successful the Sultan shall claim the Princess as his bride.

The Sultan has received from the Prince of India the exact date and hour of the day when the siege ought to begin. Acting upon this advice, he at the appointed hour orders his troops to advance. The assault is successful and the city is taken. Count Corti defends the Emperor until, the crowds pressing around, the latter is slain at the hands of the Prince of India. The Italian, leaving him for dead, makes his way to the house of the Princess Irene, and in the character of the Emir Mirza conducts the Princess to the appointed meeting-place at St. Sophia, where he presents her as the bride of the victorious young Sultan.

The blow from Count Corti's sword has not killed the Prince of India, who simply underwent the transformation which takes place at the end of every one hundred years.

Wallace has treated the character of the Wandering Jew in order to bring out only one idea in his multifarious existences. This idea is simply that as he grew older the Jew grew wiser. He was skilled in the knowledge of the heavens, could read their signs and foretell events; he was well versed in all modern languages, and in fact had travelled over almost the whole known world. With a character like that of the Prince of India, who has unlimited wealth and wisdom far exceeding that of the ordinary man, an author is in a position to make his creation perform almost superhuman feats. Though this is often slightly detected yet it is disguised in the mysticism which surrounds the Jew and which causes him to appear rather more than human.

The characters of the Princess Irene and the Emperor Constantine are ably drawn, and especially must this be said of the Princess. She is herself a devout Christian but with views tending rather to Calvinism. Her acts are, however, in keeping with her faith, for she did not fear to enter the arena with the monk Sergius, who was set to face the lion for similar heretical ideas. The fear and astonishment of the multitude were great when they saw the Princess Irene, the cousin of the Emperor, suddenly enter from a private gate and join the young monk in the centre of the arena. Relief came, however, in the shape of an African servant of the Prince of India, who slew the lion after entangling him in a net. She is greatly beloved by the poor, and it is partly with the hope of the good she may do that she is persuaded to marry the victorious young Sultan.

The *Prince of India* is an historical romance and as such deserves to be widely read. Just as we prefer our dishes savoured with a little spice, so most of us prefer our history served up to us with a touch of romance. Histories are as a rule too full of realism, and the historical romance possesses realism and romanticism proportionately combined. In the romance again the dry bones of history are clothed with life and animation, and we feel that we are more in touch with the events depicted before us. On the whole, it must be said that the *Prince of India* displays not only all the beauties of the historical romance, but gives evidence that its author possesses both deep knowledge of human nature and an intimate acquaintance with the events of which he treats.

B. P. H.

The Varsity

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance.

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

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OCTOBER 11, 1893.

QUEEN'S PARK.

WRITTEN IN MY FRESHMAN DAYS.



ONE of my favorite places of resort in Toronto is the Queen's Park. A child of rural Canada, the dust of cities and the din of paved streets jades me and wearies me: and as one who in a foreign country cherishes the relics of his own land that he has brought with him, so do I turn with grateful relief from the busy city to this quiet grassy nook, reserved for meditation and suggestive of the fields and meadows that surround my natal cot. The native verdure of my soul seems here to find an externality harmonious and correspondent with itself. Hither, therefore, I betake me at such times as I feel the need of quiet and reflection.

Entering the park from the south off College street, one of the natural beauties that first attracts the eye is a small circular-shaped garden, surrounded by a picket fence and filled with flowers and shrubs carefully laid out in regular plots. We pause and lean upon the picket fence, gazing apprehensively meanwhile at the patrol-box that stands close by. Examining the garden more carefully, we see planted within it and frowning out upon us the Russian cannon from Sebastopol. Here they rest in undisturbed old age, forgetful of the stormy scenes of forty years ago and the fortress that once they helped to defend. Sleep on, ye dogs of war! and never may the savage thunder of your throats be roused again to belch forth ruin and destruction from your iron lips! May ye be memorials of an irrevocable past rather than portents of a troubled future!

But we hasten on, past the garden-plot, past the magnificent pile of the new Provincial Parliament buildings, to the grassy campus behind, for this is our favorite spot in the Park. Here we stretch at full length on the grass, or repose on one of the commodious benches that a thoughtful City Council has provided as a resting-place for the weary passer-by. The trees around are sighing softly in the autumn breeze. From afar the din of the busy world strikes murmuring on the ear. All things invite the mind to serious thought. In meditative mood, therefore, we gaze at the Parliament buildings; "and what a snap it were," methinks, "to have some fat government situation, to feel myself the proprietor of an office in this noble edifice with nothing to do, and a handsome salary for doing it! Surely this were the summum bonum!" But even as the souls of Homer's heroes in days of yore spake to the physical frame wherein they were tenemented, so spake my soul to me as she heard these thoughts: "Poor wretch! Is this the height of thine ambition? Is this thy summum bonum? To rake in the shekels for dealing out red-tape to thy fellow-men? Gaze westward yonder, where riseth another stately dome. The place thou knowest, for thou art a denizen thereof. Thither go the sons and daughters of learning to drink deep draughts from Wisdom's sacred fount. Surely to dwell there and quaff her inspiration were better than to draw a salary for doing nothing! Is not wisdom better than riches and red-tape?"

So spake my soul within me. Filled with the grandeur of the conception she set before me, I was too absorbed to notice the rapid flight of time, till, startled to behold the sun now sinking in the west, I roused myself again. Already his last rays were gilding the pinnacles of the Parliament buildings; a moment more and he was hidden from view. I would fain have strolled through the Park still further and commented on its beauties; but the desire for supper was upon me, and an anxious fear lest my landlady would not keep it waiting for me if I tarried too long. I hastened homeward therefore, compelled to abandon my survey of the Park almost ere I had begun it.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.

Mr. H. R. Fairclough, M.A., who has for several years been lecturer in Greek and Greek History, has left us. We mourn our loss; and now the Pacific slope claims him for its own. Leland Stanford, Jr., University is to be congratulated upon its new professor; and VARSITY wishes Mr. Fairclough every success in his new sphere.

Dr. Kirschmann, who has been appointed lecturer in Psychology, comes to us with the highest recommendations. The doctor was formerly assistant to Professor Wundt at Leipsic, and this alone speaks much for the ability of our new lecturer in his chosen line of work.

Mr. J. M. McEvoy, B.A., LL.B., who was, last year, lecturer in Political Science, and prior to that, fellow in the same department, has now settled down to the practice of law. The critical acumen which distinguished Mr. McEvoy in his discussions of subtle constitutional points will stand him in good stead in his practice.

Mr. C. A. Stuart a distinguished graduate of '91, has been appointed fellow in Political Science. Mr. Stuart, subsequent to graduation, held for some time a fellowship in History at Columbia College. We are sure that with such an addition to the already able staff, the Political Science course will be more popular than ever.

Fred Hellems, '93—we don't give his initials for everybody knows Fred—has been appointed fellow in Latin. Mr. Hellems received an offer of a fellowship from Chicago University, but preferred to cast in his lot with old VARSITY. Mr. Hellems is one of the most brilliant graduates of last year, and his well-known ability in classics, coupled with his wide reading, make his lectures attractive, even to those who are but little acquainted with the classic tongues. We wish Mr. Hellems all success, both because

he is an ex-editor of VARSITY, and also because he is a man of whom we all are proud.

Mr. A. Carruthers, B.A., has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the staff caused by Mr. Fairclough's resignation. Mr. Carruthers will not enter upon his duties till after Christmas, and until then his place will be occupied by Mr. G. Laing, '91.

Mr. W. Parks, '92, is fellow in Mineralogy and Geology. "Barkis is ever willin'" to work, and this, plus his ability, means much.

TO A FRIEND.

We two were rear'd in different lands—

I 'neath clear cut, northern skies,
You where Missouri laves her sands
'Neath mellow-clouded canopies.

The breeze that nurs'd your knitting form,
It was mild and sweet and free ;
You left it all for snow and storm,
And came to find and comfort me.

We met by chance ; your figure, ripe
In its proportions, pleas'd my eye.
I spoke and you were mine—my *pipe*,
My corn-cob pipe—without a sigh.

Some love sea-foam or briar wood,
And say you're worthless and all that :
To me a home-spun friend's as good
As one who wears a high silk hat.

Still others hate your whole wide race—
Call you a useless, dirty crew ;
But I can tell them to their face
They grievously do slander you.

I know you better far than they,
And you are sympathetic, kind ;
And bright or gloomy be the day,
You meet my every mood of mind.

Am I elate ? I seek you then,
You breathe no word to cast me down ;
Grieved with myself or fellow-men ?
You gently soothe away the frown.

Yet I detest that servile bend
That kills the joys man's friendships crave ;
And I, howe'er I be your friend,
Would blush to think myself your slave.

This too, I'll say, who've known the taste
Of a fever without balm,
That in a life too full of haste,
You give the greatest blessing—Calm.

Oft as your incense slowly swung,
Fancy's slumb'ring soul awoke ;
And many a thought too sweet for tongue,
Has floated up in clouds of smoke.

Here in my cosy upper room,
By the midnight fire's flare,
Sooth'd by your aromatic fume,
I build me castles in the air.

Long vanish faces I descry,
As the vapours twine and part ;
And sweet mists melt upon the eye,
And flood the fountains of the heart.

And so, let men laugh loud and long—
I, with an affection ripe,
Am not ashamed to make a song
In honor of my corn-cob pipe.

JAS. A. TUCKER, '95.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

The most famous play of Sophocles is the "Antigone," and perhaps the most famous part of that play is the ode which it is attempted to present under the title of this article. This ode occurs in the play just after the burial of the rebel Polynices contrary to the express decree of the Theban monarch, is made known. Heavy penalties had been proclaimed against such an act, when suddenly the tidings is brought that the body has been buried. The chorus of Theban elders who attend on the king, struck with the daring spirit which must have animated the doer of so bold a deed, pass in meditation from the particular case which has engaged their attention, to the various manifestations of that same spirit as a factor in the progress of the human race. Thus the ode is a celebration of the triumphs which the indomitable will of man has won over the realm of nature. It runs as follows :—

"Many wonderful things there are, and nothing more wonderful than man ; e'en o'er the foaming sea he fares driven by the south wind's blast, through the drenching waves he cleaves a path, and the mightiest of the gods, immortal and unwearied Earth, for his gain he wears away, as his plough pursues its course year after year, tilling the field with the offspring of the steed.

"The flock of flighty birds he takes in the snare, and the race of savage beasts and the brood of ocean teeming in the sea in the meshy folds of his net, man with his cunning craft ; he subdues by subtlety the monster fierce that haunts the hills, and his yoke upon its neck shall tame the shaggy-maned steed and the mountain bull of unwearied strength.

"Language and lofty thought and civic ways he hath taught himself, and the clear chill shaft of frost to avoid and the edge of driving rain, with all-resourceful skill ; resourceless in nought he goes to meet the future ; from Death alone shall he not obtain escape, though for baffling disease a remedy hath been devised.

"Gifted beyond all hope with inventive skill, to evil now and now to good he turns it. Honoring the laws of the land and justice sworn before heaven, he rises to power in the state ; but an outcast from the state is he with whom evil dwells for rashness' sake. Never my guest be he nor of my view who doeth this."

In this ode there is much that is worthy our close attention. We of this year of grace 1893, when the triumphs of steam are past and those of electricity are coming, when improvement and invention are progressing with a rapidity almost surpassing conception, are all too prone to fall into the error of misjudging the progress of mankind in the past and depreciating the achievements which our predecessors of the ages gone have wrought. No doubt we are the people ; yet wisdom will not die with us, neither was it born with us. But when we scan the past from the closer point of view of the ancient Greek a truer conception is obtained. The beginnings of seamanship and of agriculture, the domestication of wild animals, the construction of dwellings to give shelter against the rigors of the climate, the first steps in the art of healing, the genesis and growth of the community with all the new ideas and relations which it introduces, all these are here revealed in their true light as among the greatest of the onward results which the restless spirit of man has ever achieved. Such a view of things in their true perspective may not be so flattering to the vanity which would regard everything worth mentioning as the issue of the modern era, but it is a vastly grander and nobler view, revealing to us the invincible will of man wresting now this province and now that from the realm of nature and subduing it to himself. And let us not forget that in such a conquest the comparative ease and speed with which the later steps are taken is due wholly to the unflinching resolution which won the earlier in the days gone by. XOVTHOS.

RHETORIC.

The critical faculties of certain undergraduates seem to attain a development in exquisite harmony with the growth of their creative powers. It is no new thing to hear the most contemptuous censures of the College paper from persons to whom the lowliest flights of composition are almost impossible, or to find clumsy literary fledglings, who have crawled unawares into some dull corner of the contemporary press, pronounce all connection with VARSITY a serious compromise of their exalted smallness. Amusing as appears this air of lofty superiority in persons lacking the essential elements of English scholarship, it is by no means so naively interesting as the ludicrous strictures that often emanate from humbler minds. There are some readers whose highest aim and proudest boast it is, to be, and to be considered, eminently practical, and whose broad, receptive intellects can never grasp this vital truth, that in various departments of art the most practical critic must often be exactly the reverse of what is commonly understood as practical. It is altogether likely that a practical man would be a most impractical critic of Tintoretti, or Rubens, or Turner, and a practical man would hardly be able to produce a practical criticism of *Samson Agonistes*, the *Ode to Evening*, or the solemn music of *In Memoriam*. To be practical very often means to be narrow, and petty, and blind. This is seen in many departments of human activity, and in none more often than in literature. Nor is it difficult to detect your impractical practical literary critic. One test is sufficient. If ever he reads a paragraph slightly raised above mediocrity by warmth of tone or symmetry of form, he invariably delivers himself of this supposed anathema: it is *rhetorical*.

Rhetoric is nothing more nor less than the fitting expression of thought in spoken or written word. Fitting expression is not necessarily plain or bald expression. On the contrary, the most proper style of discourse is very often a forcible, an elegant, a lofty style, bald only in its grandeur, simple only in its unity and proportion. Rightly speaking, therefore, to be rhetorical means to adapt the manner to the subject and the occasion, whether the style be plain as Wellington's Waterloo despatch, or splendid as Junius' Letter to the King. Anything, however, less simple than a business letter, anything displaying more variation of color, more glow of spirit, more splendor of diction than Hallam's Constitutional History, all this is "rhetorical," all this is bad.

Such intolerance is one of the evil results of our mechanical educational methods, and the low popular ideals of the day. Masterpieces of literature are studied in the schools for the sake of the logical content, and not of the graceful form. Young men and women grow up under the influence of one predominant principle, to grasp, to get, and to hold, but the love of beauty is condemned, neglected, or suppressed. The use of the word "rhetorical," expresses the inability of a person thus trained to appreciate the emotional and æsthetic qualities of style. They desire to read, it is true, but their writers, especially their VARSITY writers, must be just a little clumsy, just a little commonplace.

The practical teaching of late years has gone altogether too far. It is a mistaken policy to focus all the attention of scholars or students upon the content of a literary production. Very likely such instruction will produce specimens who can draw up a logical analysis of a given poem, but that system must be radically defective which, while it turns out hundreds able to recount just what *Michael* contains, produces few or none of sufficient æsthetic sense to recognize the beauty of the lines *To a Highland Girl*. Such, however, is the present mode. Doubtless there are many who can describe, in orthodox critical phraseology, the faults and merits of Milton and Shelley, Keats and Rossetti; but how many have advanced far enough in the cultivation of literary taste, really to enjoy *Lycidas* and

Adonais, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and *The Blessed Damozel*? How many can detect the "ring of false metal" in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*? How many can accurately point out where pomp becomes pomposity in the works of Dr. Johnson? No wonder such people consider forcible and elegant writing "rhetorical." They have been so busy in analysing and classifying the meaning of literature, that any attraction in literary form must seem to them heretical and almost vicious. They have subjected works of art to so close a scrutiny that they have not really seen them at all. A call to admire force and beauty of style, is to them like a call from Satan to worship his own inventions. And yet, how glorious the gift of beauty! How great the blessing to know and enjoy it. Let undergraduate readers and critics survey the ages. Let them for a moment forget their practical principles, and recognize the complex nature of man. Little indeed that was practical has survived without the aid of style, without the aid of rhetoric. Beauty of style has saved us Homer and Virgil, Herodotus and Livy, Plato, Demosthenes, and Cicero. Yes, and would there now be a Shakespeare, if no one had possessed the divine gift to write such verse as this:—

These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Prose, good, plain, practical prose, might in some degree have conveyed to the world the facts of life and thought that Tennyson and Browning wove into the texture of their poems, but those facts would now be dead, and those great names would not be names of light. A material age may despise all that is not material, but the noble ideal of "sweetness and light," apart from the errors of its great expounder, can never die. It was a faithful oracle, that the Elizabethan born too late, spoke to the Grecian urn, and to all succeeding time:

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! With brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—ALASTOR.

A PROFESSION.

BY AN UNDERGRAD.

That idea will persist in keeping itself in view. Get out! Who wants a profession? Not I. I am well enough content as I am. What can you give me that should cause me to leave my present happy state? What can you give me to compensate for the company of the wittiest, the deepest, the most sympathetic, not only of this age and country, but of every age and nationality? You ask me to use all my energy, all my time, and whatever talent I may possess in the pursuit of what? For the gratification of ambition perhaps? Or may it be to secure comfort, or less still, a living? Granted that it is any one or all of these, I ask of what use are they? Of what use is a living, but that it may be enjoyed by oneself or others? Of what use is comfort, when all the energy

necessary to its enjoyment has been exhausted in acquiring it, when the best years of life are gone, when the talents or gifts of heart and brain have been stunted or warped by long disuse? Why struggle to gratify ambition, when the only true ambition is to be many-sided and perfectly developed.

Come around me again, my books, ye who, as many tell me, are of no practical value. Come around me again my friends of old time, by whose pleasing company and instruction my eyes were first opened to a world of beauty formerly unknown and to mysteries never to be solved; ye, in whose guidance we trusted in the dark days of perplexity, and who have never led us astray. What comfort have we not drawn from you when the troubles which assail even youth came upon us, and when first we realized what solitude means. Hours of joy, hours of sorrow, hours of peace, hours of trouble, in all of these ye have been with me; and, please God, in many more such shall ye cheer or sober me.

Ah, profession! you have nothing to offer that can compare with these. Hours of drudgery, hours of toil, blessed only if there be some relaxation in which former pursuits may be indulged with increased zest. But no, you demand too much fixed attention, all the energy of the best years of life; there is left no time for the pleasures which we would fain enjoy. I see your set determined face, you know too well that some day I will be your victim. True, but may that day be long postponed, so while I may, your image shall be kept well out of mind.

"Carpe diem": I will. Some may call me dilettante, others impractical, or what you will; I am content. Life is the sum of little moments, and we will do well to take the advice of Horace and fill up the measure of every present moment to the full; none of these can be missed without loss. Life is not a series of stationary points, the intervals being only of value in proportion as they contribute to make the next halting place more pleasant. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is true in this sense at least. Why should I, an undergraduate, look forward to my degree eagerly and expectantly. Is a degree or a profession the object of university life? I think not, or else why distinguish between a university and training schools. Perhaps, after all, university life is worth living for its own sake, and for the sake of that foretaste which it gives us of a companionship that will never leave us in life.

Y. M. C. A.

The management of the Y. M. C. A. are making things pretty lively in that institution for this year. After the shaking up which J. R. Mott gave us last winter we have been looking for results; and signs of the "good time coming" are already apparent. The morning meetings are being well attended, and the gathering at the first regular meeting on Thursday afternoon last is said to have been the largest at any first meeting for years past. One of the hopeful signs of the meeting was the number of first year men present; and the interest they are taking in the work augurs well for the future.

It is proposed to have two meetings per week throughout this year—on Thursdays as usual, and on Sunday afternoons at 3 p.m. The former will be taken up with a Bible study in the life of Christ; the latter are especially intended to enlist the sympathy and secure the support of non-members for the Y. M. C. A. and the cause which it represents. We hope that many of the students will be able to take advantage of these opportunities.

Mr. F. B. Allan, '93, has been appointed fellow in Chemistry. Mr. Allan's course as an undergraduate was a distinguished one, a fact which augurs well for his success in his present position.

MASS MEETING.

An enthusiastic mass meeting of the students, held last Friday afternoon, affords a clear indication of the increased interest manifested by the undergraduates in that most important department of University life, physical culture. Before this meeting was laid the report of the old gymnasium committee, who now go out of office, giving place to the Board of Directors elected last spring to assume the management of gymnasium matters. The financial report as read by the President of the Committee, Mr. J. D. Webster, met with a reception which reflected the greatest credit on the retiring officers for the conscientious manner in which they have discharged their arduous and thankless duties. The following figures show the present financial position of gymnasium affairs:—

Total receipts.....	\$2,356.50
Total expenditure	2,333.75

Balance on hand.....	\$22.75
Due Nov. 15th, Balance of \$770 on apparatus.	
\$1,000 borrowed from the Bank of Commerce.	

Rousing speeches from Dr. Gilbert Gordon, Dr. W. P. Thomson and K. D. W. McMillan went far toward convincing the students that they are morally responsible for the payment of the considerable balance still due.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

There have been many gloomy predictions concerning this year's Association football club. No less than five of last year's players are off the team and it was thought to be impossible to fill their places. However, a number of new players have been showing up splendidly in the practices and Captain Linglebach is confident that the team will be as strong as ever. For the second team there is a host to choose from and there is no reason why they should not win the intermediate championship. The senior schedule has been arranged as follows:—

Oct. 14th—Gorevales vs. Varsity

Oct. 21st—Scots vs. Varsity.

Oct. 28th—Torontos vs. Varsity

The first team has not yet been selected, but will probably be chosen from the following players:—Sims, Burnett, Stuart, Taylor, McArthur, Godbolt, Forrester, Campbell, Sheppard, McKay, Roxborough, Linglebach, Buckingham, McDonald.

All matches will be played on the lawn.

RUGBY.

Everything points to a season of unprecedented success for the Rugby men. Each afternoon the west side of the lawn is alive with three or four dozen athletes clad in highly variegated jerseys. It is the intention of the Committee to place three fifteens in the field. Varsity has received many valuable acquisitions from Upper Canada and Bishop Ridley.

The first team play the winners of Ottawa College and Queen's at Ottawa or Kingston on Oct. 21st. On the 28th the return match will be played on the lawn.

Dr. Bowdler Sharpe suggested in a recent lecture on the geographical distribution of birds, before the Royal Institution of London, that there was once a great continent with its centre at the South Pole, now submerged under 2,000 fathoms of ocean. It embraced, he said, South America, Madagascar, Mauritius, New Zealand and Australia; and thus is explained the existence of the cognate struthious birds that now exist, or once existed, in those countries.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Another year has come and gone, and, as the poet asked, "on sont les neiges d'anlay?" So ask we where are the men of former days.

F. Heney, '90, has given up the estate of single blessedness.

Miss F. G. Kenny, '93, rests from her labours at her home in Ottawa.

W. M. Davidson, '93, is a member of the Fourth estate; for now he serveth the *World*.

F. A. McGee, '92, is a diligent student of Coke upon Littleton, and similar works at Osgoode Hall.

F. E. Bigelow, '94, spent part of his summer learning Turkish from a fair preceptress at the World's Fair.

A. H. Burns, '93, is teaching at Bishop Ridley College. Mr. Burns' numerous friends wish him every success.

Varsity extends its sympathy to Miss Fleming, on account of the sad accident which deprived her of her sister.

M. M. Hart, '93, is taking a year's rest. Mr. Hart intends during the year to indulge in a course of general reading.

C. B. Pratt, '93, is a devotee of the blind-folded goddess, and is studying the dictates of Justice in an Ottawa law office.

L. J. McDonell, '92, has gone to the place where they don't shovel snow; for now he is a professor in a Mexican College.

On dit—that a member of '97 enquired from the registrar what date had been chosen by the College Council for the annual hustle.

The students in classics at Victoria find a worthy preceptor in the person of G. H. Locke, '93, who is fellow in classics in that institution.

F. Osborne, '93, is now a denizen of the wild and woolly west. As fellow in moderns he instructs the youth of Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

J. Green, '93, is a scribe of the Press. His classical training will enable him to quote "Platostotle" and "Aristocrates" with telling effect.

J. L. McDougall, '93, is studying law in Ottawa. Mr. McDougall also plays tennis and shoots partridge—in the streets of Ottawa—at odd times.

Merkley, '94, has been surveying the rocks and boulders of the Upper Gatineau. He reports that, as yet, he is not monarch of "all he surveyed."

Hammil, '91, who is mathematical master at Collingwood Collegiate, has gone over to the great and silent majority—of the married. Rumour saith that the "woman in the case" is an heiress. Congratulations.

J. A. Kerr, '91, is teaching in Vancouver Collegiate Institute. The mountain air and the freedom of the untrammelled west agrees with him.

W. P. Bull, '93, went to the Mackenzie River this summer in order to obtain material for another lecture on Indian life. He is now carrying a law student's bag.

D. P. McColl, '92, holds a good position in Calgary High School. Our travelling reporter saith that "Dunc." is living on bison's hump and the fat of the land.

B. A. C. Craig, '94, spent his summer on the shores of Lake Huron; and has brought back a plentiful supply of fish stories, which are not receiving much credence.

Rumour hath it, that a freshman in residence tried to blow out the gas the other night. Next night the porter handed him a tallow candle and told him not to monkey with the gas jet.

Miss Telfer, '93, although pronounced a Bachelor of Arts, by the Vice Chancellor last June, has proved that the sentence was not a continuing one, for now she is a member of the ranks of the married.

Varsity is a polyglot institution: for it is rumoured that, as a consequence of his sojourn in the land of salmon, Chinamen and Siwash, K. W. McMillan, '94, now speaks to the referee in pigeon English.

G. H. Ling, '93, has shaken off the classic dust of Varsity, and now looks out from the windows of Columbia College upon the streets of the modern Gotham. A Fellowship in Mathematics takes up the rest of his time.

Messrs. Boles, Shaw, McKenzie, Phillips, Faircloth, Parker and Sampson are devotees of Justice and are diligently following in her footsteps at Osgoode Hall. Our good wishes go with these incipient Knights of the law-brief.

R. S. Strath, '93, last year's editor-in-chief, is assistant mathematical master in Harbord St. Collegiate. The tact and talent which made "R. S." one of the successful and popular men of Varsity availeth much in his new position.

The Greek play is now engaging attention, and rumour hath it that Creon will be well enacted. Of the other characters it is reported they are making excellent progress. The play will be a topic of entrancing interest for several moons yet.

D. E. Galbraith, '93, succeeds F. Shipley as classical master in Collingwood Collegiate Institute. Mr. Shipley has gone to Lindsay Collegiate where he telleth of Plato and Aristotle and receiveth in return a greater amount of the "filthy palimpsest" than in former days.

J. A. McLean, '92, spent part of his summer reading up the statutes of Canada in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. He, however, escaped from Sodom unhurt. The results of "J. A.'s" researches will be embodied in a Ph.D. Thesis which will be a marked addition to economic literature.

G. R. Anderson, '93, who steered the Varsity through financial waters last year, is now a teacher in Gananque High School. He escaped the School of Pedagogy and is now teaching the youth of Gananque school a truth that the Varsity habitues could never learn, viz., that order is heaven's first law.

The School of Pedagogy claims many of our graduates, and this year is no exception to the rule. Within the walls of the Pedagogical Seminary may be seen Misses Balmer, Lindsay, Johnson, Smith, Fleming, Parkinson, Young, McCutcheon and Messrs. Allen, McVannel, Lane, Jenkins, Moore, Warren, Wilson, Massey, Hutchinson, Liddy, Walks, Crosby, Breckenbridge, McDougall, Stuart, Stoddart and Taylor.

The Sunday afternoon meeting in the Y.M.C.A. this week was very well attended indeed, over one hundred of the students being present. Prof. Dale addressed the meeting, taking as his subject: "Christianity from the Historical Standpoint," and dwelling at some length on the importance of the time of Christ's coming and the significance of His work in the history of the world. The address was both pleasant and profitable to all present.



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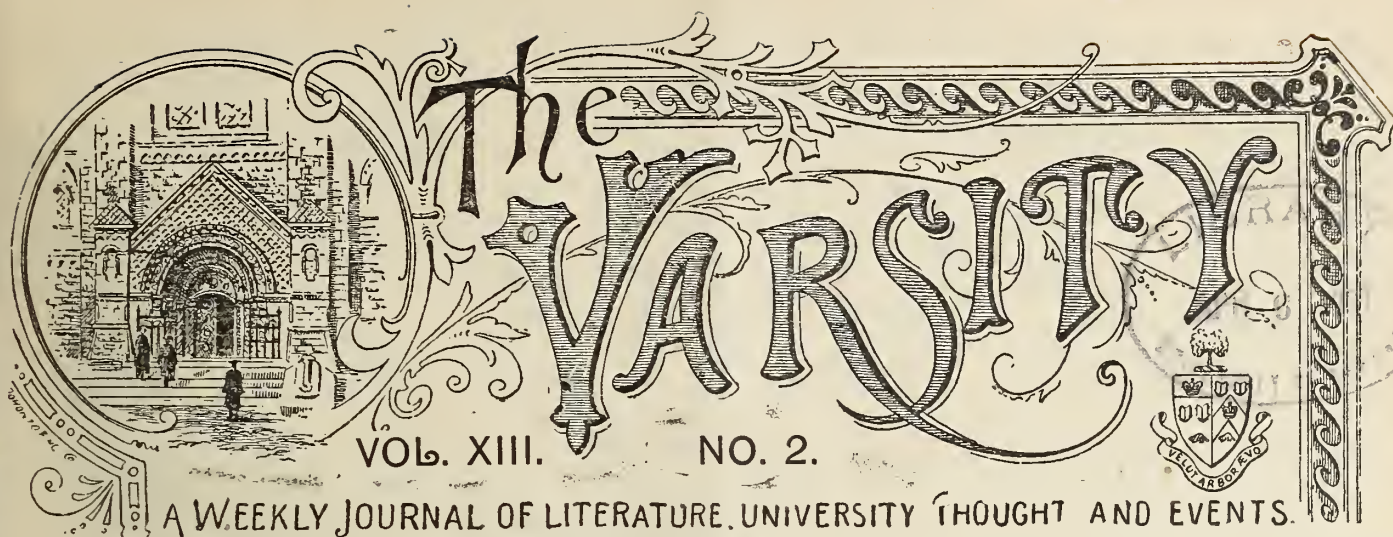
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The Varsity

VOL. XIII. NO. 2.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1893.

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THE VARSITY


A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1893.

No. 2.

Editorial Comments.

T the beginning of another term of College life it is natural to take a retrospective glance over the great struggle of last May. At this distance the dust of conflict ceases to blind our eyes, so that a just estimate can now be formed of the various features and incidents of that wondrous fray.

The first point worthy of remark is the number of students who gave way under the strain of examinations. This number was greater than it has ever been in any previous year within the memory of the present generation of undergraduates. Almost daily during that trying month one heard of some fresh, aye, and sometimes even junior or senior, victim offered to that ruthless monster,—the examination fiend.

What the causes of this serious result were, it is difficult to say with precision. The President of our University, in a letter to the press at the time, averred that the curriculum was not too heavy, and denied that this was the cause of the disaster. This is a point on which we shall offer no opinion. We have noticed, as an unfailing rule, that almost every student claims that his own particular course is too heavy—is, in fact, the heaviest course on the curriculum. So that our view in this matter might not be accepted as unbiassed.

* Much of this trouble might be avoided by a wiser distribution of their work on the part of the students themselves. The student who is to make a success of study must look upon it as a regular business, to be pursued in as systematic a way, and to be planned as carefully from the very beginning of the term, as the successful merchant with his trade or the professional man with his round of duties. If this were done there would be less "cramming" during and just before examinations; and hence fewer breakdowns, for one of the main causes of these is overwork just at the very time when mind and body are already strained to the utmost tension by the anxiety of exams. More thorough, patient study and less cram would go far to obviate the recurrence of another such season as we had last spring.

The remedy which Prof. Dale's motion before the Senate proposed seems to strike at another main cause of the disease. There is no doubt that the intense desire to secure a good place on the class lists operates powerfully in urging men to over-exertion. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and in the feverish excitement of pre-examination weeks students are very prone to mis-judge and to over-estimate their strength. To remove the cause of this will tend to remove the effect also. In

our opinion, therefore, the proposal is a well-considered one, and worthy to be supported by the students themselves.

* * * * *

Once more Convocation has come and gone, and once more is it necessary that a voice of protest be raised against some of the things said and done by students on that eventful occasion. Our Convocation reporter has obviated the necessity of lengthy comment on this matter, but nevertheless a few casual remarks will not be out of place. We are not among the number who believe that College men require to be under constant watch and ward, like urchins of public school age, lest they should be into some mischief or other. One of the marked features of University life, and one of the best too, is the enlarged exercise of personal discretion on the part of each student. It is true that the authorities are taking steps to curtail the glorious liberty of skipping lectures, by causing various evils to follow hard upon the exercise of that freedom. "Seldom does Punishment, though halt of foot, let slip the criminal that flies before." This is the rule which is being enforced now in this regard. It is true also that the liberty of using the library is made dependent upon the payment of fees in advance; and that the liberty of putting off the payment of tuition fees is a luxury which, under the present system, the student can but ill afford. But, aside from these and other such minor regulations, college life is a life of glorious freedom.

And it is well that it should be so. Between the spoon-feeding system of education, which is so much in vogue in our High Schools, and the self-interest which is the system of life demanded by the world, there is a great gulf fixed; and one function of the college life is to span that gulf, to train men to work and plan for themselves instead of letting others do it for them. And if this function is to be properly fulfilled a large measure of personal freedom must be granted to the student.

But the condition for the permanence of liberty is that it be not allowed to degenerate into license. We must use our privileges, but not abuse them. It is to the abuse of them which is sometimes made on Convocation day, that we wish more particularly to refer. What opinion will the outside world have of us if we cannot show sufficient respect to our own President as to maintain order during the delivery of his annual message? The good-natured *guying* of the unfortunate students who have to exhibit themselves before the audience, is quite unobjectionable; but to extend the same treatment to the dignitaries of the University whose function it is at such times to expatiate on its affairs, is going altogether too far.

We believe that the majority of our men do not approve of such conduct; but then passive endurance

permits a few, who are not at all representative of the whole body, to figure before the eyes of our visitors as if they were. A vigorous expression of that disapprobation of such conduct which most of us feel would soon put an end to the difficulty. If the man who so far forgets the respect he owes to himself, as well as to the faculty, as to indulge in such humorous freaks, were promptly and unmistakeably "sat on," he would soon succumb individually, and his genus would soon become extinct. We trust that hereafter student opinion will be clearly expressed on such occasions, and that ere our next Convocation such abuses will have passed to the regions of oblivion, never to be revived—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

MOTHER OF US ALL.

All the morn the gray rain rushing
Beat down from the clouds on high,
All the morn the child was looking
For a rain-bow in the sky.

But the mother whispered softly:
"Dear one, wait until the noon,
Hours are fleet as swift birds flying,
They will bring thee gladness soon."

And the noon came, but no sunlight,
For the storm-winds scorned to bate,
And still drove the torrents downward;
Still the little child did wait.

All the afternoon it lingered,
For it could not but believe
Joy was for it—while the mother
"Patience" pleaded, "till the eve."

And at evening still gazing,
But with dimmer, dimmer sight,
It beheld the darkness only
Of immeasurable night.

Till at length it grew a-weary
Of the weight of hope nigh dead,
And it turned away, nor longer
Tried to lift its sinking head.

Then the tender mother drew it
Gently down upon her breast,
And with low and soothing accents
Lulled it quietly to rest.

And the child was filled with slumber
Which doth seal the clearest eyes,
Yet, far off, it heard the promise
That sweet mother lips devise:

"Sleep, my child, and I will wake thee
With the dawn's first crimson ray,
Sleep, my child, and I will wake thee
To another fairer day."

Mother of us all, thy children
Through our day thus seeking, live,
Waiting till the night beset us
For the gift thou canst not give.

Mother of us all, thy children
In thine arms sink thus outworn,
Oh, then still, if but to soothe us
Whisper to us of the morn!

EVELYN DURAND.

THE LATIN ORATION.

BRIEF ANNOTATIONS BY AN ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Omnia conturbare, O Cancellarie et Præses, Fortunam delectat, quæ ridens acerbe, deligit insipientem¹ qui regnum maximum regat, indoctum,² qui in universitate maxima sit professor, atque me ineptum³ qui apud hunc Academicorum tot tamque sapientium et doctorum conventum Latine dicam. Injustum est patres pro filiorum sceleribus poenas dare, quamobrem miseret me horum præclarissimorum,⁴ sed nescioquo pacto justum eum cui scripta juvenum vel a Cupidine vulneratorum,⁵ vel gloriæ immortalis avidorum,⁶ vel generi humano favendi cupidorum⁶ quattuor per menses essent legenda occasionem par pari referendi tandem invenisse.

Sed ut favorem apud socios meos conciliem, incipiam a præside ipso, atque illi tota mente gratulabor quod officii primum per annum ita satisfecit ut non solum Universitati prodesset, quod maximi est, sed etiam laude ab omnibus prolata cumlaretur et studenibus modo mirabili cordi fieret.

*"λέγοιμι' ἂν ἄνδρα τόνδε τῶν σταθμῶν κύνα,
σωτήρα ναὺς πρότονον, ὁψηλῆς στέγης
στόλον ποδῶν, μονογένης τέκνον πατρὶ,
καὶ γὰρ φανεῖσαν ναυτίλοις παρ' ἐλπίδα,
κάλιστον ἡμᾶρ εἰσιδεῖν ἐκ χειράτος,
ὁδοποιῶν διψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος."*

Quibus autem verbis utar, ut cancellario, eruditissimo, præclarissimo, honoratissimo gratulatione fungar quod ad rempublicam Anglorum gubernandam, tam feliciter accessit. Nam illa in civitate quæ non cælo sub Boeotico, sed vere Attico sita est, permulti ingenio summo sunt præditi quibus erat componendus; neque is qui auram popularem captet civibusque prava juventibus pareat honores consequitur sed is qui honoribus sit dignus. Eidem Universitas maximam pro tot tantisque beneficiis debet gratiam; quæ majora fiunt si in mente habemus quotusquisque sit qui talibus in rebus tam egregius, tam constans, tam diligens, tam Universitatis auctor et amator reperiri posset. Itaque primus inter illius civitatis senatores, qui eloquentiam ejus et sapientiam oscitantes⁶ audiunt, et princeps in Universitate nostra, qua ingenium liberalitatemque magna voce poscimus, illum Colossus antiquum nobis demonstrat vivum.

Sed quo tendis? Desine pervicax referre sermones deorum et magna modis tenuare parvis, et summos gladio plumbeo jugulare. De anno nostro igitur loquamur, qui non aliter atque ceteri qui gradum sunt adepti omnium fuit optimus maximus, maximorum digni, concentus⁷ denique "deorum plumbeorum" quem deceat, fabulam, ut nominant, fieri solarem. Plures enim ex anno nostro quam ex alio quoquam in iis vitæ tempestatibus,⁸ quibus ostendebamus, quid sciremus, quid nesciremus, naufragio, ut ita dicam, sunt intercepti. Paucissimi aes alienum solvebant; plurimi theologi; plurimi barbatuli juvenes erant; unus etiam Sampsicramus. Asseverabat Quintus alterum se intra annum civitatis senatus principem esse futurum; affirmabat Clodius δυσχρηστῶν illam mirificam in republica proxima nihilo ex alio oriri quam quod ipse candidatus primas ad classes non pervenisset. Modestissimi⁹ tamen eramus universi et verecundissimi. Expectabamus certe nos velut placentas fervidas esse vendituros, quum e Universitate egressi essemus Baccalaurei.¹⁰ Nam credebamus nos, gradu adepto, subito viros fieri præclaros eodem modo quo illi physici¹¹ antiqui sperabant se ranunculos, amputata cauda, in ranas esse conversuros:

"νῦν μὲν γὰρ οὐδεὶς, αὐριον δ' ὑπερμέγας"

Spero nos semper eadem credere, sed temperare mihi non possum quin vehementissime dubitem.

Venimus, nunc ad rem οὐχ ιερήιον οὐδὲ βοεῖην, gymnasium dico; quod vitam totam mutavit. Olim cibi cooctu erant difficillimi, nunc autem tam faciles, ut Titanem

nostri puderet. Olim si nocte intempestiva tandem obdormiveramus mira somnia somniabamus. Videbamus enim imum ad mare libris e bibliothecis sescentis collectis demergi, qui quisquam cum suo tormento nos opprimebant. Nunc autem Morpheus ipse lenis venit ut somnia somniemus dulcissima. Videmur infantes, infantes innocentissimi et felicissimi quales eramus illa in antiquitate quum natura, procreatrix communis, mater benefica, nos liberos in gremio suo alebat, nec jam gloriæ cupido, quæ solum ad mortem ducit, neque scientiæ sitis qui solum ad gradum, velut pestilentia noxissima nos invaserat. Quibus mutatis, quantum iis debemus qui gymnasium omnibus rebus ornare atque instruxere?

De iis¹² qui domos in collegis velim multa dicere, sed vereor, ne incredibilia videantur. Manibus enim cibum non capiunt; collaria, limbosque ferunt; tapetis utuntur, neque ita ut solo dormitent; decanum precationem facientem audiunt, neque irridunt; aliquot linguas se classicis dedere, nonnihil denique urbanitatis ostendunt.

Inter omnia gaudii plenissima triste illud quod ii studentes qui linguis Classicis operam dant doctorem amatam amiserunt. Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis. Abiit ille cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror, incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas, quando ullum inveniet parem¹³ Durum; sed levius fit patientia quidquid corrigere est nefas. Mox ludi magistro præclarum, et lingua Græca eruditissimum de adventu gratulabimur, quum carus omnibus expectatusque venerit. Atque hodie salutem ei imprecor qui absente illo erit, quasi pastor ovium classicorum.

Plurima habeo, quæ de senatu,¹⁴ de tironibus, de schola pedagogica de "Varsitate," de rebus denique sescentis velim proferre. ¹⁵Satis autem superque dixi, nec vos diutius retinebo, abhinc annos quattuor potui tiro plura dicere

ANNOTATIONS.

1.—Some say the reference is to the young German emperor.

2.—It is impossible that this should apply to Toronto, although "maxima" would seem to indicate a reference to our own university.

3.—The orator was always modest about his gift of eloquence, especially after the McGill debate.

4.—Evidently "horum" is equivalent to "here on the platform."

5.—The division of literary aspirants here made is very accurate. Touching the whole sentence, we might note that the orator should perhaps have reversed his reprisal, and admitted the justice of the students having an opportunity to criticise him.

6.—Some say that "oscitantes" is happily ambiguous.

7.—An "harmonious collection of little tin gods," is apparently an adaptation from an ancient Eastern poet, "Kipling," who has a line, "Wherefore the little tin gods harried their little tin souls."

8.—A very picturesque but accurate way of describing examinations.

9.—Even apart from the two convincing cases just quoted, the general evidence in favor of the modesty of '93 was irresistible.

10.—Classical authorities note with enthusiasm the magnificent effect produced by ending the sentence with "Baccalaurei."

11.—The reference is evidently to some natural scientists who fondly hoped to instantaneously change tadpoles to frogs by cutting off their tails. As a parallel applied to different animals, *vide* "The Legend of Evil," by the same Eastern poet mentioned above.

12.—The statements here made are alarming; the assertion that the men have carpets and still do not sleep on the floor, is certainly "incredible."

13.—The mention of Mr. Fairclough is very touching.

14.—There is a tradition that a part of the speech dealing with this subject was suppressed by the authorities.

15.—This sentence is probably the strongest and best in the production; it unquestionably met with the warmest reception.

THE AUTUMN TERM.

The contrast presented by the awakening process going on at Varsity during the autumn, and the funereal march of the close of the year, which was the feature of University life immediately preceding, forces itself emphatically upon the attention of all those intimate with college affairs. Then the University horizon was dimmed and overcast with dark clouds; a severe storm seemed impending; the air was heavy and oppressive. Everybody kept indoors, while the few who ventured abroad did so anxiously, and in evident fear of being caught in the storm. At present the skies are light and the air brisk and invigorating. All are cheerful and sociable to an extent that makes it impossible to recognize in them the beings who five short months before frequented our hall and campus. No thoughts are yet turned to the future; to make the most of the present is the single endeavor of every one of us.

It seems sometimes as though the authorities had arranged the college year in direct defiance of the provisions of nature. In spring, when all the world is glad and active, then the college life becomes dull and sluggish. When the warm breezes call us out of doors, when the sunshine asks us to bask in its rays and build castles in the air, when the season seems to deck herself out in order to attract the attention of man, then it is that we must remain indoors with our books, then that stern duty forbids us to indulge in the building of day dreams, then that all the attention is required to avert the threatening disaster. Surely the term should be so ordered that we may enjoy this season in peace. The end of the year, or perhaps the month of March, might seem to be the most fitting time to close the college year.

But there is a compensation in the present order. In autumn the life of the University becomes active and absorbing. The sporting fraternity now press into a month and a half enough excitement and health to last them the rest of the year. The institutions having as an aim a larger and more energetic university life, and requiring not a little expenditure of time and energy and cash, can now be patronized by the students with a free conscience. Not a few of us commence the year with wise resolves, which follow the usual course of such intentions, and help to pave the streets of a certain well-known place. And perhaps it is as well they should. On a wise and judicious use of the fall term depends the enjoyment and success of the whole year. On looking back one finds that to pass examinations is not the only aim at Varsity, but that there are others, and that among these pleasant memories ought to constitute a large proportion. The fall term is not the term for work; not that no work is to be done in it, but that then we should cultivate those broader tastes and sympathies which follow from communing with our friends, and which later are rendered impossible by stress of work.

In another particular, too, the wisdom of the present arrangement is evident, for the winter term is pre-eminently the best season for prolonged mental exertion. The weather is such as to prevent one from taking so keen an enjoyment of out door life as is demanded by the other seasons. Lowell says "a good word for winter," and, when under his influence, we feel eager for the hard battle against the north wind, the cheeks stung to a bright red by the little particles of ice floating through the air, or for the lonely walk over the crisp snow, lit up by the moon's pale beams; but his picture is the creation of an artist, and does not answer to the reality. There are other features than those he mentions, such as thaws and drifts, which in the country make the winter a period for staying indoors, while in cities its pleasures are in a great measure unattainable, and even if they were not so, demand, in order to be fully appreciated, that there should be in the background a cosy room and a blazing fire.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

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OCTOBER 18, 1893.

CONVOCATION.



ON the afternoon of Tuesday, October 10th, the frequenters of Yonge street were startled by an ominous vision. Regaling themselves with offerings of fruit bestowed by affrighted dealers, declaring their presence with the recently invented songs of *Old Grimes* and *Livoria*, displaying their prowess by compelling timorous maids and buxom dames

to run the gauntlet of their uplifted hats, the young lions of Varsity stalked from their lair at the College to the appointed place of exhibition at the Auditorium. Special cages had been prepared in the third gallery, and in calm and majestic silence the monarchs took their quarters. The only noise that was audible in any degree proceeded from a large collection of baby lions railed off in a special compartment, who wailed most plaintively for their mammas and the green grass of their freedom. Cans of milk, however, had been placed in readiness, and a generous distribution of this soothing beverage soon allayed their querulous cries.

Precisely on time—twenty minutes after the appointed hour—the great consult punctually began. A gorgeous procession of academical dignitaries ascended the platform, and everyone awaited with interest the execution of the various feats billed to be performed by the noble beasts on top. A great poet has supplied the world with a most ingenious and comforting theory. By its aid it is possible to say with perfect truth that the students on Tuesday afternoon spoke not a word and made not a sound.

—"There are two worlds of life and death :
One, that which thou beholdest ; but the other
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
The shadows of all forms that think and live,
Till death unite them and they part no more."

Here then we have it. These phantasms have the power of speech, and, ascending from the nether world where they are ruled by Mephisto, the student shades raised Cain on Convocation Day. Awed and shuddering, all the audience heard these monsters yell when Tamblin got his scholarship, when Mi s Rowsom was called for hers and did not respond, when Abbott and Langley and McCulloch climbed the heights of fame and saw the President's face not more than two feet distant. They yelled when all medals were given ; they yelled when all prizes were handed out. At last, however, they were silenced. Mr. Hellems' Latin oration was received without a sound. It was so quiet that no one heard a solitary word, even of the orator himself. As the beautiful but inaudible periods rolled forth, the shade of Cicero was observed to ascend and bstride the incandescent light on the ceiling ; presently it grew green with envy, and when at last the peroration came, the Roman orator, crestfallen and vanquished, fled back over the river Styx, and has since been heard to praise himself only four times an hour.

Business over, talking began. President Loudon delivered his annual address, clearly setting forth the exact mechanism of the whole University machine, describing the powers and mutual relations of all the various councils and committees that boss things here. At several points in his speech the noisy element among the students raised its little snarl. But as a whole the men are gentlemen, and acted so. It is only to be regretted that their fair fame is allowed to be sullied by the conduct of a few would-be wits. There seems, however, to be a rising spirit against this misuse of Convocation Day, and may it grow and triumph. The reputation of the College cannot stand a much longer period of shame.

The most pleasing event of the day was the speech of Chancellor Blake. His lofty and sonorous eloquence, expressed in sentences of marvelous structure and strength, captivated even the freshmen, and showed the power of his personal supremacy over every rank of collegians. At the conclusion of his stirring and encouraging address came the departure. Let our next Convocation, O ye powers, be slightly different in locality and in tone !

LITERARY SOCIETY MEETING.

Time hangs heavily on our hands, and, as we have on the average, at least, one spare hour a day during which we are not avoiding lectures, we are at a loss how to pass the time. And last Friday evening was especially thus ; and at length, being mackintoshless, we raised our war-worn umbrella and sallied forth through the mud and rain into the Y. M. C. A. building, where meeteth in a palatial chamber the undergraduate parliament.

Soon business began, and the retiring president, Mr. De Lury, in a graceful and well pointed speech, introduced his successor in the presidential chair, Mr. C. A. Stuart. Mr. Stuart's speech was one which was worthy of him, and there is not the slightest question but that he is amply qualified for fulfilling the difficult task of being Mr. De Lury's successor—for Mr. De Lury was a model president.

When President Stuart had finished his address, we, for a moment, looked around, and saw many a familiar face, but alas ! many a familiar face was absent. But with all the gaps that time has made, we have still a strong detachment of the "old guard" ; for the battle-scarred veterans of constitution nights were not absent ; but better than all we had with us our genial Curator, in whom humor, wit and jollity well up as freely as the waters of a mountain spring.

But our wandering thoughts were now concentrated on business matters, for Mr. Fry was reading the minutes of the society. The minutes were those of a former meeting, when our costumes were less conventional than at present—were in fact the minutes of the eventful election night; and shall the minutes be accepted? Custom opineth so; but so doth not Mr. Craig. With a soul possessed of a reverence for constitutionality, Mr. Craig now arose and asked in mild mannered way what certain reports and statements, in connection with the Varsity and the society treasury, were masquerading in the books for, when, to the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant, such reports had never shown themselves within the walls of the society? Here was a dilemma, and the society asked "Where are we?" But Mr. Craig knew where we were, and so, despite the fact that ex-secretary McKenzie had written out the minutes of the last meeting in his most legible caligraphy, Mr. Craig moved that the minutes be rejected, and strange as it may seem, although Mr. McKenzie had taken such pains, Mr. K. D. Macmillan seconded the motion. Mr. Webster now asked had there not been auditors appointed, and, on the question being answered in the affirmative, asked the pertinent question, "Where are the auditors?" The society crier went forth into the highways and bye-ways to seek the auditors, but the auditors answered not, and so the question stands, "Whither, oh, whither; tell me where have the auditors hid themselves unto?" And so we decided not to accept the minutes until somebody does something. Mr. Craig, emboldened by his success, now wanted to hear the minutes of the special meeting. Mr. Fry arose, and, in a tone of deep-felt conviction, swore by the time-hallowed precedents of the society that such an action would be unprecedented and so could not be.

Now we plunged into the programme; and Mr. Biggar read us a selection from Barrie's "Window in Thrums." The selection was rendered with all Mr. Biggar's accustomed ability; and the facility with which he pronounced the tongue-twisting Doric, made the bosoms of several sons of Old Scotia expand several inches. During the reading one of the denizens of the back benches objected because he couldn't understand the minutes; but as he was an Irishman and didn't know any Scotch, his objection was overlooked. We were to have a reading from Mr. Brown; seventeen Browns rose up and each in succession said, "I am not the man." Mr. J. H. Brown said he couldn't read, and that in addition his position as editor of VARSITY unfitted him for reading anything but original matter, and as he hadn't any original matter on hand, he *couldn't* read.

And so again to business we went. The president mentioned about the first year councillors, but was informed that the constitution had been amended. Consequently, the members of the freshmen year who have political aspirations will have to wait a little while longer before having them crowned with success. Several of the graduates of other years, among them Messrs. Ferguson, Strath and Davidson, were seen hovering round the corridors, but, like the Peri, they stood at the portals of paradise, they entered not in, and so, mourning their absence, we went on with business.

The committee appointed at the special meeting to enquire into the financial condition of THE VARSITY, reported. The report, which was lengthy, dealt, in full detail, with the financial conditions of the paper. On motion of Mr. Gillis, seconded by Mr. Levy, the report was adopted. The discussion which followed was entered into by Messrs. Craig, Gillis, Macmillan, Brown, Moore, Hendry, McLean, and others. One of the main facts elicited was that the present financial crisis was in great degree a lack of hearty financial support upon the part of the students, and that without such support, the paper must fail; and finally we appointed a committee to correspond with the former business managers and obtain further information.

Now we went on with further discussion. "Constitution" and "motion" were words which floated in the air; and after a long time we read the names of those who had paid their subscriptions to VARSITY. Our name wasn't there; but we swear by the beard of the Prophet that it ought to have been. Well, what were we going to do about it? The Society capitulated, shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other, and finally it said: "It pleaseth us that Messrs. Revell, King and Allen be a committee to collect subscriptions from the delinquent subscribers;" and in solemn silence the Society registered its decree. And now the collecting committee's on the war path, and has sworn that it will not bury the war hatchet until the last subscription is paid in, nay even if it should demand the work of many moons.

On motion of Mr. K. D. Macmillan, the advisability of paying off the rest of the financial obligations of the VARSITY at once was discussed. Motion and amendment succeeded counter-motion and counter-amendment—everybody said something—and at last, on the motion of S. J. McLean, it was decided that action in the matter be deferred until the report of the collecting committee be received.

And so the meeting adjourned; and we went out to the hat-rack in the hall, but, alas! another man had been there first, and the bran-new silk umbrella we had our eyes on was gone, and so we had to take our own old parasol and sally forth into the mud and darkness. Damp was the night and moist the pavement, but we were happy, for had we not done as every conscientious Varsity student should do? Had we not been to the Lit.?

JAY HESS.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19.

Class '96—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.

Y. M. C. A.—Devotional Meeting, 5 p.m.

Class '95.—Society Meeting. West Hall.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Literary Society. Y. M. C. A. Hall, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22.

Wycliffe College Bible Class. 4.15 p.m.

Y. M. C. A.—Address at 3 p.m. Hon. S. H. BLAKE will speak.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23.

"Antigone" Chorus. 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24.

Class '97.—Prayer Meeting. 8.30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25.

Class '95.—Prayer Meeting. 8.30.

Engineering Society.—S. P. S. 3 p.m.

The first practice of the Glee Club took place Friday, and augured well for the success of the Club during the coming season. The new conductor of the Club, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, expressed himself as highly pleased with the first attempt of the new chorus. The secretary is making arrangements for the annual tour, which will likely include Peterboro', Belleville, Kingston, Ottawa and Montreal. In accordance with a resolution adopted at the last annual meeting, the membership is limited to fifty. The basses have almost all been chosen, but there is yet room for a few good tenors.

A HAPPY HOME IN WEYBACH.

During a long residence in this large city, I have observed that the most prominent and detestable vice of its people is the practice of gossiping. I am not a person of family, but the characters and actions of what relatives I possess are subjects of incessant conversation. I have no important position; I have no wealth; I have no ability; I have no manners, no tastes, no habits; but my position, wealth, ability, manners, tastes and habits have for nearly twenty years been the common talk of a loquacious and slanderous community. Hearing that small towns were entirely and happily free from this odious plague, I resolved to seek, during holiday time at least, the protection that I well knew rural silence would afford, firmly convinced that there, at any rate, I should neither be sickened by hearing how many pounds of steak my nearest neighbor consumed for dinner, nor mortified by the certainty that the exact size of my collars and boots was no secret to him.

One day in July, accordingly, I reached the austere and secluded Village of Weybach, and found in no long time that just what I expected was the actual truth. No one knew anyone else; no one knew where anyone else lived; no one knew the exact state of anyone else's finances, morals, temper, digestion, expectations, clothes, grocery bill, or had any knowledge of his habit of eating Rockfort cheese, wages paid to servant girl, or present state of table linen.

It may be that my life in this large nest of busybodies had in some degree warped my originally incurious nature, but, whatever be the reason, I soon found the indifferent restraint of Weybach grow somewhat irksome. After two weeks passed in haughty reserve, I felt a great change come over my spirit, and I now began to long to hear just a little something about somebody or other. My appetite, however, found no satisfaction. Weybach would not talk. Its people had something better to do than gossip, and my greedy ears caught only the most meagre news. Soon I grew ashamed of my unseemly desire for talking or hearing talk of others. The silence of Weybach forced me to shame and moved me to admiration. As a token of that admiration, I intend to tell you all that I heard of the leading citizens of the place, that, perceiving its noble reticence, you may honor the hamlet forever.

Among the *élite* of Weybach, Mrs. Patron shone conspicuous. She lived in a house of thirteen rooms, if you counted the big closet at the head of the front stairs, and the little alcove behind the dining-room where she kept her flour and made pastry. Mrs. P. had quarreled with Mr. P. only twice in twelve years, once seven years ago last 24th July, when he came home a little tipsy, and another time, three years ago next 16th of December, when he unexpectedly brought Judge Jones to dinner. About the habits of Mrs. P., I could learn only the merest outline. Every morning she arose at six and worked in the garden till eight, when she had breakfast. From nine to eleven she went out shopping, sometimes getting nothing more than a half-pound can of baking powder; sometimes ordering a pound of dried apples. At eleven came luncheon; at twelve she combed and brushed her little dog, and from one till four she slept on her bedroom lounge, which she has lately had re-covered with leather; at five she went driving with Mabel Lock or Lillie Smith, or, once in a great while, with Maggie Star. At seven sharp the Patrons dined. They played cards till ten; precisely at half-past ten they retired, leaving the gas half burning in the upper hall, and a night lamp near the back stairs.

Concerning the furniture of the Patron house, no person would tell me anything. The parlor carpet had marguerites on a green ground, with chairs and sofa to match. She had a New York piano which her husband bought at a bargain from his brother-in-law on the

occasion of the latter's failure. Mr. P. gave one hundred and thirteen dollars for the piano, but the stool was thrown in. Afterwards he forced his brother-in-law to allow him five dollars for repairing the pedals. All the parlor pictures Mr. P. bought for almost nothing at a big auction sale in Kingston, where he also got their best dinner set — the one with Chinese pagodas on a light blue ground.

I never saw Mrs. Patron closely enough to describe her appearance, and nobody would ever tell me what she looked like. In height she is five feet, seven and three-eighths inches, and her figure is straight as a spear. Nevertheless she walks with a slight hitch, caused by a strain in her right ankle, sustained thirteen years ago this September, as she was hurrying down town to buy some peaches, which Tomkins' was selling cheap at a dollar and-a-quarter a basket. Her hands are very shapely, although she always wears a glove on the left, because of a deep scar made by a can-opener, sixteen years ago last March, that time she gave an oyster supper to Dr. Flourish, who was at that time engaged to marry her younger sister, but afterwards broke it off because she flirted with Jimmy Thomson, who went to the bad through drink (he used to drink pure alcohol), and now has a livery stable on 16th street, Chicago. Her face is shaped like a wedge, though Mr. Patron thought she was beautiful when he married her. She has no complexion, though she uses Lubin's Powder and Savar's Cucumber Cream three times a day, and often sleeps with an oatmeal plaster on. Her nose is long and slightly crooked, for she hurt it one night by walking in the dark straight into her big mahogany wardrobe, while she was trying to get some laudanum for Mr. P., who had the toothache. Her hair is naturally grey, but she dyes it black, and the coloring has sometimes been detected on her face.

Now, it was only after considerable labor that I found out this much concerning Mrs. Patron; about her, in fact, I know less than about the other one thousand inhabitants of Weybach. Perhaps, therefore, it is not worth while to continue these remarks on the Weybach citizens, for observing how scanty my information is concerning Mrs. Patron, and remembering that at most I know no more than twenty times as much about anyone else, my readers cannot fail to share my admiration for the beautiful freedom from gossip which is so grand a characteristic of the village. In fact, I never would have left it at all, had not common report positively declared in different quarters, but at the same period of time, that I was about to marry fifteen Weybach girls.

JOSH HOODLUM.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY NOTES.

Mr. O. J. Stevenson, B. A., is teaching in Port Colborne.

The School of Pedagogy was well represented at University College Convocation.

Mr. F. S. Crosby, the well-known tenor of the Varsity Glee Club, is attending the school.

Through some cause or other no copies of the first number of *Varsity* were sent down to the school.

Mr. G. W. Orton, B. A., called last week to say farewell to his old friends before leaving for the University of Pennsylvania.

The students are rapidly becoming acquainted with each other. The rule which forbids the ladies and gentlemen to speak to each other without permission of the "staff," is by some felt to be rather stringent. On the first day at least one student flagrantly violated it.

The very reasonable complaint is everywhere heard that the department requires students to take methods in very nearly all the subjects of the high school curriculum. Pupils are wasting their time preparing work that they are never likely to teach. Truly the modern idea of the division of labour is quite strange to departmental circles.

A number of the old Varsity boys arrived amongst us last week. Among others were Mr. H. S. McKellar, B.A., and Mr. S. Silcox, B.A.

The lectures in the commercial course established in connection with the School of Pedagogy are given in the afternoon after the close of the regular lectures. A large number of students are taking the course.

On Friday afternoon a mass meeting of the students was held for the purpose of forming a literary society. Mr. Jenkins was appointed chairman, and Mr. N. McDougal, secretary *pro tem*. On motion of Mr. Crosby, it was resolved to elect a certain number of officers, and that these should form a committee to draft a constitution for the society. The result of the election was as follows:—Hon.-Pres., J. A. McLellan, LL.D. (accl.); Hon.-Vice-Pres., I. Levan, B.A. (accl.); President, R. S. Jenkins, B.A. (accl.); first Vice-Pres., Miss M. Johnston, B.A.; second Vice-Pres., F. A. Stuart, B.A.; Rec. Sec., N. McDougal, B.A.; Cor. Sec., Miss Stanston; Treas., A. G. Massey, B.A. There will be no meeting next Friday, but the society will meet on Thursday afternoon after lectures to consider the constitution.

S. P. S. NOTES.

Considerable amusement was afforded certain members of the upper years by watching the precision with which the freshmen chained that oft-surveyed tract south of the building.

The first sign of returning life was the gathering of the candidates for the entrance examinations, on Wednesday, Sept. 27, when about a dozen candidates presented themselves. The results were made known on the Saturday following.

During the vacation the waiting room has been much improved by being varnished. A table has also been added to the other numerous articles of furniture therein contained. Exactly what this table is for, no one has yet been able to find out, but we have no doubt some use will be found for it.

A petition, signed by nearly every student in the Schools, was presented to the Faculty last week, asking that more time be allowed the students to indulge athletic sports during the football season. As matters now stand, every student has his hands full until five o'clock each day, and consequently the delights and benefits of football and gymnasium may only be indulged in at the expense of some more or less important part of his work. It is to be sincerely hoped that the Council will see fit to pay some attention to this very important matter.

The first meeting of the Engineering Society is to be held on Wednesday afternoon, and it is to be hoped that as many as possible of the students will avail themselves of these meetings. The meetings in themselves are interesting, while the papers read and the discussions held are of value to every student. The Society is one which deserves, and should receive, the heartiest support from every person connected with the School. The principal items of interest for Wednesday's meeting are the president's address and the election of a first year representative. It is to be hoped that a large number will turn out to encourage the officers, as they certainly require all the encouragement they can get for the duties they have to perform.

The School re-opened for work on Monday, Oct. 3rd, on which day the supplemental examinations commenced. Many of the boys showed up that morning, and quite a re-union was held on the second flat at the entrance to the drafting rooms. A number of freshmen also appeared, and took their first look at what is to be their abode for some time. No work, however, was done on Monday, and by noon the building was almost vacant. In the afternoon the only ones to show up were those fortunate beings who did not disagree with the examiners on more

than two subjects. The first lecture was delivered to the second year men on Wednesday morning, and after that matters gradually quieted down, and the usual routine of every-day work commenced. A number of the boys, however, hardly showed up at all during the first week, for which "vacation work" and "procrastination" are largely responsible. The second week opened with everyone at work, and lectures and practical work are now in full blast in every department, a special effort being made to get all field-work done while the fine weather lasts.

RUGBY.

Developments in the championship series have coincided exactly with predictions made by the keenest supporters of the game. Ottawa College and Town, as well as the R. M. C., are already out of the race, leaving Queen's, Osgoode, Toronto, Varsity and Hamilton to scramble for the enviable trophy. Of the teams which have already commenced play, the Torontos are strong favorites in the eyes of many. Varsity play their first match against Queen's next Saturday, and it is whispered in football circles that the boys in blue must win. Certainly if they merely keep down the score in Kingston their chances of winning in the return match are excellent.

The forward line is not only the heaviest, but also the fastest, Varsity has ever placed in the field, for even the scrimmage men do a hundred in considerably less than fifteen seconds. We extend our sympathy to the Queen's defence of next Saturday.

The first fifteen will be picked from the following players: Laidlaw, Boyd, Clayes, Lash, M., McCar, T., Lash, N., Bradley, McMillan, Kingstone, H. G., Barr, A. F., Campbell, White, Gilmour, J., Parkyn, Kingstone, C., Gilmour, W., McArthur.

In the match between Varsity III. and the II. Lornes, played on the lawn on Saturday last, the former were leading by a score of 27 to 4, when the Sporting Editor lost track of the score in the dark.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Don't forget the Varsity Athletic Sports, to be held at Rosedale on Friday, Oct. 20th. See programme.

Graduates may become members on the payment of a fee of five dollars. Lockers extra.

Life membership tickets for the gymnasium may be had on the payment of twenty-five dollars by graduates or undergraduates.

The Athletic Association sent G. D. Porter, N. J. McArthur and R. Grant to Queen's to take part in their games of Monday, Oct. 16th.

The gymnasium will be open at nights from 7.30 till 10 on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only. The main room and the bowling alley will be closed at 9.30, in order that the building may be cleared by 10 o'clock. Every day the main room and bowling alley will be closed at 6 o'clock, and the building proper at 6.30.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Varsity placed thirty-three Association players in the field on Saturday, but as the weather was decidedly unpropitious, no matches took place. The first team won their match by default, as the Gorevales failed to put in an appearance. In the intermediate series the Varsity also won by default from the Hurons. In the junior series the Varsity "midgets" having failed to notify the St. Alphonsus team, will probably lose their match.

Next Saturday the first eleven meet the Toronto Scots on the lawn, when lovers of the game will have an opportunity of feasting their eyes on a spectacle of blood, a virtual gladiatorial conflict.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Mr. J. A. Tucker, '95, will not attend Varsity during the Michaelmas term.

The Y.M.C.A. held their annual reception in their parlors on Tuesday evening. A fuller account will be given in our next issue.

The parade by the students after convocation is pronounced by all to have been a grand success, more especially by those whom they chanced to meet. The kind receptions given at the different ladies' schools were much appreciated. Many are now anxiously awaiting Hallowe'en.

In a recent 3rd year lecture, Mr. Wrong spoke of the reverence for antiquity which obtained in Western Europe in the Renaissance period. He said this was a natural feeling. Even to-day, it is with pleasure, as well as reverence, we regard anything that smacks of antiquity. The moderns men thought of Gothic, and heaved a soulful sigh.

At the meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society on Friday last, a committee was appointed to collect unpaid subscriptions for Varsity of last year. Revell '94, King '95, and Allan '96 compose this committee, and delinquent subscribers are requested to pay their subscriptions to any member thereof at once, in order that any unpleasant method of collecting may not have to be resorted to.

The class of '95 will hold their annual meeting for the election of officers on Thursday evening at 7.30, in the College Y.M.C.A. buildings. The committee are putting forth every effort to make this meeting a grand social success, and are anxious that every member of the class be present. Refreshments will be served, and it is rumored that an orchestra will be in attendance to add to the pleasure of the evening.

The second fifteen of the Rugby Football Club played their first match on Oct. 4th, against Upper Canada College. The game resulted in a victory for Varsity's fifteen of 29 points to 2. This is the first time that the U. C. C. boys have been defeated on their new grounds, which fact makes their defeat the harder to bear. The game was a good one throughout and augurs well for the future success of the second.

A small portion of the freshmen received their first introduction to *Varsity life* after convocation on Tuesday, the 10th. As but a fraction of the verdant class were present, they were handled with comparative care. A warning note might here be sounded which would tell them that their actions of that day were not entirely approved of. It might strike still louder and inform them that unless certain of their number conform more adherently to the rules laid down for such as be of them,

strange deeds may be wrought. "A stitch in time will save more than nine."

Whilst our Greek Professor and his senior class were deep in the mysteries of Aristotle's Politics one day last week, they were disturbed by an unwonted apparition. A first year man, evidently a little too previous, strolled into the room whilst the lecture was still in progress and calmly took a seat. A remark from the Professor to the effect that this lecture was *not* finished, produced no effect upon our hero, who was not thus lightly to be moved. The astonishment of the seniors and of the professor may be imagined. Indeed the only one who seemed nowise unnerved by the situation was the freshly himself.

The examination for the Banker's Scholarship was held in Room 1 on Wednesday, Oct. 10th. This scholarship given in the department of Political Science, is of the value of \$70, and is the gift of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Dominion, Imperial, Standard, and Traders' Banks, and the Union Bank of Lower Canada. Only such candidates are eligible as are of one year's standing and have passed the examination of the first year. The special text-book on which the examination of this year was based, is Jevons' *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange*. There were but seven competitors, of whom R. H. Coats and J. Perry proved the most successful. The papers sent in by these two men were so good that it was found impossible to distinguish which were the better, and as a result the scholarship will be divided. We congratulate Messrs. Coats and Perry on their success.

The students' hand-book presented by the Y.M.C.A. is better this year than it has ever been. It is most complete in every respect. Besides containing the information of former hand-books, it has added much. A short sketch of the Canadian Colleges' Mission and the Intercollegiate movement finds a fitting place in its earlier pages. A list of the addresses of Professors and Lecturers, and a Bank directory, are two valuable additions to the general information given. The space devoted to college athletics is larger than formerly, and a very useful page for "Field day" has not been forgotten. On the second page is a neat wood cut of "Old Varsity," a picture ever welcome to the undergrad. Notwithstanding the fact that all these valuable additions have been made, none of the old material has been removed. Many useful pages of advertisements, the historical sketch, the numerous committees and clubs, the time-table of lectures, the church and street directories, remain as formerly in the book. The College colors have also found their place on the cover.

Y. M. C. A.

The first two meetings of a series which is to continue throughout this academic year, were held on the last two Sabbaths. On Sunday, Oct. 8th, Prof. Dale delivered an excellent address, an account of which was given in last week's VARSITY. Last Sabbath, Prof. Hume interested a large body of students for fully three-quarters of an hour. He spoke on Christ the Truth. Dealing with John xvii., he showed how the characters of the actors in that passage are revealed in their true light, especially the character of Christ. At the conclusion of his remarks, the Prof. confined himself to the 23rd verse, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil, but if well, why smitest thou me?" He showed that Christ always appeals to reason—as to truth, and never evades questions asked for information. He applied this truth to ourselves. We are bound to examine the ground on which we stand. Our influence is certainly telling mightily in one direction or the other—for or against Christ. Are we, as it were, smiting Christ? If so, we must have a reason for it. What reason can we have? Has He spoken evil? Prof. Hume referred to some of His teachings, showing the contrary to be the case. Then, if he has spoken well, why do we smite Him?

If we continue to have as interesting lecturers and as profitable lectures as we have had this far, the already large attendance will certainly be kept up and increased. Let everyone turn out to hear Hon. S. H. Blake next Sabbath at 3 p.m., in Y. M. C. A. Hall.

See notices of prayer-meetings in the calendar.



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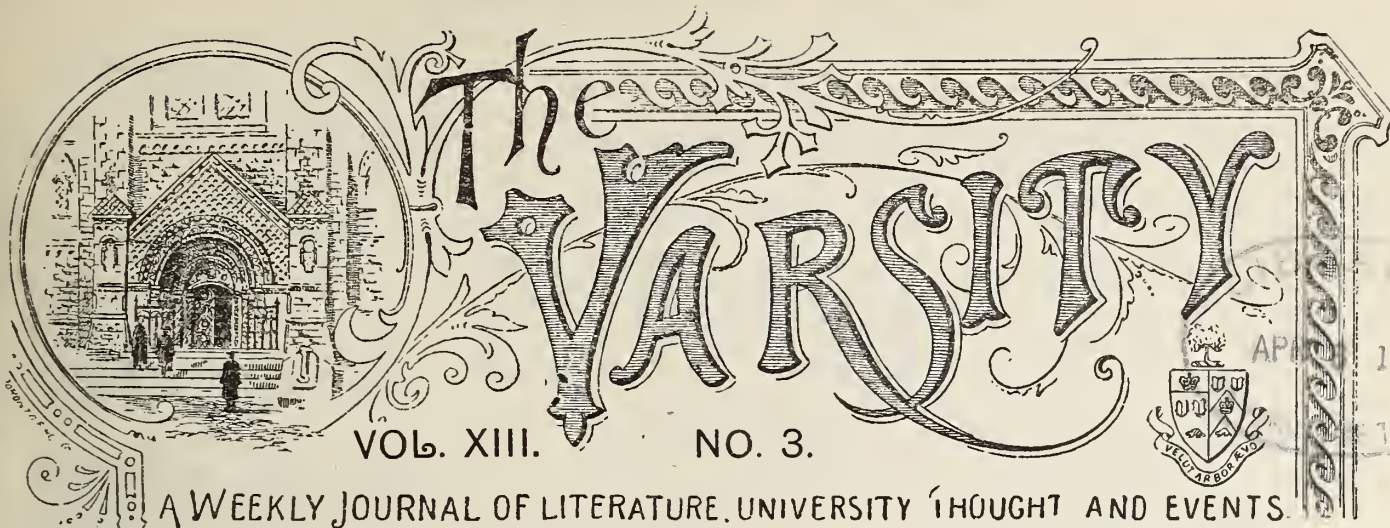
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1893.

No. 3.

Editorial Comments.

THE ATHLETIC GAMES.



THE interest of all connected with the University, graduates, undergraduates, as well as their numerous friends, was centred in the College games, held on the new Rosedale grounds on Friday. Lectures were suspended, the library and gymnasium closed, and the unfortunate "plug" was forced to the alternative of seeking the quiet of his own sanctum, or taking an afternoon off to view the spectacle of our modernized Grecian games. All the circumstances attendant upon a successful field-day were to hand—fine weather, a crowded grandstand and an unusually large number of competitors. The efficient work of the committee and officials, and especially their promptness in bringing on the various events, added immensely to the keenness of the competition, as well as to the enjoyment of the spectators. Several of the faculty honored the Athletic Association with their presence, while the lady undergraduates, decked in gala costumes and bright smiles, roused the competing athletes to extraordinary feats of prowess. The Queen's Own band catered ably to the musical tastes of the spectators at such intervals as a lull in the games admitted of the appreciation of such a comparatively minor attraction.

As compared with the annual sports of Queen's and McGill Colleges, our own make a splendid showing. Although our Athletic Association is still in its infancy, we are already in a position to afford Queen's a worthy example in the matter of conducting athletic games. We cannot refrain from making mention of the unsportsmanlike treatment which one of our representatives met with at Queen's games of this season. Our only regret is that they did not send any representative to our sports, in order that we might have had an opportunity of heaping coals of fire on their heads.

* * * * *

The success of the games was largely due to the able management of the following officials, to whom we tender the thanks of the Athletic Association:—

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We give below a summary of the games with the official times and measurements.

STANDING BROAD JUMP—(1) Lawson (Med.) 9—10 $\frac{1}{4}$; (2) Porter (Med.) 9—9 $\frac{3}{4}$.

STANDING HOP, STEP AND JUMP—(1) Porter, 29 feet; (2) Lawson, 28—4 $\frac{1}{4}$.

RUNNING HOP, STEP AND JUMP—(1) Smith, 39—11 $\frac{3}{4}$; (2) McArthur, 39 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ inch; (3) Porter, 38—11 $\frac{1}{2}$.

100 YARDS RUN—First Trial Heat—(1) Porter; (2) Reid. Time, 11 secs. Second Trial Heat—(1) Hamilton; (2) Revell. Time, 11 secs. Final Heat—(1) Porter; (2) Hamilton; (3) Reid. Time, 11 secs.

HALF-MILE RUN—(1) Hodgins; (2) Hendry. Time, 2—19.

PUTTING SHOT (16 lb.)—(1) Agnew, 37—2 $\frac{3}{4}$; (2) W. J. McArthur, 36—2 $\frac{1}{4}$; (3) MacMillan, "Curly."

220 YARDS RUN—(1) Porter; (2) Reid; (3) Hamilton. Time, 24— $\frac{2}{5}$.

GRADUATES' RACE (220 yards)—(1) Currie; (2) Reid. Time, 24— $\frac{2}{5}$.

POLE VAULT—(1) Parker (S.P.S.); (2) Agnew. Height, 8—10. Exhibition jump by Parker, 9—3 $\frac{1}{2}$.

BICYCLE RACE (1 mile)—(1) Moore; (2) Pease; (3) Rings. Time, 2—48 $\frac{1}{2}$.

HIGH JUMP—(1) Parker; (2) Porter; (3) McArthur. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

440 YARDS RUN—(1) Reid; (2) Grant. Time, 58 secs.

FATIGUE RACE (50 yards and return)—(1) Thomson & Duncan; (2) Gilmour J. & Rolph. Time, 20— $\frac{2}{5}$.

HURDLE RACE—(1) Merrick; (2) Agnew; (3) Porter. Time, 20 secs.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP—(1) Porter, 18—3 $\frac{3}{4}$; (2) Agnew, 18— $\frac{3}{4}$; (3) Smith, 17—3 $\frac{1}{2}$.

MILE RACE—(1) Grant; (2) Hodgins. Time, 4—41.

TEAM RACE (1 mile)—(1) S.P.S., Rolph, Barker, Buck; (2) '94, Revell, Gilmour, W., Duncan; (3) Meds., Lawson, Porter, Currie. Time, 4—32.

The open events were: the 100 yards run, half-mile, pole vault, high jump, 440 yards run and the mile race. Despite the unusual number of open events, no outsider succeeded in carrying off a prize.

G. D. Porter won the championship with 28 points. We congratulate "George" upon this his third most successful season.

IN THE MIDNIGHT.

In the midnight the flowers are sleeping
 In the Garden. Adroop is each head
 And closely enfolded each petal.
 The perfumes alone which they shed,
 And are scattered by soft errant breezes
 Thro' the deep shade Plutonian tell
 That there tho' obscured by night's blackness,
 A legion of flowers dwell.
 But at morn, when the orient blushes
 With tints which dawn's angels prepare,
 'Twill reveal in their beauty and freshness
 The blossoms now slumb'ring there.

At midnight the stars, heaven's flowers,
 Are asleep in the blue fields o'erhead;
 The clouds, floating slow thro' the ether,
 Like coverlets o'er them are spread.
 And 'tis only the few patient watches,
 Aguard through the lone drifting night,
 Which show that beyond the mist-curtains
 A bevy of stars shed their light:
 But when the air-spirits, now fettered,
 Breaking free, shall dispel the thick gloom
 Of the clouds, they'll reveal in rich splendor
 The vast fields of heaven, abloom.

In thy midnight, O heart! then remember,
 When darkness and clouds hide from view
 The stars, which but late in your heaven
 Shed dazzling radiance on you;
 If the blossoms of hope have been withered
 By the death-chilling blasts of despair,
 And your soul only knows they have flourished
 From the roots deeply buried there;
 When the dawn of eternity crimson
 The sky with a glorious light,
 That the heavenly morn will seem brighter
 For the gloom of earth's shadowy night.

A. L. McNAB.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26.

Class '96—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
 Bible Class.—"Life of Christ." Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.
 Knox College.—Prayer Meeting, 6.45 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
 Glee Club.—Practice, Room 3, at 4 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

Knox College Conference, 11.30 a.m.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29.

Wycliffe College Bible Class. 4.15 p.m.
 Y. M. C. A.—Address at 3 p.m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 30.

Modern Language Club.—Room 12, at 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31.

Class '97.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
 Knox College Literary and Theological Society, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Class '95.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
 Classical Association. Room 3, 4 p.m.

AURORA LEIGH.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been justly styled the most philosophical poet of her age. To make any adequate presentation of her claim to this title, based upon this poem, into which, she says herself, have entered her highest convictions upon life and art, would be beyond the limits of the present essay. In this poem is embodied a philosophy of life and of art; of poetry, womanhood and religion; of the individual and of society, that will amply repay the attention of every thoughtful reader. We deem it comparatively unworthy to make reference to the poetic tricks and embellishments that adorn this majestic thought, superlatively rich though these trappings are; and we will confine ourselves to the task of giving a bare outline of the materials the author uses to exemplify her profound philosophy.

The poem purports to be an autobiography by a young woman, who, though mature in judgment, claims to be still "what men call young. That she has not so far left the coasts of life to travel inland, that she cannot hear the murmur of the outer Infinite that unweaned babies smile at in their sleep."

Aurora Leigh was born in Florence. Her father was a high-born English gentleman, who before his marriage had spent his life in college learning of law and the study of intricate social problems. He had come to Italy for the purpose of investigating some sanitary project, with not a thought of fate; when suddenly from a passing procession of chanting girls "a faced flashed like a cymbal on his face, transfiguring him to music." The Florentine girl became his wife, much to the disgust of his aristocratic English relatives. Aurora is their only child. While Aurora is but a mere child, her fair-featured, but frail, Italian mother died, leaving her to the awkward care of a father, loving no doubt as father could be, but still incapable of bestowing a mother's attention or a mother's love. After her mother's death, her father removed from Florence to a country residence among the mountains, thinking that his motherless child had the more need of mother Nature. In this mountain retreat Aurora passed the early years of her girlhood, under the control mainly of her own sweet will, surrounded by God's eternal silence and Nature's awful solitude. When she had reached the age of thirteen, her father died also, commending her to the care of an elderly unmarried sister of his in England. His last words to her were, "Love, my child, love," and, ere she could answer, there was nothing left in the world for her to love. With a sad and sinking heart she quitted Italy with all its endearing associations, and set sail for England. No wonder that her new associations jarred upon her recently harrowed feelings! No wonder that friendless and alone as she was on reaching England, she says of herself: "The frosty cliffs looked cold on me. Could I find a home among those mean red houses through the fog? And when I heard my father's language first from alien lips that had no kiss for mine, I wept aloud."

Her English aunt meted out to her all the attention, and the love too, that she felt in duty bound to give to her brother's daughter, but still with the reserve engendered by the hatred she bore to the child's nameless foreign mother, who had entranced her father with a pretty face. Aurora submitted meekly to the strict and whimsical regulations of her aunt, trained her rippling locks into smoothly-braided hair, studied aimlessly music and science, mathematics, languages and geography; the internal laws of the Burmese Empire, and what census of the year five was taken at Klagenfurt. Naturally this child of nature from the sunny mountains of Italy pined amid such surroundings. She detested the dreary monotony of English landscape, and rejoiced when people expressed the opinion that her unsatisfied life would soon slip away.

Her life, however, sprang up with a new impulse, after she had chanced, in her wide and desultory reading, to light upon the poets. Her vivid imagination at once formed the

very loftiest conceptions of the poetic art. The poets were the only truth-tellers left to God; they seemed to catch on by His "sun-skirts" and place a higher ideal of life before their more commonplace fellow-men. Poetry created of her a new being. As an example of how much the world's apparent smile or frown depends upon our own state of feeling, the very landscape around her assumed a new aspect. In her first poetic dabbings she says: "I flattered all the beauteous country round," "and ankle-deep in English grass, I leaped and clapped my hands and called all very fair."

During her stay at her aunt's, Aurora came much in contact with her cousin, Romney Leigh, who, during the first part of her life in England, had manifested a rather more than consistent concern about Miss Leigh's uncertain state of health; and had exhibited a somewhat undue amount of satisfaction in her recruiting vivacity.

Romney was a devoted philanthropist, whose intensity in this direction had withered up every other phase of his being. His every thought was directed towards far-reaching, but mostly impracticable, plans of relief. He seemed to want to lift, atlas-like, the whole world of wretchedness upon his own shoulders. Despite, or perhaps in consequence of, his practical nature, he had begun to feel the force of the adage, "It is not good for man to live alone," the truth of which was much emphasized for him by the presence of Miss Leigh; and he seemed to be only waiting an opportunity to ask her consent. His moment came. It was the early morning of Aurora's twentieth birthday. Feeling blithe, and strong, and happy, she had gone tripping across the dew-laden grass among the old acacia trees, to twine for herself an ivy wreath and fancy herself a poet crowned with honor. Turning round while fastening her wreath, she found herself suddenly face to face with Romney, who had come after her, under the pretence of returning a book of her's which he had found. In the course of their conversation he asked her in effect to leave her poetic dreaming, henceforth to walk hand in hand with him, and to labor with him in actual contact with the distressed. "Aurora, fairest of the morning, wilt thou?" But she wouldn't. She replied: "What you love is not a woman, Romney, but a cause; you want a helpmate, not a mistress, sir. You have a wife already whom you love—your social theory. Your *cause* is noble, but I do otherwise conceive of *love*. Farewell."

In this rejection is implied the most delicate problem, the deepest philosophy of the poem. Romney represents the humanitarian movement of the day, which acknowledges the impossibility of immediately curing the evils of generations, but sacrifices itself for the future good. Aurora's rejection is a protest of personality, and is a lawful vindication of the rights of the individual unlawfully sacrificed to those of the race. Aurora maintained that to touch the mainspring of human motives was grander than to be busied solely with the material welfare of humanity; that it even requires the poet's individualism to work out the material ends of the universal schemes of philanthropists; for "it takes a soul to move a body; it takes a high-souled man to move the masses even to a cleaner sty." Here is posed the delicate question which forms the centre thought of the poem, whether it is most desirable to have spent a life devoted to higher art or to have reformed a few abuses and ameliorated a few thousand misfortunes; to be called Shakespeare and have written *King Lear*, or be called St. Catherine and have fed the poor; to be called Dante and have loved Beatrice, or John Howard and have sacrificed a life among the prisons. Aurora chose the poetic ideal. She felt her work to be as far above Romney's as man's higher nature is above his lower; and that as his wife she would be his property, body and soul, to do his work, with no individual rights reserved. He stood resolutely on the plane of practical philanthropy, she was on that of poetic art; between them a gulf he could not, a gulf she would not cross. And so the two lives drifted apart, Romney to bury himself deeper in

philanthropic work; Aurora, to London, to live a poet's life of poverty and disappointing failure, yet ever impelled by the irresistible desire to reach her high ideal. She attained a certain amount of success; the public praised her work, but more for its delicacy than for its greatness; and she began to fear that Romney's low estimate of woman's poetic possibilities was too true. Her life of solitude bounded by self, seemed too small for her. Two aspirations in particular influenced her incessantly; the one was to succeed in her chosen work to be a great poet; the other—have you not divined it?—to be loved. Failing satisfaction in either, she at length resolved to make a visit to Italy, and in her native country to revel in more congenial surroundings. When the arrangements were complete, she exclaimed in ecstasy, "My soul's in haste to leap into the sun, and scorch and seethe itself into a finer mood, which here in this chill north is apt to stand too stiffly in former moulds."

In the meantime Romney had met with disappointment also. He found he could not revolutionize society as he had expected. His over-eagerness had incurred the hatred even of those he strove to benefit. His own tenantry were so incensed at his bringing out London vagabonds to Leigh Hall hospital and workhouse, that they burnt Leigh Hall to the ground. Convinced that in his devotion to his cause he had missed the real ends of life, and feeling certain of the truth of the warning uttered years before by Aurora—"you will never compass your poor ends, not you"—he resolved to follow her to Italy. As Aurora was sitting musing in the dusk of a mild Florentine evening, Romney suddenly confronted her much as he had done on a bright June morning ten years before, among the old acacia trees in England. The same little drama was re-enacted, but they both stood now on different ground. Both had learned that there is in every human being an inner life of more importance than any external work to which it can be applied. Both admitted that they had erred in their estimate of their own importance in their chosen work and had failed in consequence. "Young you were that birthday, poet," said Romney, "but you talked the right. While I . . . I built up follies like a wall to intercept the sunshine and your face. I was wrong; I've slipped the ends of life." "Stay," interposed Aurora, "I've failed too. My book has achieved success, but not my life. We were both wrong that June day; I who talked of art, and you who grieved for all men's griefs. What then? We surely made too small a part for God in these things. What we are imports us more than what we eat; and life, you've granted me, develops from within. But innermost of the inmost, most interior of the interne, God claims His own divine humanity-renewing nature. You thought to rescue men by half means, half-way, seeing half their wants; while I, passioned to exalt the artist's instinct within me at the cost of putting down the woman's, I forgot no perfect artist is developed here from any imperfect woman. Art is much, but Love is more. O Art, my Art, thou'st much, but Love is more and symbolizes Heaven."

Different talk this from what they had used ten years before, and you have already divined its much different and happier result. A French critic has summed up the action of this poem as follows:—"The sustained contrast between a woman's spirit and a man's spirit—a woman's heart, in a word, coming in contact with a masculine nature, and finally after a thousand experiences and disappointments, uniting itself to him forever—there, in brief, is the whole poem of Aurora Leigh." J. MONTGOMERY.

HARD TIMES.

"This store to be wound up at once,"
Was the sign that I saw down town,
And I judged that in the late dull months
The business had quite run down.

F.D.A.

—From the *Brunonian*.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

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OCTOBER 25, 1893.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



THE fate of the 'Varsity scribe is hard. Without premonition of coming danger, he is pounced upon and borne to the ground, and unless exceptionally fortunate only escapes at the cost of an article. Such was my lot, and the forfeit is before you. My only instructions were "800 words, and as many jokes as possible." Thus it was that I found myself last Friday evening at the Literary Society meeting, armed with Genung's Rhetoric and a pen; the Rhetoric to aid criticise the effusions of our young orators, for is not the motto of our Literary "*Eloquentia est regina artium*," and the pen to supply me with notes from which I might make my tale of bricks, although the straws were few and far between. Genung says that the fault, the prime fault, of young writers and speakers is the employment of language for mere sound's sake, hence I infer that he was not present at our Literary last night, for in all the faults of which we might have been guilty, that one certainly was not included.

The gathering was not large, various causes being assigned for the small number of members present, involuntary absence at Kingston, counter attractions at the central Y. M. C. A., and the gaiety of the previous afternoon. Whatever the cause, only a score or so replied to the president's call for order.

The reading of the minutes came first, and was eagerly listened to, as Recording Secretary Fry, in sonorous phrase, described the exciting events of our special and annual meetings. The minutes were largely taken up by the financial affairs of VARSITY, about which we were able to learn during the course of the evening that some light

might be expected in the future, and that somebody, the *World*, I think, had better retract.

Under the head of recommendations from the general committee, we were informed that two weeks from last night the inter-year debate of '94 and '95 was to be held, followed a week later by that of '96 and '97, and that the grand finale was to be the public debate on November 17.

Next came a most important affair, the nomination for first year councillors. Messrs. McIntyre, McMaster, Watt, Fitzgerald, Evans, Forster, Trout and Thibodo (we will not answer for the spelling of the names) were brought forward. Of these, two may become councillors.

The next order of business was not an order of business at all. We refer to the literary programme for the evening. Mr. Brown's reading (we did not catch the title of his selection) was very much appreciated, as was also Mr. Blythe's rendering of "Silence is Golden." After these had been despatched the society settled itself to enjoy the *piece de resistance* of the evening, the open debate, "Resolved, that Absolutism is more favorable to the production of literature than a democratic form of government." Mr. Reeve upheld the affirmative, Mr. Culbert the negative. Those who have had the good fortune to hear Mr. Reeve speak will fully endorse me when I say that his rounded periods, his copious vocabulary and his effective delivery place him in the foreground of university orators. Mr. Culbert's reply was brief and to the point. The president decided that the debate should be left open. Having a short time to spare, the society, on motion of Mr. Baumont, decided to have a series of hat debates. Five subjects were written on a slip of paper and put in a hat. Five speakers were chosen to debate five minutes each on whatever of these subjects fell to his lot. This part of the programme was greatly enjoyed by the audience, if not by the victims themselves.

The committee appointed to confer with former business managers of VARSITY asked for leave to be allowed to report a week later. The main idea that we gained from this order of business was that the business manager has a most decidedly hard row to hoe. Following this came the adjournment.

Now we have accomplished our task, and we would merely explain the difficulty under which we labored. We were unable to find any jokes, although a friend on whom we called in our necessity suggested that the entry of two Mr. Browns about ten o'clock (it was insinuated that they had been attracted by the flesh pots of the Y. M. C. A.) might form a good subject for one. Another thing that we would mention is the frequent use of "was" for the plural of the past tense of the verb "to be" in the literary society. To be sure it was nearly always corrected, but it would be well to cultivate in such matters a familiarity with the best usage, so that it would become second nature and not require thought. And lastly, we would inform our readers that the part of this article which refers to the earlier part of the literary programme does not bear the relationship to fact that we might desire, but had been written before the meeting. Nevertheless we decided to let it stand.

Q. FABIVS.

W. L. S. RECEPTION.

In spite of the boisterous winds and the violent rains of Saturday, the 14th, there was a very large attendance of ladies, graduates and undergraduates, at the annual reception given by the Women's Literary Society in the Y. M. C. A. parlors, between four and six o'clock. The rooms warmed and lighted by the grate fire, the chairs arranged in friendly groups, the programme and the refreshments provided by the committee, all tended to make the guests forget the stormy elements without.

The reception committee had reason to congratulate themselves on the presence of President and Mrs. Loudon, who had honored them by accepting their invitation. Among our well-known and distinguished graduates pres-

ent were Miss L. Ryckman, Miss Lawlor, Miss E. Balmer, who still take a lively interest in College affairs, and keep up their connection with them to a large extent.

Miss Hamilton, vice-president, in the unavoidable absence of Miss Weir, president, in a brief speech gave a cordial welcome to all, especially those of '97 who were present. In explaining the symbolic signification of the various colors with which the different years were adorned, Miss Hamilton created not a little amusement. One of the graduates who had passed a very brilliant course wore the '97 colors, and was more than once mistaken for a member of that year. It is almost needless to say that all the numbers on the programme were excellently rendered and well received.

NORTHFIELD.

In a small town in the State of Massachusetts there has been developed an institution which has already mightily influenced, and is destined in the future still more mightily to influence, the college life of this continent. This is none other than the World's Students' Conference, the eighth annual session of which was held at Northfield, July 1st to 12th, 1893.

Northfield is situated on the Connecticut River, just at the northern boundary of the State of Massachusetts. It is the home of the great evangelist, D. L. Moody; and hence the reason for the place of session of the conference, for Mr. Moody is its originator. Its object is to discuss the place and work of the Young Men's Christian Association in the life of the college student. College men from all parts of the continent flock thither every year, until this summer the number was greater than ever before. The most numerous delegation was from Yale, and consisted of forty-seven men. Yale has the largest College Association on the continent, its membership reaching almost to one thousand; and its president, we are glad to be able to say, is a Canadian. Princeton came second with about thirty-five delegates. Other institutions largely represented were: Brown with twenty-five delegates, Amherst twenty, Dartmouth twelve, Colgate ten, Cornell ten, University of Pennsylvania ten, etc., etc. "Their number whoso would wish to learn, let him first cast up the sum of the sands on Afric's shore, or the number of the stars that shine in the firmament by night." Our own college was represented by four delegates, McGill by four, Victoria two, Guelph Agricultural three. Other minor delegations brought the Canadian contingent up to nearly twenty.

Mr. Moody was present in person to welcome us, and a joyous gathering we had. Anyone who has never heard Mr. Moody cannot realize the wonderful power of his personality. Probably most of us at the conference never saw or heard him before, and yet after only a week's intercourse with him it seemed like a parting from an old friend when he left us to return to Chicago. His face beams with earnestness and sympathy; his every tone bespeaks a heart going out in love to all his fellow-beings. His speech depends for its power not on brilliance of thought or elegance of delivery, but on a large sympathetic nature all aglow with zeal for the cause in which he labors and for the good of his fellowmen. He speaks from the heart and to the heart, and by such speech the world must be moved so long as men have hearts. Time after time, as he told us of the great work it was given to the Christian students in our colleges to do, and implored us not to neglect our opportunities for usefulness, a wave of emotion swept through the audience and carried them onward with the feelings of the speaker. If power over men be the essence of greatness, then he is truly a great man.

The fourth of July came off while we were there and was duly honored. The celebration began with a horrible din of horns, tin pans, etc., shortly after midnight of the third, and ended with a grand bonfire and procession shortly before midnight of the fourth. The interval was

occupied by the regular session of the morning and sports in the afternoon. In the evening we were to have heard Hon. J. C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, the silver-tongued orator of the south, but as he did not turn up several lesser lights shone in his stead. Then followed songs from some, and yells from all, of the larger delegations of the various colleges; and for nearly an hour night was made hideous by the unearthly noise. One of our Toronto men, who is a connoisseur in the matter of yells, declared that he wouldn't trade ours for any that he heard there. For this occasion we Canucks had improvised one for "Canada" on the model of the famous "Varsity," and we believe it is no exaggeration to say that we showed more lung power per man than any other delegation on the grounds. But any one who saw us figuring at the dinner table would not for a moment doubt our ability in other respects. One Britisher was present, from Oxford (I would call him an Englishman, only the fact is he was an Irishman); but as he was hardly a sufficient contingent to yell for himself he joined in with us and roared right lustily for Canada. For the procession we secured a large Union Jack, and bore it with us on the march. Thus ended the fourth of July, an interruption in, and yet not a hindrance to, the general tone of the conference. For we know that Apollo does not always bend the bow.

The closing days of the conference were favored with the presence of Professor Henry Drummond. In many respects Professor Drummond is the antipodes of Mr. Moody. Physically he certainly is, for the latter is built on the model of the proverbial city alderman, whilst the former is decidedly the reverse of stout. But they are no less different in their manner of speaking as well. The one speaks with the air of a man who has had much experience of life, who has seen the cities and customs of many men; the other with the refinement and finish that bespeak the careful scholar and author which his works reveal him to be. But, despite this wide diversity, both draw their inspiration from the same source. In each the moving spirit is that of a man reaching out in sympathy and help to his fellows. He dwelt on the manysidedness of Christianity. It is not alone a body of doctrines demanding intellectual assent, but a set of principles to be carried out in the everyday life of business, of society, and of politics. Only that man whose every act can stand the test of this touchstone is living the true life, no matter in what direction his energies may be expended.

And so the summer days sped swiftly by, and all too soon the time for parting came. Scattered again were the company that had gathered to sit for a little season at the feet of these great teachers, and to drink in the inspiration that always attends upon a crowd assembled for a common purpose. And yet to many the hours 'twixt that meeting and that parting were fraught with vital consequences. They were lifted up to heights before undreamed of, and caught glimpses of that nobler life which only those can live who have counted the cost of self-sacrifice and are determined to pay it. How many wavering resolutions were there confirmed, how many new plans and purposes of life conceived, all-revealing time alone can tell.

XOUTHOS.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A bicycle room has been fitted up in the basement of the chapel at Amherst for the use of the students.

All of President Cleveland's cabinet, except one, are college-bred men.

Harvard has 375,000 bound volumes in her library; Yale, 250,000; Columbia, 93,000.

The University of Michigan has a Japanese Students' Association with a membership of thirteen.

At Franklin and Marshall no man can become a member of the Glee Club or play on the foot ball team unless he presents to the faculty a written permit from his parents or guardians.

THE FINAL TRIAL.

"Yes, I feel sure that Eric will win." These words are spoken by a fair blue-eyed girl of seventeen summers (who knows how many winters?) on the day of the Annual Intercollegiate Games of the Yale and Harvard Colleges, 11th August, 1901.

The event which is to take place is the final trial for the intercollegiate championship between Eric Winstanley and Fred Montrose, bearing the respective ages of 19 and 21 years. These two young men have each taken part in the games which have been held this afternoon, and have come out at the close with an equal number of points; and, in order to determine which of the two is the champion, it has been decided that they shall run a mile race together, and the one who wins this race shall be considered the intercollegiate champion of the two schools.

The grounds present a very pretty appearance. The grand stand is well filled with friends of those taking part, and all are very eager for the conflict to begin. Here and there, young lady friends, wearing the colors of the competitors, may be seen eagerly discussing the chances of the two men. Old Sol is casting forth his rays with all the strength at his command, and the heat which is rising from the brick-dust track before the grand stand gives the on-lookers a slight idea of what those taking part have to endure, and causes them to utter words of pity and sympathy for the competitors.

Presently, descending the steps leading from the club-house to the grounds, may be seen the two competitors, each walking by the side of his trainer. A mighty cheer greets them as they appear on the grounds.

And now let us take a glance at these two men, and find out their respective merits. First comes Fred Montrose, the pride of the Yale students. He is a tall, dark fellow, with an appearance anything but encouraging to one competing against him. The upper part of his body is clothed in a sleeveless, green jersey, which shows to advantage the muscles of his massive and well-developed shoulders and arms. A pink sash across his shoulder completes the combination of colors. His lower limbs are cased in the short knickerbockers and his feet in the spiked shoes usually worn by athletes. Behind him comes Eric Winstanley, the flower of the Harvard athletes. Unlike his opponent, Eric is a small fellow in every way; his height is about 5 feet 6 inches; his limbs are small; and at first sight, the boy—for boy he is—looks a very poor match for Fred. But on closer examination of that lithe body, one cannot but come to the conclusion that the big man has, in this stripling, an opponent who will make him fight to the last for superiority. Those small, but well shaped limbs, look to be in the prime of condition, and his short feet give one the impression that they were made specially for running.

But while we have been examining and criticising the appearance of these men, arrangements have been in progress for the race, and everything is just about ready for the trial to begin. Each man steps up to the chalk mark, and as they do so another cheer makes them pick up heart, and gives them an incentive for the struggle. The coin has been flipped to see who will have the choice of position, and the lot has fallen that Eric has to suffer the disadvantage of having the outside place on the track.

The starter now cries out in a clear voice, "are you ready?" The whole place is hushed in silence, and no sound is heard save that made by the two men taking a firm foothold in the track with their spikes. Next comes the order, "get set," and a moment after the pistol has cracked, and, as the smoke clears away, the two can be seen speeding around the quarter mile track at a good steady pace. Fred. is taking a long steady stride, which seems to carry him across the ground with much more ease

than the quick spring of Eric; but, on closer examination, it can be seen that Eric is running with less sway in his small body than there is in that of the big man. Down the stretch, in front of the grand stand, they pass in close order, Eric about 10 yards behind Fred.; which state of things continues till they are passing the club house on the opposite side of the track, when Fred. puts on more speed, and by the time they pass the grand stand again he has gained several yards on Eric.

And now many of the friends of the boy runner begin to lose heart and confidence in their champion. One half of the distance has been covered, and the big man has at least 50 yards lead on the Harvard boy. But some of the old students, who have seen races like this before between their Eric and other athletes, still feel confident as ever. They have learnt, many of them, to their own discomfiture, what the spurt of that little fellow is like.

Once more they enter the stretch before the grand stand, and as they pass the scratch for the third time the bell clangs to tell them that the next is their last lap. Up to this time both have apparently been running with great ease, and the Yale man has a lead of at least 100 yards on his opponent; but now the real trial begins. Eric gradually closes up on the other man. The big fellow's arms are noticed to be curling up, but still Eric's are kept down straight as piston-rods.

Past the club house they fly with about fifty yards space between them; and many of the old heads are heard to say, "There will be no sport at the finish of that race; the pace is too fast." But they do not know the men. Eric is gaining gradually. The big man is doing his utmost to keep his distance, but without avail: the quick spring is winning the race. They enter the home stretch. The whole assembly rises with one accord. Hats are thrown into the air; the ladies wave their parasols, and the crowd seems to be going frantic as cries of "Well done, Eric," "Eric has won," are heard. But suddenly the cries die away, and in the place of them the Yale men raise their voices to cheer on their champion. What has happened? is the question raised by everyone at the rear of the stand. Eric, in trying to take the inside position of the track, has been tripped by his opponent, and has fallen. Cries of "He has lost" are heard for a moment, but only a moment, for almost as soon as they were uttered he is on his feet again. And now the cyclonic sport of the hero is seen. Past Fred. he flies like a whirlwind, and reaches the scratch a winner, several yards in advance of his opponent.

Never before has there been such an exciting struggle. The Harvard boys clear the fence at a leap, and, ere their champion can resist, they have Eric hoisted on their shoulders, and are marching off to the club house, shouting forth, "See the conquering hero comes."

PHILIP J—

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY NOTES.

Mr. A. Beatty, B.A., called upon us on Thursday afternoon, and watched with interest while we drew strange geometrical figures in the drawing lesson.

Since the appearance of the blue and white Varsity button, at least one person has been heard to ask, What are the colors of the School of Pedagogy?

A number of our students viewed the games at Rose-dale on Friday, and closed the day at the Y. M. C. A. reception in Association Hall, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The Literary Society met on Thursday and adopted a constitution. The Society will meet every Friday afternoon, but every second meeting will take the form of a seminary for the discussion of educational questions. The programme of the seminary meetings will include the reading of papers and discussion thereon.

MY QUEEN.

*auete linquīs: carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.*

She was a maid divinely pure and fair,
Heaven's own child, a rare, pale flower;
A violet half hidden from the gaze
Of man; all grace summ'd up and closed
In little, a very miniature
Of loveliness. One soft May eve she roamed
The ancestral woods, and at the foot
Of a lofty, emerald-crowned oak
That wreathed its old fantastic roots so high
Her eyelids drooped their silken eaves, she slept.
Around the resting girl each beauteous flower—
Iris all hues, roses and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
Broidered the ground, more colored than with stone
Of costliest emblem; such the fairy spot.
I came, scarce knowing what I sadly sought,
And found this rare and radiant maiden.
She seemed a breathing part of joyous spring;
Her constant beauty did inform stillness
With love and night with day. She looked
So fair, a man had given all other joy
And all his worldly worth to waste his heart
In one brief kiss upon her perfect lips.
I saw not, heard not, moved not, only felt
Her presence flow and mingle thro' my blood
Till it became my life and I did cry:
"Sister of her whose footsteps pave the wold
With loveliness, more fair than aught but her
Whose shadow thou art, awake, I pray, awake."
She moved, she smiled, she softly beamed on me
The star-like beauty of immortal eyes,
And fed my senses with the still delight
Of dainty sorrow. Then the sharp echoes
Of laborious day were sweetly lulled,
And as the calmed sea, so slept my soul.

ALASTOR.

"RUGBY."

Saturday was an eventful day, both for our Rugby and Association teams, and battles were won and fought, Fortune being most impartial in bestowing her smiles and frowns on our heroes of the campus. The interest of the students was centred largely in the struggle at Queen's. As the Varsity I. and III. had matches on in Kingston, a respectable excursion party was made up, so that the Queen's supporters had no monopoly of the cheering.

The Varsity III. played the R. M. C. II. prior to the big match and succeeded in winning by a score of 9 to 4. The junior scrimmage, under the able direction of "Jack" Counsell, the heavyweight quarter, put up a strong game.

Upon the conclusion of the junior game the veterans took the field, and then began one of the roughest matches in the history of the Rugby Union. Owing to strikes among the stone masons as well as the employees of the Kingston Street Car Company, Queen's were enabled to place their strongest team in the field. The personnel of the fifteens was:—

Queens—Back, Wilson; Halves, McRae, Curtis (Capt.), Farwell, H.; Quarter, Fox; Scrimmage, Cranston, Kennedy, Baker; Wings, Ross, Moffatt, McLennan, McCammon, Farrell, Rayside, Horsey.

Varsity—Back, Gilmour, W.; Halves, Campbell, Gilmour, J., Kingstone, C.; Quarter, Barr; Scrimmage, Lash, M., MacMillan, Bradley; Wings, Claves (Capt.), Lash, N., Laidlaw, Boyd, Kingstone, H., White, McArthur, N. J.; Referee, Ballantyne (Osgoode); Umpire, A. Watson;

Line Umpires, Dr. Clark, R. S. Strath (Varsity); Goal Umpires, Slater and Waldie.

At the close of the first half the score stood 6 to 7 in favor of Queen's. In the second half Varsity secured only one more point, while Queen's succeeded in piling up twenty. Both in scrimmage and on the wings Varsity was outplayed. Queen's wings continually broke through and thus prevented Barr from playing to his halves. This, to a great extent, accounts for Varsity's defeat. However the boys are confident of making up for this defeat in the return match next Saturday.

Osgoode II. defeated Varsity II. on the lawn. Score, 23 to 10. Varsity played a strong game, but unfortunately went to pieces at the most critical points in the match. Wood and Hargraft, who have played one match with Osgoode I., aided materially in winning the game.

Varsity I. and III., together with their supporters, were right royally entertained by the Cadets of the R.M.C. at a smoking concert. The boys speak very highly of the Cadets' hospitality.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

As per usual, Varsity I. won their annual match from the Scots. As the score, three to two, would indicate, play was very even. The spectators turned out in large numbers to witness rough play, and judging from the applause, they were not disappointed. The teams were:

Scots—Goal, Anderson; Backs, McKendrick, J., Arnott; Halves, Baird, Browning, Fernly; Right Wing, McWhirter, P., McWhirter, W.; Centre, McKendrick; Left Wing, Bowman, McCallum.

Varsity—Goal, Simms; Backs, Breckenridge, Taylor; Halves, Burnett, Godbold, Forrester; Right Wing, Duncan, Buckingham; Centre, Montgomery; Left Wing, McDonald, Linglebach (Capt.)

Referee—Starr; Umpires—Hunter and Fair, R.

Varsity II. won from the Gore Vales II. by a score of 2 to 1. The junior eleven unfortunately lost to the Junior Rovers. Score, 3 to 2.

CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

The 3rd of November has been fixed upon by the committee as the date for the annual cross country run. All the prizes will be presented at the public debate to be held by the Literary Society a week later.

WON THE POT.

That little hand!
I hold it firm in mine
And scan its outlines fine.
My eyes expand,
And grow with love intense and strong;
I gaze upon it fond and long,
That little hand!
That little hand!
It is so smooth, so pure and white,
And covered o'er with diamonds quite,
In beauty grand.
Oh, how I love it! See me press
It to my lips in fond caress,
That little hand!
That little hand!
There are no others fair as you!
I lay you down, and gladly, too,
With manner bland.
It was a diamond flush and straight!
Soon may I hold its charming mate!
That little hand!

—Columbia Spectator.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

The many friends of Mr. G.R. Arnold, '94, will be sorry to hear that at the present time he is dangerously ill.

The Banjo and Guitar Club hold their practices in the residence dining hall. First banjo players are still wanted.

The class of '96 is requested to meet in the west hall this afternoon (Wednesday), at 4 o'clock. The annual election of officers will be held.

The bowling alley is now ready for use. Tickets at the rate of 6 for 25 cents may be purchased at the secretary's office.

L. Brown, '95, took advantage of the day of sports to visit his rural estate some miles north of the city. He reports the vegetable crop very fine.

The friends of Mr. F. B. Proctor, '95, will regret to learn that a sad misfortune has befallen him in the loss of his father. The VARSITY extends its sympathy.

Miss L. Allan, '95, will spend the winter in the south. Miss Allan has been unwell for some time past. We hope that the trip will prove beneficial to her health.

The first meeting of the Natural Science Association was held in the chemical lecture room on Monday last, at 4 p.m. Mr. W. L. Millar, B.A., Ph.D., the president of the Association, delivered his inaugural address.

One of our ex-editors, Mr. R.H. Knox, is a rising star in the athletic world. He is this year president of the Athletic Association at Iroquois High School. As an all round man, R.H. is hard to beat.

W. A. Braun, '95, and D. Bowman, '95, are singing a duet these days, entitled "the March of the Camera Men." They were out at Rosedale on Friday taking snap shots of various events at the sports. Mr. Braun has also succeeded in taking a remarkably fine picture of the University College. He has had a copy of it framed and hung up in the College. See it.

At the meeting of the class of '95 on Thursday evening last, the following officers were elected:—President, H. A. Clark; 1st Vice-President, Miss Bowes; 2nd Vice-President, A. H. Abbott; Secretary, W. F. T. Tamblin; Treasurer, D. S. Bowlby. The rest of the officers will be elected at a future date. Under the soothing strains of Napolitano's orchestra the hours were quickly whiled away.

Mr. F. Tracy, M.A., Ph.D., has been appointed Lecturer in Psychology. For three years after his graduation, in 1889, he was fellow in Philosophy in our University; after which he held a fellowship for one year in Clark University, from which he obtained his Doctor's Degree. VARSITY welcomes Mr. Tracy back to our faculty as one

of the most brilliant of the graduates of recent years, and as one who will make his mark in his chosen line of work.

The Modern Language Club have just issued a programme of their meetings for the Michaelmas Term. It has been gotten out in very neat form and gives the different numbers on the programme for eight successive meetings. Of these the first will be held to-day (Wednesday) in lecture room No. 4, at 4 o'clock. We copy the programme as given.—English meeting:

SHELLEY AND SWINBURNE.

"Poetry turns all things to loveliness."—*Shelley*.
1 Shelley—Philosophy of Life—E. F. Langley
2 Shelley—Prometheus Unbound—W. P. Reeve
3 Swinburne—Eretheus, - Miss M. Cook
4 Swinburne—Poems and Ballads
5 Readings, - Miss Robertson.

The freshmen met in the west exam. hall on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 18th, for the purpose of organizing a class society for the term '93-4. Bains, '97, was appointed representative on the VARSITY. The following officers were then elected:—President, D. O'C. DeLury; 1st Vice President, Miss J. P. Brown; 2nd Vice-President, H. J. Hewish; Secretary, A. C. Craig; Athletic Director, W. Woodworth. The class will meet again some day this week to complete the election of officers.

The first meeting of the Classical Association for '93-4 was held on Tuesday, Oct. 17th, in room No. 3 University College. Mr. D. McFayden of '96 read a very interesting paper entitled "Allegorical Interpretations of Homer." The various theories, both ancient and modern, regarding the works of the great Greek poet, were discussed in a careful and thoughtful manner. Prof. Hutton, who occupied the chair, added a few remarks, observing that Kühner's theory, by which Napoleon should be regarded as a solar myth, seemed to rest upon as sound a basis of facts as some of the speculations upon Homer. As the practice of the Antigone chorus will be held on Tuesday afternoons, the Association will, henceforth, meet every other Wednesday; the next date will be Nov. 1st.

Y. M. C. A.

The management of the Y.M.C.A. have decided that they will no longer rent their rooms for social purposes. It was altogether for the convenience of the students that they ever consented to do so. This, however, does not seem to have been recognized, and lately the fellows, chiefly many who pose as being leaders in the cultivation of a truer college spirit, have conducted themselves so rudely and roughly, have shown so little consideration for the building and furnishings, and so little appreciation of the movement as a purely student movement (the building and all the furnishings being sustained

by the self-sacrificing labours and gifts of undergraduates and friends), that they do not see that they can any longer afford quietly to submit to such wilful and childish destruction of their property.

On Tuesday evening the Y.M.C.A. gave their annual reception to the new students. It was adjudged by all to be a complete success. President and Mrs. Loudon came early in the evening and personally welcomed the new men as they came in—a feature of the entertainment the freshmen much appreciated. The ladies came out to a man, as some one observed, and no one could complain of stiffness or conventionalism anywhere. The reception committee with their neat badges were everywhere, and were untiring in their efforts to make everybody know every other body. The most of the evening was given up to conversation. The programme was thus necessarily short, consisting of a song excellently rendered by R. Martin, '95; a short speech by President Loudon, in which he endorsed the good work done by the Association, and counselled the men to grasp the friendly hand which the Association extended to them. Then President Brown, in a few pointed words, put the work of the Association before us. "We are not merely a social club," he said, "nor a X'n club; we are these and more. We are an aggressive organization to extend the Kingdom of Christ in the University." And for their own sakes, the sake of the Association and the sake of the cause of God, he urged them to identify themselves with the Association. And so passed off what all unite in saying was one of the most enjoyable receptions of recent years. Much of the success of the



SOUVENIR OF OLD VARSITY

University Arms made of metal from the old Bell.

SOUVENIR TEA SPOONS

With cut of old University Building represented.

The J. E. ELLIS CO. Ltd., Silversmiths
Watches, Clocks, Jewellery

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J. A. MILLS, D.D.S., Dental Surgeon

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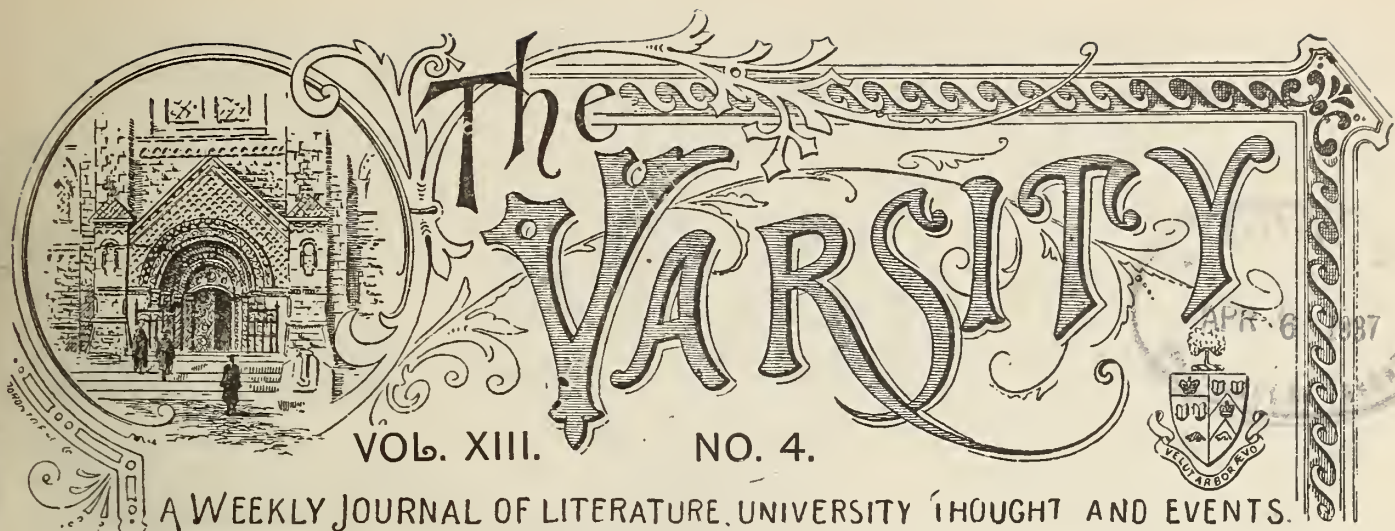
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1893.

No. 4.

Editorial Comments.



NUMEROUS complaints with regard to the arrangement of lectures as set forth in the time table, have been heard this term from honor men desiring to take a double course. These complaints arise especially from the men of the second and third years, for it is in those

years that the difficulty of reconciling conflicting lecture-hours is most felt. Comparatively few honor men remain in double courses during the fourth year, so that there the inconvenience can affect only a small minority, whilst owing to increase in number of lectures the impossibility of entire reconciliation of interests is much more manifest. But in the second and third years there are many who desire, and who would, if practicable, attend lectures in two courses; and it is from this company, by no means few in numbers, and among the ablest of the students in attendance at the college, that the complaints we refer to arise.

A glance at the time table for these years serves to show that such complaints are not altogether unfounded. In the second year some combinations—viz., Classics and Moderns, Classics or Moderns and Philosophy, Philosophy and Political Science—can indeed be made with the slight inconvenience of one or two clashes. But Classics or Moderns and Political Science present a more serious difficulty—in the former there are five clashes between lectures in the various courses, in the latter almost as many; in either course the inconvenience being sufficient to deter one from entering, or at least greatly to hamper one who does enter these two courses. These, it might be added, are the two combination courses which have been most frequent during the past, and we may not unreasonably infer that they would, under normal conditions, remain such for the future also.

But these difficulties vanish away into thin air when we come to consider those which comfort the ambitious third year man. Here, to judge from the results, the authorities have adopted a policy like that of the giants in their battle against Jove:—

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam

Scilicet atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum.

Its success is evident. One mountain of difficulty has been piled upon another. Every one of the combinations mentioned above is rendered unworkable owing to the number of clashes in lectures. In no case is it less than five, and in three of the cases it is six at least. This means that men who attempt such a task do so in the face of almost insuperable obstacles.

Such a policy cannot but result, if not immediately, at least in the long run, in the extinction of the double course

genus of student. Whether this is a desired consummation is a point on which opinions probably differ. The three-course student has already gone the way of all flesh, and is no more heard of except in vague traditions of the elder time which the *Epigoni* hear with wonder. Verily there were giants in those days. And now it seems as though the two-course man were fated to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor.

We must confess that to ourselves personally this seems an undesirable result. Students who are qualified to enter the University have, or at least ought to have, arrived at years of discretion: they have, for the most part, come here with a definitely conceived purpose, and intend to shape their work to suit the end they have in view. If they are to obtain the maximum of benefit from their college years, every facility possible should be given them for taking whatever course or combination of courses will best secure their object.

We hear very much these days of the necessity for specialization. That it is a necessity none will deny. But surely there is also a higher ideal towards which we ought to strive. If the object of a university course is merely to give the student a thorough training in some one particular department of knowledge, then complete specialization is a thing to be desired. But if the object is also, as we venture to think it ought to be, to train to breadth as well as depth of mind, and to secure "all-round" educated men—men who will consider nothing alien to themselves that affects a brother man, then it might be well to call a halt short of what the advocate of specialization would desire. At any rate the already difficult path of the two-course student ought not to be more arduous than in the nature of things it necessarily must be.

* * * *

Now that we are on the war-path for grievances, we would draw attention to another which has been the subject of very general comment during the past few months, and especially at the time when the spring examination results were published. We refer to the way in which the Fourth Year Moderns men of last year were treated in the examination in Honour English. As may be seen from the University class lists, not one received first-class honour standing in English, and all except three were hurled pell-mell into the limbo of third-class honours and the regions below. Why was this? Outside of the department of modern languages, in every case a fair proportion of students succeeded in taking the necessary percentage of marks entitling them to rank in first-class honours. Are students in moderns, then, of a poorer class than those in other departments? We are told the explanation is rather to be found in the method pursued by the examiner in English. Notice that there was but a single examiner in a

subject in which of all others there is most danger from the evils of hobbyism, and further this examiner was the resident of a remote province. He would seem to have gone to work with very strong preconceived ideas as to just what a student in Honour English should be like. The unfortunate ones who did not exactly fit the Procrustean bed on which they were stretched, were mercilessly lopped.

Immediately after the publication of the examination results, the members of the class called upon President Loudon to ask his advice in the matter. He replied that it would be best to make an informal request to the examiner to read the papers over again. He also said that he would call Prof. Alexander's attention to the circumstance. The request was accordingly made. Many weeks after some few of the class received a brief note from the registrar to the effect that "the marks could not be raised save by special resolution of the Senate." This is the last that has been heard from the authorities of the University. We think, however, that it is not yet too late for the University to set this matter right. A few more seasons of such merciless treatment, and the graduate in English will become extinct.

* * * *

The annual sale of periodicals by the Literary Society is this year to be held in the fall instead of in the spring. This will enable buyers to receive each number of the periodical they purchase as soon as the next one is placed on file. Sale in the Reading Room on Saturday, 4th inst., at 11 a.m.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

Class '96—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Bible Class.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 5 p.m.
Knox College.—Prayer Meeting, 6.45 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
Glee Club.—Practice, Room 3, at 4 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

Knox College Conference, 11.30 a.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

Y. M. C. A.—Meeting, 3 p.m.
Wycliffe College Bible Class. 4.15 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Modern Language Club.—French Meeting, Lecture Room 12, at 4 p.m.
Natural Science Association.—4 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Class '97.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Knox College Missionary Society.—8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Class '95.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Engineering Society.—S. P. S., 3 p.m.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S HISTORY.*

Two weeks ago last Saturday Professor Goldwin Smith sailed for Europe. In his two latest books, one on Canada and the other dealing with the politics of the United States, he has left us his opinions gathered in years of study and personal intercourse among us. Of his work on Canada it is needless here to say anything, as the book is now familiar to all students of Canadian history, but it is rather with his new volume on the political history of the United States that we shall here concern ourselves.

In the first place it must be noticed that the history is merely an outline history, and is intended, as the author points out in his preface, for English rather than American readers, and especially for such of the former as may intend visiting America. Yet to a Canadian reader, familiar as he must be with most of the prominent features of American history, the volume cannot fail to be welcome not only for its style, which fully sustains the reputation of the author, but also for the masterly delineations of the characters of the great men who have figured in American politics.

The fact that the book is termed a political history is an evidence of the growth of the study of history in the nineteenth century. When we have social, economic, constitutional, and judicial histories galore, it becomes an author to limit his work to some one department or another of such a vast field. His work then becomes not only easier but, on account of the specialization, the analysis of the matter considered becomes more thorough.

In the course of this history many matters are viewed in entirely new lights, which goes to prove that the farther we become removed from the period treated, we do not necessarily become worse historians.

In this year of the World's Columbian Exposition, when it is fashionable to hear Columbus lauded to the skies as the bold adventurer who, conscious of the infallibility of his genius, braved the stormy perils of the western sea to found a new home for freedom on this side of the Atlantic, it may appear somewhat strange to hear him spoken of as a man who "began his intercourse with the natives of America by kidnapping, and thereby gave the word for the opening of the slave trade," as a man who "became the father of a line of adventurers who, like himself, were gold-seekers or seekers of lucre, gilding their rapacity with the same profession of zeal for the extension of religion, who sacked Mexico and Peru, trampled to pieces there under the hoofs of conquest the highest development of Indian civilization, worked to death the soft inhabitants of the American islands, and replaced them by the importation of African slaves." We have indeed been prone to look at the discoverer through nineteenth century spectacles, and to behold a man imbued with modern ideas of scientific discovery, while if we had been true to history, we should have pictured him as does the historian in the above passage.

In discussing the revolution of the colonies again, some new ideas are brought to light. The English colonies had not, like those of Greece, been colonies in the true sense of the word, but they had been dependencies. This dependence was the result of two notions: that of territorial right of discovery and of infeasible allegiance, which were granted by the international law of the time. When the bond of dependency was broken these could not be cast off without violence and bloodshed.

The beginnings of the latter were seen in the troubles at Boston, but what those who managed the populace of Boston really desired was independence. Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry were the chief fomenters of the quarrel in their respective parts of the country, and these men had both set their hearts on the overthrow of English rule. Both had failed in business and had then turned to politics

*The United States: *An outline of Political History, 1492-1871*, by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. 1 vol. MacMillan & Co. 1893.

as a trade, which, if properly watched, offered many lucrative moments. In the disputes of the time they thought they beheld one of these, and accordingly they proceeded to widen the breach by every means in their power.

That this was not the general wish of the country seems to be evident, for Franklin, Adams, Jefferson and Washington repeatedly declared that before the Declaration of Independence they had heard no whispers of a disposition to separate from Great Britain. But among a certain class of bankrupt politicians independence seemed a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The question is thus summed up by the historian. If the colonies did not aim at independence, "they could hardly have been groaning under systematic oppression, nothing less than which, moderate men would say, can justify revolution and civil war. If they did, the British Government apparently may claim to be absolved so far as they are concerned, since what they sought was a thing which, by their own showing, the vast majority of their own people abhorred, as well as a thing which by its recognized duty the British Government was bound to refuse."

In following out the effects of the war the writer shows a particularly clear historical insight. The revolution is given as one of the causes now working against the annexation of Canada in the schism that was then opened between the two countries. France again had become bankrupt by the war; this bankruptcy brought revolution and the king and nobles of France "mounted the scaffold before the un pitying eyes, if not amid the plaudits of the American democracy which they had saved."

It is, however, in the delineations of political characters that the book is particularly happy. Seldom, if ever, have we come across a history which gave the reader such clear and vivid conceptions of the principal characters on the political canvas. The ideal of Plutarch has been followed, and instead of lengthy dissertations, the men are at once brought clearly before us either by means of pithy sayings dropped from their lips or by simple acts recorded in their lives. The two Adams, Henry, Jefferson, Hamilton, Washington, Davis, Jackson and Grant, are all treated in an exceedingly interesting manner, and if for nothing else the work is particularly fine in its description of the characters of these notable men.

The book is written rather from the English standpoint, though it is one of the characteristics of the writings of Goldwin Smith that he always appears to be giving the points of the other side as well as his own. There are occasional shots at American bombast. On the whole the view taken of American history seems to be a fair one. The history of the civil war is treated in a very equitable manner, though considering the amount of space devoted to it by American writers, the account may seem a somewhat meagre one.

Our opinion may be expressed by saying that we await with pleasure the companion volume which is to deal in the same manner with the recent history of parties, and with the prominent questions of the present day. B P.H.

S. P. S. NOTES.

R. W. Thomson is back taking a special course in electricity.

Nothing has been heard of the petition presented to the Faculty asking that more time be given the students to be devoted to athletics.

The School was well represented at the sports on Friday last, a number of prizes falling to S. P. S. representatives, not to mention the team race, the best contested event of the day, which was won in great style by the School of Science team. Great credit is due to "Harry" for the energy displayed in training and choosing the men for the team.

The first regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday afternoon in lecture room No. 2.

A large number were in attendance, and the meeting was much enjoyed by everybody. The principal items of interest were the president's address, the election of officers, and vacation experiences. The president's address was eloquently delivered and well received, and showed that the affairs of the Society are in good hands, and will receive the best of attention. Nominations were received for the following offices: Librarian and First Year Representative, while Mr. E. B. Merrill, B.A., was elected Graduates' Representative by acclamation. The election of the other two will be held at the next regular meeting, two weeks hence. Vacation experiences were now in order, and many were the interesting and amusing ones narrated.

EXCELSIOR..

He went into a sporting store,
And looked the stock of flyers o'er,
And bought, the honest dealer swore,
A good bicycle.
Regal he glided down the street
And bowed to all he chanced to meet;
"My figure couldn't well be beat,"
Oft to himself did he repeat,
"Good bicycle."
He'll coast a hill both steep and high,
Great boulders in his pathway lie,
In vain he tries to steer her by—
A crash—a smash—"Alas! I die,"
He gurgles with despairing cry,
"Good-bye, cycle."

—A. H. C., in *Brunonian*.

MEMORIES.

Perhaps you have sometimes tried to recall some beautiful landscape which you have seen and which at the time you thought you would never forget, and have been surprised how the remembrance has passed from you.

You thought that the gorgeous colors of that peaceful sunset would never fade from your memory, but they are gone, and the utmost efforts of imagination cannot recall them.

It may have been the wild waves on the shore which you have watched till they became friends; saw how they thundered and curled on the beach; followed the course of the giant waves from the open till they swirled among the stones at your feet. And yet, when you turned from the shore, as their roar grew less loud, their memory seemed to fade, and the thoughts which had come to you returned to the bosom of the deep.

It is one of the delights of literature that it can restore those faded sunsets and make the roar of the waves echo again in your ears. Was it not some such thoughts as these that you thought when you watched them:—

"There is no song unto the sea unknown.
With wild dance-melodies and laughter low,
Its happy ripples frolic to and fro;
With passionate love-lays breathed in undertone,
It woos the quiet night; with wailing moan
It sobs to clouded skies its tale of woe;
With triumph song as o'er some vanquished foe,
It passes on with foamy locks wind-blown.

And dirges to the dying ear it brings,
And *requiems* chanted soft of waves that weep,
And strange dead-marches, as with muffled drums,
It beats on lonely shores; and when night comes,
A tender, crowning lullaby it sings,
Rocking its own unto eternal sleep."

PETER QUINCE.

The Varsity.

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NOVEMBER 1, 1893.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Friday night of last week the Society met as is its wont, at ten minutes past the usual time. I went there early because I had heard that the last meeting did not turn out in the way it had been planned by the reporter, and I wanted to see this meeting for myself. A great many men came in, they said jokes, and were very noisy. I wondered what reporter was staying at home to make the meeting a success in next week's paper. A man came to me and said I had to write an essay about the meeting. They were having last week's meeting over again to see if I could write it better than the other man. I didn't want to. I can't write essays; but the man looked mad and I was afraid of him. He told me to make it short and graphitic, so I took a stub of "Knickerbocker" lead pencil and set to work.

They commenced the meeting by calling for a reading from Mr. Brown. They did not know what Brown was meant. A man got up and said his name was Legion. Legion wasn't there, so the meeting called for the Business Jay. The General Committee was then reinforced by the election of Messrs. Watt and Fitzgerald as first year councillors.

The next business was the reception of the report from the Committee of Investigation, *re* VARSITY paper. Mr. Moss read a very lengthy and exhaustive report of the Committee's work, from which I gathered that VARSITY affairs were in a much more agreeable and satisfactory condition than had at first been supposed. The

deficit was found to be \$127, instead of something near \$160, as at first reported. That the management of 1890-91 under Mr. Ferguson had been perfectly efficient, though owing to circumstances attending the first year's establishment of the paper, there had been an acknowledged deficit of about \$90. That the management of '91-92 under Mr. Odell had been likewise efficient, and, moreover, so successful as to clear a surplus of about \$250. The directorate had not felt responsible for the previous year's debt, and had voted \$150 of the surplus to the chief editor and the business manager. With reference to '92-93, under Mr. Anderson, the investigation had not been completed, as another letter was to be received from Mr. Anderson. But an account to his credit of over \$30 had been discovered to be in the Bank of Commerce, and it was confidently expected that his management would be cleared from every suspicion, though there would be a considerable deficit.

Business being completed, the literary programme was reverted to. Legion Braun had turned up in the meantime and gave a very spicy and amusing reading about photographing different types of men at Castle Garden. Some one of the noisy men suggested tin types. I thought that man had too much "brass." The next feature was the debate, concerning which I will simply quote from a previous reporter—a very previous reporter indeed—and then add some things that really happened. "The Society settled itself to enjoy the *piece de resistance* of the evening, the open debate, 'Resolved, that Absolutism is more favorable to the production of Literature than a Democratic Form of Government.' Mr. Reeve upheld the affirmative, Mr. Culbert the negative. Those who have had the good fortune to hear Mr. Reeve speak will fully endorse me when I say that his rounded periods, his copious vocabulary, and his effective delivery place him in the foreground of University orators. Mr. Culbert's reply was brief and to the point. The president decided that the debate should be left open." Further the seer of last week did not go. Let me add that Mr. Culbert's speech was marked by energy and comprehensive thought. Mr. Reeve was supported by Mr. Montgomery, who briefly pointed out some of the drawbacks of popular government. Mr. Culbert was seconded by Mr. J. H. Brown, who treated his subject in an able, historical manner. The president's decision was given in favor of the negative.

In the business arising out of minutes, Mr. Craig moved that the remainder of the debt due to Mr. Robinson, late publisher of VARSITY (\$52), be paid to him immediately. After some protest the motion was carried, with a resolution thanking Mr. Robinson for his gentlemanly action towards the students.

Several old graduates were present and addressed the meeting. Messrs. Ferguson, McCraney and Cooper, who are still kindly remembered by many of the students, were enthusiastically received. The Society is always glad to see old graduates pay a visit to their former haunts.

I have finished my essay. I wrote it in graphite. I hope that the man will not be mad at me any more, and that he will never ask me to write another essay.

ARCUS.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the present term of the Women's Literary Society was held on Saturday evening, Oct. 21. In the absence of the president, Miss Weir, the vice-president, Miss Hamilton, was in the chair. The meeting was opened by a selection from the Glee Club, after which the minutes of last meeting were read and approved. Several offices being vacant, and other affairs needing attention, the meeting was almost wholly taken up with business. The resignation of Miss Weir was with regret accepted. The names nominated to fill the office were Miss Lawson and Miss M. L. Robertson. The offices of Treasurer and First Year Councillor were filled, Miss Wilson being

elected Treasurer, and Miss McMichael First Year Councillor. After a short discussion it was decided that the daily papers should be placed for the benefit of the women in their reading room. The business then being finished, an interesting debate followed on the subject, "Are World's Fairs *universally* beneficial?" Miss Skinner, '94, and Miss Rowsom, '95, supported the affirmative; Miss Rosebrugh, '95, and Miss Coombe, '96, the negative. After carefully summing up the arguments on both sides, the decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The Glee Club favored the meeting with another selection, and after singing the national anthem, we adjourned. The next meeting will be held on Friday, Nov. 10. The members will enjoy "A Night with the Witches."

JESSIE H. WHITE,
Cor. Sec'y.

CHEYENNE CANON.

A FAVORITE SPOT WITH THE AUTHOR OF "RAMONA."

On either side the rocks all rugged rise,
In mighty, massive grandeur to the sky;
Here sandstone red, and there the granite pink,
Or grey as morning mists on ocean's shore.
Above—the fleecy cloud-ships softly sail
Across the narrow sea of summer blue.
Within—the playful sunbeams gently glide
Adown the shady vistas; peeping now
Between the branches interlaced; anon
They dance upon the streams, which laugh and leap
From rock to rock in merry, madd'ning play.
Who trained the ivy, climbing gracefully
These rugged, rocky steeps? Who planted there
The mountain pines, on yonder tow'ring heights,
Whose roots seem firm embedded in the rock?
Do fairies tend the wild-flowers that they grow
Around our feet in such munificence?
What revels could the tiny elves enjoy
Upon the mossy boulders scattered near,
When moonbeams peep above the mountain peaks,
And fill their Elfin haunts with mystic light!
Methinks I see them dance with witching grace,
To music of the waters; while the birds
Swing sleepily among the arching boughs,
And drowsy flow'rets nod a sweet good-night.

Those dizzy heights, like hoary sentinels,
Shut out the turmoil of a dinning world;
Its grief and discord cannot penetrate
Where nature reigns in royal solitude.
The weary heart forgets its loss and pain,
Grows hushed and quiet 'neath the brooding peace,
And, reaching outward toward the Infinite,
Finds God revealed in all, and feels Him near.

And surely God Himself, near "cool of day,"
Amid the Eden-beauty of this spot,
Would roam as in Creation's joyous morn,
And murmur now, as then, that—"It is good!"

FLORENCE M. YORK.

A BROKEN VOW.

Over her lover she pleadingly leaned,
And he promised for her dear sake,
As he lay in the hammock and saw her tears,
Not another drop to take.

With a thrill of joy the fair girl sprang
To his side, with a loving look.
The vow was broken—likewise the rope,
For another drop he took.

—Brunonian.

THE ART OF GOSSIP AND ITS AGE.

It is sometimes held that the world is continually growing worse instead of better, and that while progress is being made on the material side of life, the moral side is retrograding. It is in support of this view that the learned Professor Von Fuddles has written his "History of the Origin and Progress of the Vices of the Human Race." This work is an elaborate attempt (we will not say how successful) to prove that all or nearly all the vices of our race are of postdiluvian origin at least; and that the great majority of them date only from the Dark Ages. In the seventy-fifth chapter of his history, "Of Small Talk, or Gossip," the Professor holds that this species of conversation was never known to the ancients; "for," says he, "how could men who wrote such charming poems as did Homer and Demosthenes, belong to a race of people who indulged in small talk of any kind?"

But happily for the credit of our age, we are able to disprove this statement by the citation of ancient authors who have preserved specimens of the common talk of their time. Such a specimen we present to our readers, the fifteenth Idyl of Theocritus, which gives the conversation of two Syracusan ladies visiting Alexandria at the festival of Adonis. The translation is taken almost wholly from that of Mr. Lang.

Gorgo—Is Praxinoe at home?

Praxinoe—Dear Gorgo, what an age since you've been here! I am at home. The wonder is that you've got here at last! Eunoe, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it, too.

Gorgo—It's quite right, thank you, as it is.

Prax.—Do sit down.

Gorgo—Oh, my foolish spirit! I've scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoe! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live too far away!

Prax.—It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took—a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbors. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

Gorgo—Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear, before the little boy,—look how he's staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she's not speaking about papa.

Prax.—Our Lady! the child takes notice.

Gorgo—Nice papa.

Prax.—That papa of his the other day—we call every day the other day—went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt—the lanky, lazy lubber!

Gorgo—Mine has the same trick, too, a perfect spendthrift—Diocleides! . . . But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us off to the palace of rich Ptolemy, the King, to see the Adonis; I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

Prax.—Fine folks do everything finely.

Gorgo—It seems nearly time to be going.

Prax.—Idlers have always leisure time.

* * * *

Gorgo—Praxinoe, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

Prax.—Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money,—and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

Gorgo—Well, it is *most* successful; all you could wish.

Prax.—Thank you for the compliment. (To the maid) Eunoe, bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head the fashionable way. (To the child) No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child and keep him amused, call in the dog and shut the front door. (They go out into the street).

* * * *

Gorgo (to an old woman). Are you from the Court, mother?

Old W.—I am, my child.

Prax.—Is it easy to get there?

Old W.—The Achaeans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

Gorgo—The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

Prax.—Women know everything, yes, even how Zeus married Hera.

Gorgo—See, Praxinoe, what a crowd there is about the doors. (They enter the palace).

* * * *

Gorgo—Do come here, Praxinoe. Just look at these embroideries first. How light and lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

* * * *

A stranger in the crowd—You tiresome women, do cease your endless chatter! They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

Gorgo—Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes? Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

Prax.—Lady Persephone, never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

Gorgo—Hush, hush, Praxinoe—the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the Adonis; she that won the prize last year for dirge-singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is putting on her airs and graces.

Gorgo (after the song)—Praxinoe, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman, to know so much, thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it's time to be making for home. Diocleides hasn't had his dinner; the man's all vinegar—don't venture near him when he's kept waiting for his dinner. . . . (Exeunt omnes).

From such scenes of real life as this there is more true knowledge of history to be learned than from a whole library of Von Fuddleses, whose works are written and whose facts are warped to suit a preconceived theory. And the picture which is here presented to us shows us a life marvellously like that of to-day. Husbands and their doings and misdoings were just as interesting a topic of conversation to the good wives of the third century B. C., as to their successors of the nineteenth century A. D. So too with the important subject of dress. Praxinoe and her "full body" that cost "eight pounds hard cash" are passed away, but like things are, and will be still, even as they have been; and the last of the generations of those who will "nearly slave their lives out" for such objects is yet to be born. "Dear friends" can still give one another such neat little thrusts (and who has not heard them a thousand times?) as Praxinoe gives to the eager Gorgo in her remark that "idlers have always leisure time." In a word, this dialogue, stripped of a few peculiar exclamations and with the names of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones substituted for those of Praxinoe and Gorgo, would pass quite readily and naturally as an account of this day instead of one of twenty centuries ago and more. Mr. Lang in his introduction to this idyl remarks: "Nothing can be more gay and natural than the chatter of the women, which has changed no more in two thousand years than the song of birds." Such scenes as this drawn to the life give us a kindly feeling for those people of long ago. It is true they did talk Greek, but what of that? They are still bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, with the same round of home duties, the same amusements and enjoy-

ments to enhance, and the same petty squabbles and troubles to mar, the bliss of wedded life.

But to return to our subject: Professor Von Fuddles' theory, aside from the fact of its intrinsic absurdity, cannot stand before the citation of such evidence as this. And when we call to mind the choice bits of gossip about their rivals, on which Demosthenes and his fellow orators dwelt with such fondness and zest, seeming never so happy as when some particularly scandalous morsel could be doled out to a jury all attention to receive it, we are constrained to say that the words of the wise man are indeed true, and that, gossip or anything else included in the count, there is nothing new under the sun. XOUTHOS.

THE TEARFUL MUSE.

During that strange period of human life, just where the brook and river meet, when childhood merges insensibly into early manhood, or womanhood, when the lengthening limbs are tortured with "growing pains," and the enlarging heart is full of restlessness and discontent, when physical languor and drowsiness induce a proneness to reverie, a morbid sentimentality, and, at times, an apparently unfathomable melancholy, the expanding mind is found most susceptible to the mysterious charm of pathos. During this troubled space of transition, should the young man incline to rhyme, his verses are maunderingly sentimental, or more probably, miserably, dolefully pathetic. In the girl's case, if she has ambition, she will dream dreams such as Marie Bashkirtseff's, and will readily plunge into the literary self-torturings and heart-break that this unhappy but self-willed girl-genius has given to us in her *Memoirs*. And, indeed, the direct influence which the capricious cravings of the body exert on the cravings of the mind, prevents any release from this morbid, pathetic state until properly nourishing food restores the taxed body to health—and then, if the man be sound, he no longer looks for mental food in Poe's *Tales* or Marie Bashkirtseff, or Byron's *Juvenile Poems*. They fade away into the dim past, as Uncle Remus and Mother Goose did a few years before.

Is it, then, a sign of immaturity, and of salad days, when one is green in judgment, for a poet to assume a brooding melancholy, a continual pathos, a life of heart-break? Is it the bards whose childhood has lingered on into their manhood who persistently court the tearful muse? It is a difficult question to answer; for who cares to challenge the manhood of the writer of "In Memoriam," of "Childe Harold," and of "Evangeline"? Yet when one hardens the heart to a state of critical apathy, there is a false ring to each of the three poems, a minor jarring dissonance that breaks through their louder melody. Taine has spoken, perhaps too harshly, of Tennyson's affectation in his "In Memoriam." Byron has grown old-fashioned, and Byronic melancholy in poetry is a thing of the past. In our day, although physicists have not yet reduced moral science to a simple doctrine of health, and the physician is not yet the only moral healer required, we would treat Byron for melancholia and nervous prostration. Johnson was vulgar, but Johnson was happy in saying that whether life was worth living or not all depended on the *liver*.

But there is such a thing as true pathos. There is a pathos that is not indicative of impotence and artificiality. There is the spiritually dramatic pathos of Hamlet, the simple, uncommented pathos of Homer's Helen at the Scaean Gate, and of Hector and Andromache; there is the mysterious sympathy which Wordsworth can call forth; and the dramatic despair in which Browning can clothe a Panfilia or a Mildred. And beyond all this, there is the actual pathos of real life, the unfathomable, dark tragedy we see on every side of us. Some see it and weep. Others see it and turn away, and chase their elusive bubbles. Others, like Thackeray and Howells, see it, and face it, and

paint it. And some young men see it in hearts that have lived and suffered; and without enduring the suffering, they wish to acquire the nobility its endurance imparts. Not sowing, they would reap. The assumed possession of this world-weariness, this heart-break, seems a short and easy by-path to spiritual and worldly greatness. But our great poets have always discovered their mistake and left their morose paths behind them, as they forsook their fairy-tales and nursery-rhymes of an earlier stage. At twenty, Tennyson wrote a doleful poem on death, and a short time before death really came to him, he wrote the nobly hopeful, optimistic "Crossing the Bar."

From our modern school of minor poets, mostly young and therefore mostly prone to the tearful muse, one turns with relish to even the grim, obscure Meredith, with his

Laughter,
Good for body, good for soul,

rather than endure the monotonous, Swinburnian hopelessness of smoother rhymers. Our youngest English poet (from whom so much was expected, but who is not in an asylum) felt this in his first lucid years:

Enough of mournful melodies, my lute!
Be henceforth joyous, or be henceforth mute.
Song's breath is wasted when it does but fan
The smouldering infelicity of man.

Hapless and dark enough is man's life; it is not the unhappy man who loves our doleful music; he does not care to probe his wounds; he has suffered enough.

Life is rough
Sing smoothly, O Bard
Enough, enough,
To have found life hard.

Our century has seen the full golden, happy life of one poet who knew God was in His heaven and all was right with the world, one resolute, hopeful heart that saw beyond the day-born sorrow—

I shall go journeying, who but I, pleasantly!
Sorrow is vain and despondency sinful.

He had the depth of soul that feels

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad;
My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched.

There is a nobility in such optimism that is sweeter and loftier than the deepest pathos expressed in language, no matter how melodious. It is the supremacy of strength over effeminacy, of god-like determination over child-like resignation.

There's a simple test

Would serve, when people take on them to weigh
The worth of poets: "Who was better, best,
This, that, the other bard?" (Bards none gainsay
As good, observe! no matter what the rest).
"What quality preponderating may
Turn the scale as it trembles?" End the strife
By asking "*Which one led a happy life?*"

If one did over his antagonist
That yelled or shrieked or sobbed or wept or wailed
Or simply had the dumps,—dispute who list,—
I count him victor. Where his fellow failed,
Mastered by his own means of might—acquist
Of necessary sorrows,—he prevailed,
A strong since joyful man who stood distinct
Above slave-sorrows to his chariot linked.

Though tears mingle with our laughter and many of our sweetest songs tell of saddest thought, still sorrow is suffering, and suffering is sickness, and this sickness, either of body or soul, beautiful as the transient outward appearance may be, is in the end disease and unsoundness and death.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

RUGBY.

VARSITY 16.—QUEEN'S 6.

Varsity—Trys (2), N. Lash, Laidlaw; goal from kick (1), Parkyn; rouge, 1; safety touch, 1—16.

Queen's—Try (1), Kennedy; rouge, 2—6.

Varsity played a magnificent game, and proved to the satisfaction of all who witnessed the game that although they are out of the championship series, yet they are little, if at all, inferior to the aggregation which bids fair to win the trophy. We congratulate the Rugby men upon their splendid play on Saturday, and sincerely trust that next fall circumstances will be more favorable for carrying off the cup.

VARSITY III. vs. QUEEN'S III.

"Jack" Counsell has again brought his fifteen out "on top." Queen's III. sustained even a worse defeat than their seniors, the score being 27 to 4.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Varsity I. won from the Torontos by a score of 3 to 1. Varsity have still to play the New Fort and the Riversides. Buckingham, Lingelbach and McDonald for Varsity, and Meldrum for the Torontos, did the scoring.

Varsity II. won an easy match from the Rovers. Score 6 to 0. We would call the attention of the II.'s to the fact that it is considered football etiquette to "let up" when three goals in the lead.

In the Junior League, Varsity III. was defeated by the Willows II. by a score of 1 to 0. This is the only defeat sustained by a Varsity combination on Saturday. Don't let it occur again, Juniors!

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY NOTES.

Mr. W. G. Armstrong, B.A., of the teaching staff of Upper Canada College, called upon us on Friday.

Gymnastics are now taken Mondays and Thursdays at 4.15 in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Mr. Swanson is instructor.

There was no meeting of the Literary Society this week; but for next Friday the programme promises to be an excellent one. It will include recitations by Mr. Mounteer, B.E., and an address by the Honorary-President, Dr. McLellan, on the study of literature.

We were honored by a visit from the Governor-General on Friday morning. Lectures were suspended, and the students took up a becoming position on the side benches, leaving the remainder of the hall to be filled by the children of the Model School and the ladies of the Normal School. During the proceedings the male students of the Normal School from their elevated position in the "boxes" felt their young hearts thrill with ambitions of becoming some day a Governor-General or an A.D.C. The speeches were followed by cheers for the Queen and the Governor-General, which testified the loyalty of the School of Pedagogy to British connection and existing institutions.

WAS I RIGHT?

'Twas a lovely moonlight evening,
As on the porch we sat,
And I asked, what for her birthday
I should give my darling pet.
She looked up smiling in my eyes,
Her cheeks grew red and hot.
"Why, Charley, you forgot—yourself."
I offered on the spot.

—F. L. H., in *Brunonian*.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

The meeting for the election of officers of the lacrosse club was postponed on Friday last to some day this week. A list of the officers elected will be given in our next issue.

The latest innovation is a button covered with the colors of the college desired to be indicated. The Varsity was the first to introduce this designatory mark, and it is fast being adopted by other institutions.

The excellent photo of Varsity taken by W. A. Braun, '95, deserves especial mention. Students may obtain a copy for 40 cents, either from the janitor or the artist himself. This is a good offer and we are glad to hear that it is being generally accepted.

The Mathematical and Physical Society met in room 16 on Friday last. The president, Mr. DeLury, gave a short, but very interesting address, in which he spoke of the work to be done by the society, and of the character of papers to be read. Nothing further of importance was done at this meeting.

J. D. Webster, '94, while driving stakes on Friday last, met with a serious accident. His hand became fixed in a split in the wood. Merrick, '96, who was unloading lumber, happened to be near by, and hearing his shrieks, soon produced a knife and removed the hand. Webster was then enabled to finish his job.

The class of '94 held their annual meeting for the election of officers on Tuesday in room 4. If this meeting was not well attended it was not the fault of the secretary, who had notices of the meeting posted in five different languages. Perhaps they read differently than was intended. A list of officers elected will be given in our next issue.

The class of '95 met in room 3 on Friday last to complete the election of officers for '93-4. The following were elected: Musical director, W. D. Scott; Athletic director, C. W. Cross; Poet, W. P. Reeve; Orator, J. L. Murray; Historians, Miss O'Rourke, W. Mowbray; Prophet, A. R. Hamilton; Critic, C. J. Lynde; Artist, W. A. Braun; Councillors, Misses, Kerr, Dowd and Dingle, Messrs. Chaisgreen and Stubbs.

Mention was omitted in our last issue of the very pleasant evenings spent on Thursday, Oct. 19th. At this meeting the reports of the previous meeting were read and adopted. Throughout the evening Napolitano's orchestra discoursed excellent music, and at 9.30 refreshments were served. It is admitted by all that this was, perhaps, the most successful social yet held by '95.

The members of '97 met on Oct. 24th to complete the election of officers; the following are the remaining officers who were elected: Treasurer, E. Dingman; Councillors, Miss Heliwell, J. Inkster,

— Black; Poet, — Creighton; Orator, C. H. Clegg; Historians, Miss Langrill, D. R. Ofrant; Musical Director, — Campbell; Prophet, P. Thibadeau; Judge, W. G. Fitzgerald; Committee on Colors, Miss Ried, Messrs. Morrison and White.

The Modern Language Club held a Uperman meeting in room 12 on Monday last. The following programme was given:

- 1 Moser— Der Bibliothekar — W. A. Braun
- 2 Auerbach— Life — Miss C. E. Jeffrey
- 3 Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts— I. Hyland
- 4 Auerbach— Auf Wache (Ger.) — Miss E. M. Cluff
- 5 Original Essay in German — Miss M. Bowes

After a short conversation in German, the meeting adjourned.

Any one who has heard Queen's Gaelic yell will appreciate the following mistake made by more than one on the Kingston trip. About 2 a.m., the cars in which the football teams were stationed happened, for a few minutes, to be side-tracked near a carload of pigs. All wondered what had come over the Queen's men to be so kind as to welcome the boys on their arrival, but were sadly disappointed when informed of the true condition of affairs.

Messrs. J. M. Godfrey, B.A., and A. T. Hunter, B.A., who were well known to collegemen as brilliant lights in our Literary and Scientific Society, have blossomed into political orators. They have become supporters of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., and have proved themselves able expounders of the Equal Rights platform. On Friday last they addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting at St. Mary's, and are to speak frequently within the near future.

The freshmen seem to be taking advantage of the kindly interest taken in them by the President. In a recent lecture one of their number, who hails from the School of Science, had actually enough cheek to assume that he knew more about formula than the learned professor. Upon being corrected, he upheld his mistake by informing the President that he (the President) must have forgotten his early instructions. If $H_2 O_2$ is not the symbol for water, it is, or rather has become the designation of a certain freshman who attends the School of Science.

Some one has said that Varsity is very democratic. Had such an one been present on Wednesday last, he would soon have been undeceived. A third year man who during the summer months has had a clean shave, was seen doing the accustomed round, registering, and calling on the professors and lecturers in his course. From the silk hat, gold-headed cane and Prince Albert coat, many of the freshmen had mistaken him for the Earl of Aberdeen, who arrived in the city on the same day; they were greatly disappointed when they learned that he was only one of that vast number who attend lectures in

political science. It is certainly not the proper thing for a junior so to mislead those who do not, as yet, understand all our ways.

The class of '96 have elected their officers for the present year. Two meetings were held, one on Wednesday and the other on Friday afternoon of last week. We here give a list of the new officers: President, R. W. Allin; 1st Vice-President, Miss Laird; 2nd Vice-President, J. E. Hodgson; Secretary, R. I. Towers; Treasurer, J. A. Rowland; Musical Director, W. J. Lauder; Athletic Director, J. W. Merrick; Poet, A. J. Stringer; Orator, D. McFayden; Historians, Miss Cawthorpe, A. R. Clute; Prophet, M. L. Rush; Judge, J. A. Young; Artist, L. Graham; Critic, A. Meighen; Councillors, Misses Sherwood, Shaw and Ruth-erford, Messrs. Bell and McLean.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

On Monday afternoon, Oct. 23rd, a large representation of modern language students from all the years met in room 4, where the first meeting of the club for '93-'94 was held. It was an English meeting,—subject; Shelley and Swinburne. The literary programme, though not quite as long as advertised, was a most interesting one. The numbers given were; 1. Reading by Miss Robertson; 2. Shelley's Philosophy of Life, by Mr. E. F. Langley; 3. Swinburne's "Eretheus" by Miss Cook. The subjects were without exception handled in an able and interesting manner, Miss Robertson's excellent rendering of "The Forsaken Garden" by Swinburne, being particu-



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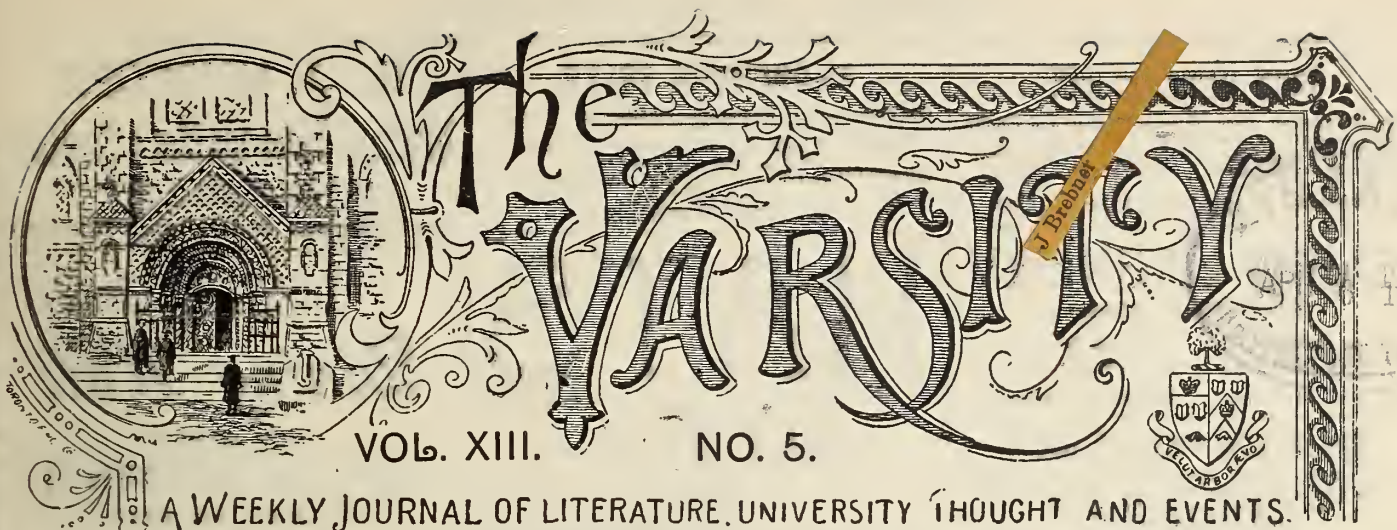
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THE VARSITY


A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1893.

No. 5.

Editorial Comments.

NE of the most important advances in connection with College education during the past twenty-five years has been the place taken by the Seminary Method. Prior to the popularization of the Seminary idea, the *ex-cathedra* lecture had been received as the

last word, as a revulsion from such dogmatic contention came the view which claimed for the Seminary a place of at least equal importance.

The germ idea of the Seminary method is simplicity itself; it aims to educe independent thought upon the part of the student. While recognizing the superior knowledge of the professor, it regards him as a co-worker in the chosen field of investigation; it views the conclusions so arrived at as being more important than mere parrot-like memorizations. But while this is the contention on behalf of the Seminary, it would be well to remember its true place, to consider it as one educational factor, and not to conclude that it is destined to utterly displace the lecturing system.

Until last year the Seminary method occupied with us a place of somewhat minor importance. Seminary work was attempted in some departments with more or less success, but in general its place as an auxiliary force was not duly recognized. Last year, however, we definitely adopted the Seminary system. For a while the feelings of the students, and shall we say the professors, towards the new system, resembled that of a child towards a new doll. But now the first feeling of unusualness has worn off, and perhaps we are in a better condition to look at the Seminary in calmer mood.

In the adoption of any new system, it is well to consider not only its comparative success in other places, but also the limitations upon its usefulness. Consequently the appeals to German and American precedents, and the use of the magic word "Seminar," are not, in themselves, conclusive arguments in favor of the adoption of this system in Toronto University. Last year we started out with over-great enthusiasm, and seemingly without sufficient consideration of the place rightly held by the Seminary, and the result was that to a great extent the Seminary was run into the ground. Some of the lecturers and professors seemed to regard the Seminary room as their native heath. At times the Seminary work degenerated into verbal criticism, when, instead of paying attention to the matter, exception was taken to the literary form. In several instances, the presiding member of the Seminary occupied an awkward position in that he had to admit his lack of acquaintance with sundry minor points

that came up. At other times the method pursued was that followed in teaching literature in a country school—a book was taken up and read by the members of the class in turn, and sundry comments made thereon. In several instances, at least, the information so elicited might have been gained with less expenditure of time by the individual student. As a consequence of such a state of affairs, some were led to an undue depreciation of the value of the whole system.

Now all these hesitations, and false starts, and mistaken trends of work, may, with justice, be attributed to a somewhat mistaken conception of the Seminary system. The Seminary system, rightly understood, does not propose to supplant the lecture system—it merely proposes to supplement it on some sides where there is some inadequacy. Rightly understood, the Seminary method recognizes the fact that a considerable amount of initial preparation is necessary before independent investigation can be adequately exercised and fruition looked for. We have been in danger of neglecting this phase, and have seemingly concluded that the seedling could at once bring forth fruit.

Although such has been the case in Toronto University, it is not to be assumed that our position has been unique. Far otherwise. Many other American universities and colleges have gone through a similar experience. Prof. Seligman, of Columbia, in an ably written pamphlet on the Seminary question, has pointed out the causes which have given to the Seminary somewhat of a deformed growth. In his opinion, the Seminary has been made use of without due consideration of the environment, and so its otherwise beneficial effects have been vitiated. It has indiscriminately been made use of in colleges, and the result has been that students have considered that they were fitted for independent investigation, when in reality they were lacking in the fundamentals of systematized knowledge, and as a consequence of such a state of affairs, the Seminary system has been associated by many with unfounded pretensions to knowledge. The conclusion reached by him is that the higher departments of college work, and more especially post-graduate work, form the proper province of the Seminary system.

When we look at the case in Toronto University, and hold in mind the considerations of Professor Seligman, we see much that is in point. The Seminary system has been made use of without adequately considering its limitations, and hence its usefulness has been marred. In order that the Seminary method may be successful, it demands maturity of conception and systematized knowledge. Now suppose that the Seminary system is made use of in the first year of a student's course, when he is just commencing to grasp the primary conceptions of the especial branch which he is studying, in what condition is he to undertake inde-

pendent investigation? To undertake investigation at all he must have systematized thought to rely upon. Force him into such investigation when he is but barely acquainted with the primary essentials of his subject, and how can the result be otherwise than one of inadequacy? In any science that a student is studying, it is necessary that he should spend a considerable time upon it, should have certain definite ideas in connection with the work, for otherwise his investigation, high-sounding as the title is, will be a following of a will o' the wisp. Preparation for investigation is not the work of a day or a month; and the condition which demands from the student, who is slowly and painfully becoming acquainted with the accepted truths, original investigation is surely allied to failure. Certain foundation thoughts must be accepted in the spirit of faith, before original investigation is possible.

The obtaining of the requisite maturity and systematized knowledge must, of necessity, be a slow process; it is true that the ultimate end of this process is the obtaining of independent thought and investigation, but any attempt to unduly hasten this cannot be conducive to real success. Professor Seligman has pointed out that the Seminary method is applicable chiefly to higher collegiate and post-graduate study. Besides the main reasons already spoken of, a minor reason may be advanced in favor of this contention. In order that primary work may be satisfactorily carried on, it is necessary that the workers should be divided into small groups; but the demands on the time of our instructors do not permit of this in the lower years. When the fourth year is reached, however, the number in the class is not as great, and there does not exist on this account a hindrance. Again, where the fourth year is reached, the student has had the advantage of a fairly thorough drilling in the essentials of his subject, and is, therefore, better fitted to undertake some work in the way of independent investigation. As to post-graduate study this holds with still greater force. These limitations on the usefulness of the Seminary system do not seem to have been attended to as they ought. Would we not impugn the judgment of the teacher who would demand from the child who was just learning his A B C's, an original investigation of Shakespeare? In some of its phases, has the Seminary system, as applied here during the last year, been any more happy in its effects?

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN, AND THE ADVISABILITY OF ADMITTING THEM TO THE UNIVERSITIES.

The higher education of women has become a much vexed question in these times when women are coming so prominently to the front in educational circles; and directly in its train comes the question of admitting them to the Universities, for the generally-accepted meaning of "Higher Education" implies attendance at an institution of higher learning. Women, and their sympathizers of the other sex, have urged their claims to higher education as a matter of right. A great number of men have opposed their claims with talk—very vague at times, we must acknowledge,—about woman's sphere and woman's peculiar nature, alleging the home to be a more suitable place for woman's energies than the university.

Higher education, in itself, can not be condemned by any thinking person. A strong, refined, well-cultivated mind is the noblest product of our civilization, and woman has as much need of this development of mind as man,

for, "if woman be small, slight-natured, miserable, how shall man grow?" But there are many essential requisites for perfect culture, especially in the case of woman, besides the higher education of a university, and although it is desirable that woman should have as high a degree of culture as possible, in order to be a proper companion and helpmeet for man, yet it may not be desirable that she should take a university course in order to attain that end. Exclusion from the university does not brand woman as being inferior to man, as being less capable of mental development; it only emphasizes the fact that she is different from man. It is quite compatible with the idea of exclusion to admit that woman is quite the equal of man in mental calibre. Nay, further, the idea is based on the assumption that woman is superior to man in her higher nature; that she is possessed of a finer, a more delicate and complex constitution, which a university life tends to render coarser and less responsive to life's highest demands; because it requires years of almost exclusive devotion to study at the time when the higher elements of her nature are in their most formative period, and imposes upon a more delicately adjusted nature the strain of severely competitive examinations which have been gauged to suit the coarser masculine spirit.

We have admitted that the highest mental culture is compatible with true womanhood. We also admit that in early years both sexes should have the same educational training, but it is not therefore necessary to admit that when the girl attains to young womanhood, she should mingle with men in the higher domain of university education. A general and common education is desirable until characteristic aptitudes manifest themselves, and further, as a basis for the development of particular aptitudes. That the properly developed woman has a characteristic and essential distinction from the properly developed man, is an indisputable fact, and that there is a time in a woman's life when her training should be different from that of man, is therefore equally indisputable. With the majority of women the time for differentiation comes before they are ready to attend a university; for although it is difficult to draw hard and fast lines in this matter, a university life generally marks a new stage in a person's existence. Individual capabilities tend to become strongly developed. The university aims at turning out developed men, and developed women too, if women are to be sent there. But the idea that developed men and developed women should be "turned out" by the same process is preposterous on its very face. In excluding woman from the universities, we do not wish to curtail her opportunities or to cramp her possibilities; we only wish to set her apart as having a sphere which she alone can fill, and as being a creature with a loftier range of sentiment, a profounder depth of feeling, towards whom we can cherish feelings of admiration and of love, and by whom we may be moulded and fashioned to a nobler and a better manhood.

QUERCUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Varsity:

DEAR SIR,—It seems to me a remarkable thing that the students of this University, once so given to discussion, should have allowed a most momentous revolution in the system prevailing here almost to be consummated without any emphatic utterance, either of approval or resistance. Is the abolition of merit order class lists, then, a matter of so little consequence that we can afford to suffer the change to be made without even a slight examination of the matter? If, as seems the case, the competitive spirit among us is so subdued and moderate, the advocates of the reform have evidently a weaker case than ever; and after all, what is their case?

To assert that the ambition for high standing is responsible for the prostration of students, even the slightest

examination of facts proves to be without foundation. Of all the collapses of last May, was there a solitary example to support such a contention? Nay, more, of all the collapses of last May did not the most numerous and grievous occur in the fourth year, the very year where competition has long been abandoned? Overloaded curriculums, indolence during the terms, and wholesale cramming in April and afterwards, uneven distribution of study, inadequate regard for ordinary rules of hygiene, and often pure misfortune—such, and not competition, were the causes of those disasters. And yet, what are our legislators about to do? Are they attempting to remedy the obvious evils of a loose and antiquated system of examinations? Are they providing machinery to ensure the accomplishment of work at the proper time? Are they endeavoring to improve our methods by the introduction of measures adopted already in great universities to elevate the life and conserve the energies of the student? Perhaps they are, and no one can deny that things in the first and second years have been greatly improved; but instead of striking finally at the well-known roots of the disease, they are more earnestly bent upon removing what is at most a very doubtful source of danger, and what is certainly in many respects a benefit.

In the next place, when standing is abolished and the opportunity for ability and perseverance to achieve distinction removed, what proof of intellect and industry are our graduates to take with them as aids in obtaining positions in life? It is well known that through honors obtained at this University many who are at present holding fellowships and masterships abroad and at home, have been enabled to raise themselves to a deserved and satisfactory competence. But when all are turned out through the sausage machine of the alphabetical order examination, to all appearances the same, and by that very operation declared to be equal, how is merit, whether through mental endowment, self-denial, or perseverance, to assert its just and rational claims? It is all very well to state that the professors can distinguish the wheat from the chaff, and will testify accordingly. Experience proves the contrary. Not more than three years ago, in two notable cases professors declared their inability to distinguish the merits of candidates in the fourth year alphabetical examination, and besides all that, there are men of the highest rank in the University to-day whom professors have at one time expressly declared to be nothing. And even so, would it not be a remarkably admirable and consistent practice if instructors should be continually discriminating the merits of men whom examiners had already declared to be equal? Whichever way you turn, the abolition of competitive standing here also inevitably means the repression of deserving ability and the deprivation of able and intellectual poverty of the opportunity to climb to a higher level on the foundation of past achievements.

But the consistency of the scheme is shown in another particular. In some years of certain courses there are scholarships, prizes and medals; in others there are none. Consequently while the leading students of some departments are to be plunged in the bog of alphabetical equality, the leading students in others are to be brought forward and publicly crowned. In addition to this amiable display of justice, it is to be remembered that even in courses where scholarships and medals are given, only one individual in each can be honored, while all the rest sink into oblivion. What is this so-called system of equality, therefore, but an odious system of favoritism? If we are to have equality and alphabetical order, on what principle of morality or justice is the most successful candidate in third year moderns to be known and honored and congratulated, while the leaders in third year classics and mathematics are never to be known at all. More than that, since the only escape from this infinitely contemptible equality lies through obtaining scholarships and medals, who can fail to see that competition in courses

where these exist will be immensely stimulated and embittered?

There is much more to be said against this unjust and impolitic scheme, but when a man remembers that its very promoters owe much of their celebrity and success to the system of order of merit in the past, and perceives that while professing to destroy competition, it in reality strengthens it, and that while professing to ensure equality, it establishes in reality a system of distinction painfully mean, the subject passes slightly beyond his powers of speech.

ALASTOR.

To the Editor of Varsity:

DEAR SIR,—Is the wearing of academicals dead for ever? To judge from a year's experience in college life the great difficulty is not to induce the men to make an effort, but to keep them at it. I would suggest the following plan for this purpose: Let the men in each department of each year sign an agreement to wear the gown to lectures every day during the year of '93-'94, providing that half of the men in their department of their year do the same. Such an arrangement would make it easier to get at the men individually, especially if some man was appointed in each class to make it his business to keep the men in his class to the agreement. Every one must feel, I think, that another such attempt and failure as that of last year will only go to deepen the impression that the wearing of the gown is an obsolete custom which cannot be renewed.

Yours truly,
'96.

University College, Oct. 31st.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

Class '96—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Bible Class.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 5 p.m.
Knox College.—Prayer Meeting, 6.45 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club Practice, Room 9, 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
Wycliffe Literary and Theological Society, 8 p.m.
Glee Club.—Practice, Room 9, at 4 p.m.
Women's Literary Society, "A Night with the Witches,"
Room 16, 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Knox College Conference, 11.30 a.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

Y. M. C. A.—Meeting, 3 p.m.
Wycliffe College Bible Class. 4.15 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

Modern Language Club.—English Meeting, Room 12, at 4 p.m.
Natural Science Association.—4 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

Class '97.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Knox College Literary and Theological Society, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Class '95.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Classical Association—Room 3, 4 p.m.

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NOVEMBER 8, 1893.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



It was not an earthquake; it was not a Halloween mob tearing down the Y. M. C. A. It was the secretary rapping on the reading-room doors, meaning thereby "Shun!" So we all went into the hall, looking very earnest, since we felt that the relative reputations of '94 and '95 were at stake—for this was the first inter-year debate of the season. The realization of the tremendous importance of the event seemed to extend even to the back bench, for I did not hear one joke from the vendor of blue and white buttons. It was serious. On permission being given by the President, Secretary Fry rose with the minute book in his hands and a sort of gloating expression on his face, to signify he had us on the hip. You know, he does that every Friday night. But when he saw such a large audience before him, he could not resist giving us longer minutes than usual—of course we had heard it all before. He was going to read a four page report, only we wouldn't let him. Were the minutes correct? Mr. McKinnon was going to offer an objection, but Mr. McLean had him deferred. Then the President called on a man, Mr. Scott, '95, for some music. Mr. Scott played two selections—I think he called them selections; they were very enjoyable anyway, and seemed to restore the boys to their wonted hilarity, for when Mr. Wickett, '94, went forward and gave a recitation, there were several jokes. Mr. Wickett gave two pieces. The first was about a lobster scaring a policeman, and the second was about a bicycle rider. I guess the boys will try lobsters next Halloween.

Then we had the great debate: "Resolved, that the French Revolution was more justifiable than the American Revolution." The first speaker was Mr. Montgomery, '95. In a very lucid speech he showed that owing to the existing state of the Government and of society in France, together with the oppression of the masses by a privileged class, no resource was left open to the people but rebellion. Joyful were the men of '95, but when Mr. Barnum, leader of the negative, took his place and entered into his subject, they appeared to have some misgivings. Mr. Barnum pointed out that political actions are not to be judged by their causes alone, but by their course and by their results; and neatly and clearly showed that the clemency of its course and its subsequent success placed the American Revolution on a higher plane than that of France. Now it was the turn of '94 to feel confident. Mr. King then arose to uphold '95's interests. He confined himself almost exclusively to proving that the causes of the American Revolution were really not founded on moral principles, but were largely the outcome of political schemes; and that owing to the then free local government and the existence of a strong party in their favor in England, there was no necessity for revolution to accomplish their purpose. This was Mr. King's first appearance before the Society as a debater, and he certainly acquitted himself very creditably. It was remarkable the ease with which he settled the affairs of nations. When he had finished, Mr. Brown—the one with the initials J. H.—came to the front in rather broken order, amid the cheers of '94. This veteran appeared rather excited, but he was very good natured, and quoted considerable poetry, and altogether made a strong and eloquent speech. In it he claimed that the treatment of the subject by the affirmative had been from the narrow standpoint of causes alone, and did not take into account the results of the two revolutions, and proceeded to show from history the more glorious results of the American Revolution. And then Mr. Montgomery got up to close the debate. He pointed out in a speech, which though necessarily short, seemed to have condensed into it all the merit of a longer speech, that where wrong is being done, results of an action are but a secondary means of testing its justifiability. He cleverly summed up by saying that there were reasons in America why they should not rebel; there were no such reasons in France. Further that the reasons why the Americans should rebel existed in a greater degree in France. And finally, that there were many vital causes for rebellion in France which did not exist in America at all. Mr. Montgomery is here to be congratulated on the grasp of the subject which he evidenced throughout, his power of condensation, his masterly construction and his impressive delivery. The President then summed up the respective arguments of the two sides, eventually deciding in favor of the affirmative—a decision which elicited hearty and prolonged cheering from '95. The clear, concise argument, and emphatic rhetorical eloquence of the speakers, and the marked attention of the listeners, contributed to make this perhaps the most generally successful debate the Literary Society has listened to for some time.

The meeting was characterized throughout by an under-current of excitement due to the action of the Council regarding the disrespectful treatment of that venerable structure east of the Varsity; and this feeling manifested itself at various times throughout the evening. When Mr. Barnum with passionate eloquence called upon his hearers to appeal for judgment to those who had actually suffered the wrongs, an irrepressible man suggested Dave Bowman, and the audience got new light on Mr. Barnum's illustration.

Any business arising out of the minutes? Mr. McKinnon arose. He said the grant made to the VARSITY a week ago was not constitutionally made, and he moved that the motion regarding it be rescinded. Mr. Brown—he of the debate—said if we established the precedent of taking back votes of money, we would very soon receive no credit; fur-

ther, that it was a debt not a grant. Mr. McKinnon took this for granted; and when Mr. Craig had read a letter from Mr. Anderson, in which the latter requested that all the documentary contents of the Varsity vaults be forwarded to him, and when things had got considerably mixed and Mr. McKinnon had raised two more points on the constitution, the matter was transferred to the Directorate. Mr. Craig brought in a motion, constitutionally revised by Mr. McK., to the effect that the society request the Executive Committee to make the meeting for two weeks from next Friday constitution night. Nominations were now received for speakers, a reader and an essayist for the public debate. As the counting of the ballots was a question of the number of combinations of 29 men, taken six together considerable time was necessary for the scrutineers to do their work. "Charlie" McPherson filled in the long interval with a little snatch of a song about a senator or a sandwich or something, and then the scrutineers reported that Mr. Reeve had been elected essayist, Mr. W. A. Braun for reader, and Messrs. Barnum, Montgomery, Fry and Culbert for speakers. On motion of somebody, the meeting adjourned.

I think that is all that happened. If I have neglected to mention any motions made, any constitutional point raised, any argument advanced, any joke perpetrated, may the slighted persons not treasure it against me. My memory is but finite.

O. G.

A SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

Others may say that thou art false;
But we have been together
Full many a year in wild and drear,
Or bright and bounteous weather;
And they may try with sland'rous lie
To pierce our friendship thro'—
Their brands shall shiver in their hands,
I know that thou art true!

Have I not shar'd thy cup of gall?
And hast thou not shared mine?
Have we not drunk together all—
If it were gall or wine?
Ah, when the tear was on my cheek,
The mist was in thine eye!
Yes, they may say whate'er they may—
They know thee not as I.

Can I forget that autumn day?
Before a priestly tree,
All in the dim cathedral woods,
I pledg'd my heart to thee.
We clasp our hands—the breeze above
A new psalm upward sends,
And every branch and twig and leaf
Seems chanting "They are friends!"

Since then, whate'er belonged to me,
For good or ill, was thine;
And flowers that bloom'd along thy path
Threw their sweet scents on mine!
Then let the world united try
To pierce our friendship thro'—
Their brands shall perish in their hands,
I know that thou art true!

JAS. A. TUCKER, '95.

HALLOWE'EN

A FARCE IN FIVE ACTS.

About 7 p.m. on Tuesday night the students opened the first scene of their evening's events by turning out in large numbers to hear, or rather to see, *The Gladiator*, at the Grand. The accustomed highly-appreciated singing, and the usual number of jokes, hits and groans, were in order in "the gods." The star of the evening, on appearing adorned with the 'Varsity colors, was heartily received by the boys, who proved their high regard for her in treating with great contempt and resentment anything that savoured of a slander on her character, any threatened attempt on her life.

The first act was soon ended, and the scene of the following one was laid in the streets of Toronto. Here men of all colleges were gathered together, and headed by Varsity, followed a conspicuous flag-pole up Yonge to Bishop Strachan's School. A little singing and music was rendered here, and a short greeting, necessarily short, was also extended to the nurses and inmates of the Sick Children's Hospital, and to a party of young people who were enjoying themselves in the near vicinity. But the hearts of the men seemed to be centred in their *Alma mater*, and so the procession moved on.

The plot was now fully presented, and Act III. began to develop it. The work of improvement was soon commenced, and every man feeling himself to be a participant in a good cause, seemed imbued with that spirit which is bound to aid men in such a time, and spared no energy in carrying out his mission. True it is that they were baffled and buffeted about in so doing, but all were well aware that "*perseverance is the only road to success.*" We might dwell to a great length on the grandeur of this scene, and perhaps still further on "what mighty contests rise from trivial things," but we will have to forego the latter till some future time. Let us just add here, however, that certain brave heroes on the following night carried on the noble work, and that to them the victory is chiefly due.

Being compelled to leave this scene of action, the men in Act IV. resumed the sentimental side of the evening's proceedings, and gave very entertaining serenades to the ladies of the Presbyterian and Moulton Colleges, after which there was a little sojourn in the neighborhood of Sherbourne and Jarvis streets, and a friendly call made on the ladies of Miss Lay's school. Not being reception day, the men were unable to see any of their friends, and somewhat disappointed they wandered along Carlton street, trying to console themselves with a song which goes to the air of "There's a Better Land than This." After a little misunderstanding as to the road now to be taken, the boys found themselves drawn as it were by magnetic force back to the "Old Home," and here they witnessed many untiring patriots still engaged in the work of improvement.

And now began in Act V., *the second charge*, which has since come to be so famous. Little could be accomplished, however, and all that was dealt was merely an initial stroke, enough to show the ardent desires and patriotic feelings of the men engaged. Throughout the entire escapade, the Toronto police figured in an unenviable light. Unwarrantable assaults were made by them which will not be forgotten by the students, and some of which, we hear, will probably be dealt with in the courts of justice.

The curtain of midnight closed the scene, and the many and wearied actors left the stage to seek a quiet rest in their humble abodes. Thus Hallowe'en of 1893 was spent by the students of Toronto: A night that will be memorable for more things than one, and deriving greater importance, as do all memorable events, from the pregnancy of the results which may flow from the many scenes it witnessed.

"ONE WHO IS REAPING ITS BENEFITS."

Women have taken two of the three special fellowships offered by the Chicago University this year. Cora A. Stewart, a Vassar girl, has become a fellow in history; Alice F. Pratt, of the Chicago University, has become a fellow in English literature.—*Ex.*

NOTES FROM THE MEDICALS.

It might not be out of place to say here, at first, we have started another year stronger than ever; a large class of Freshmen, several changes in staff-work and time table—all conduce to the welfare of the Faculty, whose success needs no demonstration. We were pleased, however, to hear the statistics given us by Dr. A. B. McCallum, as a preface to his able address delivered at the opening of the session, and which we hope to see soon in a form for distribution and more *attentive* perusal.

We may here also offer our congratulations to Dr. U. Ogden on his elevation to the position of Dean of the Medical Faculty. While we, as students, may not always see the necessities of the various changes made, still we repose confidence in our staff, and accept all such measures as for our best interests.

We may appear to be inconsistent in our following remarks, but when the matter touches ourselves and our work *directly*, we think we see a difference.

We have been informed the Senate have arranged to hold no more clinical examinations in the spring, but rather to leave the question with our clinical teachers, who may estimate our relative proficiency by observing our work during the session. This scheme has both advantages and disadvantages. The man who has a tendency to get "rattled" under a critical examiner, owing possibly to nervousness, occasioned by continued hard application to work, as well as the fear of what a difference any small mistake or slip may make—has the opportunity of showing steady consistent work and knowledge under circumstances more like those he will encounter when he is actively engaged in his profession.

On the other hand, while of course we hold our teachers above any wilful condescension to favoritism, still the tendency is for any examiner to treat a student whom he may happen to know personally, or who may have been brought more prominently before his notice, in a manner differing from what he would a stranger, whose face even may not be familiar.

Some of our teachers are trying to familiarize our faces and names, and the degree of interest we take, and knowledge we display *while they teach*; while others are holding schoolboy examinations on subjects never before shown us clinically—which series of questions usurp our time and leave us with little more clinical knowledge than we had, but with certain percentages to be totalled up to ascertain if we may be allowed a degree. The system has not been working long enough for us to pass judgment upon it, but we hope it may not remain too long *sub judice* while the present final men miss their golden opportunities.

LOCALS.

What's become of Batters?

Of course the freshmen had to be initiated, and the second year think that is now an accomplished fact. We pass no further comments than this—the meeting of the *K* second year and *S* freshmen has had a very *elevating* tendency, and all are seemingly satisfied.

En passant the above, we might say our new janitor, Tcm, has entered thoroughly upon his duties, which he is discharging to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Where's Prosector Boyd? Did Tommy Wickett marry some widow? Isn't Wier coming back?—are questions frequently heard among the fourth year men, who are all back, with the above exceptions.

Quite a number of the final men, *large* and small, have fallen into the hands of some obedient tonsorial artist, and as a result they are the most sheepish looking *barefaced* freaks imaginable.

Some strange rumors are afloat anent our annual Medical Faculty dinner, but rumors are not reliable, for steps are already being taken to hold this great event with all its customary brilliant success.

MIKE ROBE.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

Mr. S. Silcox, B.A., has gone to teach at Harriston.

The students of the School of Pedagogy have been presented with free tickets to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Hence the happy smile that may be seen on the face of the youthful pedagogue.

The teachers of the State of New York have been the guests of the Education Department during the week. On Thursday evening they were tendered a reception in the Normal School building.

The Literary Society met on Friday afternoon, a very large number being present. After an exciting contest the following new officers were elected as provided by the constitution: Musical Director, F. G. Crosby; Councillors, Misses Lindsay and Coates and Mr. McVannel. Mr. A. Mounter, B.E., gave an able and spirited rendition of Aytoun's Ballad, "The Island of the Scots." This was followed by an essay by Mr. T. S. Locke, B.A., on the "Beauty of the Waters." Mr. Levan gave a brief address in which he urged all the students to take an active part in the Literary Society. The proceedings closed with an excellent criticism by Mr. Rodgers, the critic of the meeting. Next Friday there will be a debate on the subject, "Resolved that our High School give a complete business education." Messrs. Rodgers and Johnson will be the leaders.

Y. M. C. A.

The announcement that Miss Wilson, the daughter of our late President, was to address the Y. W. C. A., on Wednesday last, brought out quite a crowd of the girls, who were delighted with Miss Wilson's exceedingly bright and helpful remarks. Miss Wilson, who has but lately returned from England, kindly volunteered to help the Y. W. C. A. in every way in her power.

A Y. M. C. A. choir has been organized under the leadership of R. G. Scott, and a considerable improvement is noticed in the singing at the meetings.

The Workers' Training Classes have again been arranged and will soon be in good working condition. With such a large membership and such active interest in the work, much may be expected of these classes.

Last Thursday the first of a series of lessons on the Life of Christ was conducted by the general secretary, C. R. Williamson, B. A., who will continue the course throughout the year. The lesson was on the Nativity, and was a very interesting and profitable one. Next Thursday evening the topic will be "The Silent Years of His Boyhood." This series of meetings promises to be very interesting, and will certainly prove of great benefit to all who wish to do definite Bible study.

Thus far, the Sabbath afternoon meetings have been a decided success; Professors Dale and Hume, Hon. S. H. Blake, Mr. Fenwick, and Chancellor Burwash have addressed the students at these meetings. Last Sabbath afternoon there was not so large an attendance as on some of the previous Sabbaths. Chancellor Burwash delivered a very impressive and practical address. In opening, he spoke of the Workers' training classes lately reorganized, and regarded them as the back-bone of the Association. He emphasized the importance and blessedness of individual personal work among men, and made some very practical suggestions as to the manner of working. The efforts of the man who approaches his fellow with an air and a feeling of superiority, indicating that he is holy while his fellow is wicked, are rarely attended with any considerable success. But no such feelings should be entertained; we should regard ourselves and all others as being on the same basis. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. But when a man has found a way of escape, he at once should feel himself bound to point out the same way to his fellow sinners who have not as yet found it. He said

further, that every great revival the world has yet experienced has been the outcome of the descending of the Spirit on one or more individuals in answer to prayer. Like the disciples who tarried in Jerusalem till they were baptized with the Holy Ghost, those who wish to win souls for Christ must first get this spiritual baptism, and then go out in power and work wonders in the name of Christ. Chancellor Burwash concluded his remarks with a strong appeal to any who had not yet experienced a change in heart. Next Sabbath, Prof. Wrong will address the students at 3 p.m., in Y. W. C. A. Hall. Let everyone turn out and make this meeting a grand success.

The workers of the Y. M. C. A. would like to have all the Varsity men—but specially those of '97—feel perfectly at home around the Y. M. C. A. building. The library, reading room, piano, organ, chess, &c., are always at the disposal of the students.

On Wednesday afternoon the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the Y. M. C. A. parlors. The former part of the meeting was given up entirely to business, but afterwards a very interesting half-hour was spent in an open discussion of 1 John, chap. 1.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday afternoon in Lecture Room No. 2, President Shields in the chair. The first business attended to was the election of officers, for the positions of Librarian and first year representation. Mr. A. Barker was elected Librarian by acclamation, as Mr. Angus withdrew from the contest, and from a number of candidates for first year representation, Mr. Polikwa was finally elected. After this very interesting and instructive addresses on the work of the different branches of the engineering profession were delivered by Mr. Alan Macdougall, and Prof. Galbraith, M.A. The meeting then adjourned.

A meeting was held in Lecture Room No. 2 on Tuesday afternoon, for the purpose of re-organizing the S. P. S. Rugby Club. The meeting was attended by a large and enthusiastic number of the boys, and augurs well for the success of the club. The following officers were elected: Hon. President, Prof. Galbraith, M. A.; President, H. Rolph; Captain, D. G. Boyd; Sec'y-Treas., W. A. Buck; second year rep., E. Lea. The first practice was held on Varsity lawn, and about thirty men turned out, and nearly everyone showed up exceedingly well.

The Association team has also been re-organized, and Mr. A. Barker was elected Captain. The first match is with the Victorias, and must be played before Wednesday, Nov. 8. Although the team has lost several of the players who did so much to help them on to victory last year, and whose loss is irreparable, still a lot of good material is to be found in the school, and the boys will make a hard struggle to come out on top.

What about the School of Science dinner?

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

A society which has created, even during its short life of one year, great interest among the women of Canada, is that whose inauguration took place some few days ago in the Horticultural Building at the World's Fair. The National Council of the Women of Canada was started by Her Excellency, Lady Aberdeen. Mrs. MacDonnell, Vice-President, and Mrs. Cummings, Corresponding Secretary, laid before the representative ladies of the several societies of Toronto the aims of the Council at a meeting on November 2nd.

Believing in the aid which mutual sympathy and help will give, certain associations of women interested in religion, education and social reform, have agreed to organize local councils with certain aims. It prevents the multi-

plication of smaller societies for separate aims by the grand unity of all. General work will be taken up by the Council and success ensured by union of all. It is also for the purpose of reporting work of the different societies, thus making known the worthy causes. All organizations in force gain the same advantages from the Council as do individuals from societies. Officers were elected *pro tem.*, to be ratified after the final organization. Representatives were present from the Women's Literary Society and from Y. W. C. A., and the advisability of joining the Council will be discussed and settled at the next meeting of the societies.

JESSIE ORR WHITE,
Corresponding Secretary.

MASS MEETING.

After the Lit. had dispersed—or, as the writers in last year's VARSITY would say, "had buttoned up its overcoat and gone out into the darkness and wetness, etc."—a mass meeting was held. Mr. Gillies being voted into the chair, called to the front Mr. King and Mr. Bowman, who were the only men of \$15 fame present. Mr. King explained the object of the meeting, which was nothing short of an indignation meeting. He detailed the proceedings of the students on Hallowe'en, and those of the most august University Council in confab assembled on the day following, which proceedings are familiar to all of us. Mr. Bowman was in very good spirits. He gave two reasons for his not being willing to pay the fine. In the first place he maintained that it was unjust and tyrannical on the part of the Council to impose such a fine; in the second place, the stringency of his monetary resources would stand in the way of his paying it. The sentiment of the meeting found expression in Mr. Levy's motion to the effect that a committee be appointed, consisting of Messrs. Craig, Levy, King and Boulton, to draft a letter expressive of the universal opinion among the undergraduates that the action taken by the University Council regarding the Hallowe'en demonstrations, was not only unwarrantable, but unjust; the letter to be signed by the students and sent to the Council.

Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club.—The club has been re-organized, and is practising diligently, and under the leadership of Prof. Smedley will be even better than last year. Regular practice is held every Thursday afternoon in Residence Dining-hall, at four o'clock. All banjo players are requested to turn up, as more banjos are badly needed. The Club will make its first public appearance at Miss Jessie Alexander's recital in Association Hall on Nov. 13.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Leland Stanford, Jr., University has an enrollment of about 800.

There are 117 colleges represented among the graduates studying at Columbia.

The problem of how to put a stop to gambling and betting at university games is under discussion by the faculty of Yale.

Over two hundred have registered at the military department of Stanford University and a military band has been organized.

Wesleyan's new \$60,000 gymnasium is expected to be ready for use next fall. Their old building will be devoted to the use of the foot ball men.

A course in physical culture is opened at Yale this year for the Senior class. Recitations will be held in the gymnasium, and instruction given in Swedish, German and American methods.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

He was only a freshman, yet he was the cause of not a little merriment in the library the other day. He filed for a book, got it, then went and sat his verdant self down on the ladies' side of the room. Various opinions were entertained as to the cause of such an action. Perhaps, in his embarrassment, he forgot to what sex he belonged, perhaps he thought the ladies would enjoy his presence more than the boys would, perhaps he decided that the ladies would be more gentle with him than the boys would be. We cannot believe it was but a mistaken means to gain notoriety.

A visitor at last week's Lit. would wonder at the constant murmurings of "*Kindergarten*" and "*Russian Slavery*." But the parallels were strongly worked out in the boys' minds.

The letter to the University Council, written in accordance with the decision of a mass meeting on Friday evening, by a committee appointed by that meeting, is in the janitor's room, where all students are requested to sign it.

As the Lit. Soc. will probably have constitution night two weeks from next Friday, notice of which will in that case be given at the next meeting of the Lit., notices of motion must appear in the next issue of VARSITY. Turn to your constitution, and see what sections can be changed and what new ones inserted to advantage.

The class of '94 held their elections a week ago Tuesday, and elected the following officers: Pres., Mr. E. T. Langley; 1st Vice-Pres., W. M. Boulton; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss B. Cross; Sec'y, H. T. Kerr; Treas., W. H. Pease; Athletic director, D. M. Duncan. Councillors—Miss Wilson, Messrs. F. D. Fry, S. G. Stone. Poet, Miss Evelyn Durand. Orator, G. B. Wilson. Historians, Miss Topping, and R. C. Dunbar. Music Director, J. T. Blythe. Prophet, Miss T. C. M. Robertson. Judge and Critic, B. A. C. Craig.

Prof. John Watson, of Queen's University, will give a lecture on "Holbein and the Reformation." The lecture will be illustrated by stereopticon views of the great painter's works, and promises to be a literary and artistic treat. The lecture will be given on Friday evening, Nov. 10th, in Association Hall. Admission 25cts.

The VARSITY Directorate have resolved to send no copies of the paper after Thanksgiving week to students who have not by that time subscribed. It is to be hoped that no student will be found foolish enough wilfully to cut himself off from such a source of pure enjoyment as the perusal of our weekly journal. So send in your name and your dollar, especially the latter, at once.

The meeting of the Classical Association on Wednesday last was well attended by lovers of Ancient Classical Literature. Mr. Young, '95, read an excellent essay on the "Comparison of Horace and Juvenal as satirists." Owing to a slight indisposition Mr. Wicher did not appear, and the audience was disappointed on half the literary programme. An animated discussion, however, followed Mr. Young's essay, while the chairman, Mr. Milner, added some valuable suggestions, and expressed his pleasure at the great increase of interest taken in the association this year. An open meeting will be held on Nov. 15th, to which all students are invited. Prof. Dale will address the association.

The Modern Language Club held a French meeting on Monday last. The following programme was presented:

1. About—Le Roi des Montagnes, Miss E. Cameron.
2. "L'homme à l'oreille cassée," J. L. Murray.
3. L'Académie Française, E. S. Harrison.
4. Short Essay in French, Miss C. E. Jeffrey.
5. Conversation in French.

The authorities of the Greek play complain that the chorus practices are not as well attended as they might be. This is due, it is thought, to the fact that members of the lower years have misunderstood the conditions of admission to the chorus, and are waiting for special invitation. This, however, is not the method pursued; anyone who desires to take part is welcome to do so, and can do so by attending the chorus practices Tuesdays 4 to 6 p.m., and the stage practice Saturdays 10 to 12 a.m.

We quote the following article *re* our famous Varsity man, G. W. Orton, from a recent number of the *Red and Blue* of the University of Pennsylvania:

G. W. Orton, of the Biological School, and champion amateur runner of America, won a great victory at Bergen Point last Saturday at the Auxiliary Meeting of the A. A. U. by defeating a field of cracks, including Day, in the two-mile steeple-chase. He ran under Varsity colors. It is a pleasant prospect to look forward to the Mott-Haven games with all the "athletic possibilities" now in college.

VARSITY congratulates Mr. Orton on the fame he is winning on the other side, and feels confident that he has greater triumphs yet in store for him.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

A very successful German meeting of the Club, the programme of which was given in our last issue, was held on Monday afternoon, Oct. 30th, in Room 12.

A greater interest is being taken in these meetings by Modern Language

students than ever before. The papers read are short and interesting, and have a direct or indirect bearing upon the work of the students of moderns in all the years.

On Nov. 16th, an English meeting will be held on Contemporary English Authors. Sir Edwin Arnold, Austin Dobson, Watson and Rudyard Kipling will be read by Miss Street, Messrs. R. W. Allin, H. P. Biggar and J. Montgomery, and selected readings will be given by W. P. Reeve.

On Wednesday of last week, the Political Science Club of '95 met and elected the following officers:—President, Prof. Mavor; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Wrong; 2nd Vice-President, H. A. Clark; Secretary, D. B. McDonald; Councillors, Messrs. Standing, Chrysler and Montgomery.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The society met on Friday evening. The following were nominated for the office of first year representative:—Messrs. McLeay, Scott, Craig and Black.

Mr. Parks read a paper on the Sudbury nickel industry, giving us a good idea of its importance, and of the processes employed in obtaining and extracting the nickel from the ore.

The next meeting will be held on Friday, Nov. 17th, when Mr. Jeffrey will read a paper on photo-micrography. At this meeting the first year representative will be elected.



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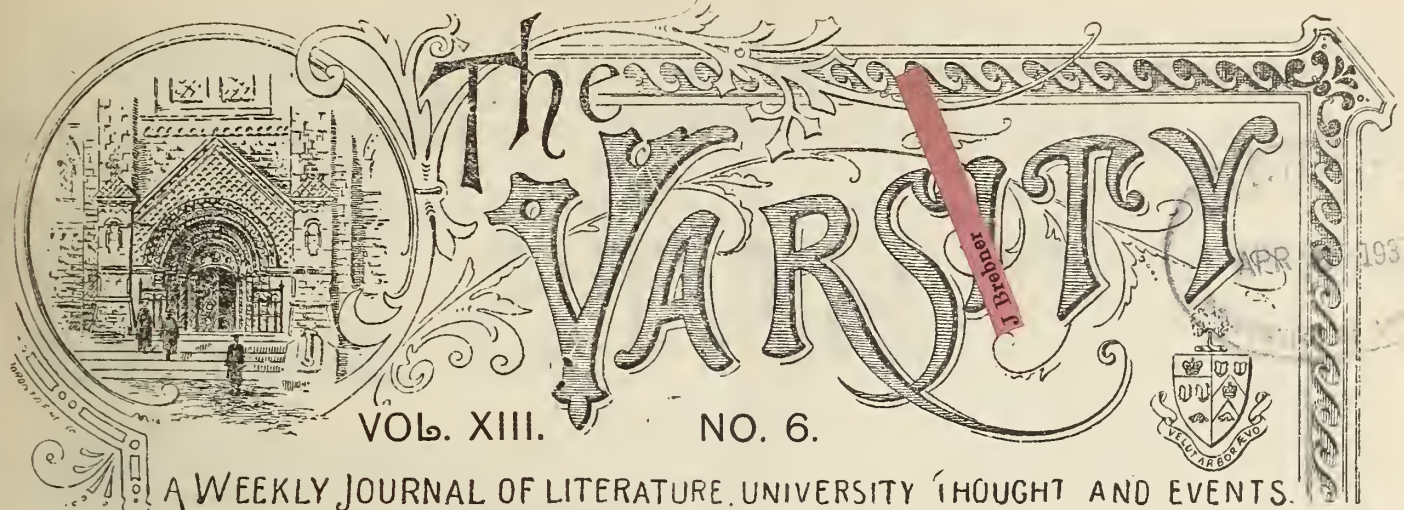
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

No. 6.

Editorial* Comments.



ONE of the most marked features of College life of the present day is the increasing attention given to journalism. Hitherto, for the most part, this attention has taken the practical form of college journals run by the students themselves. But the University of Pennsylvania, as our readers will doubtless have noticed from the press, has taken the further step of recognizing journalism as a special pursuit for which a special college course, just as in the case of the legal profession, ought to be established; and accordingly a course in journalism has this year been added to the curriculum of that University.

A glance at the scope of this course may not be uninteresting. For the first two years it is of a preliminary nature, corresponding to what in our own University is known as the pass course. The special work of the department, taken up in the last two years, is both theoretical and practical. On its latter side it embraces practical exercises having reference to the work of a reporter, exchange reading, copy editing, etc. On its theoretical side the course includes studies in Journalism, the history and function of the newspaper, and especially the daily, in Current Topics, live issues of the day, such as newspaper men are called on to deal with, in Public Law and Politics, American and European History, Statistics, Logic, and Ethics.

But our main interest is directed not to the particular subjects here laid down (for in this regard experience must dictate what branches such a course ought to include), but rather to the significance of this move, both as showing the increasing demands of the press for the best of our educated men, and as showing the tendency to bring college life into closer contact with the needs of the age. It has never been considered beyond the province of a University to train men for the theological and the legal professions. But this is an era when the press is fast coming to the front as a leading, if not the leading, instrument of public education. Journalism has now become the *fourth* estate; and if there is need of educated men in our pulpits, there is just as great a need for them in our newspaper offices too, if the newspaper is to be utilized to the best advantage as a factor in national life.

It is in response to this demand that the University of Pennsylvania has taken this step. It is a significant one as showing that college authorities recognize the need and are endeavoring to meet it. Such a step involves the assumption that the sphere of college work changes with change in national conditions; and that where any pursuit

calling for educated men rises to a certain and fixed place of national importance, it is the function of the college to recognize that fact and to prepare men to undertake its duties. To those who deplore the practical turn which is becoming universal in college life, and who would prefer that the ideal of culture alone be followed, without regard to the use which many must make of their education as a means of obtaining a livelihood, this may seem a step in the wrong direction. But this we cannot accept. Institutions must be modified to meet existing requirements. If the college does not undertake the task of educating men for such duties, then either that necessary work will not be performed, or special institutions will require to be established, and will supplant the college in the eyes, and alienate from it the sympathies, of the public. For these reasons we congratulate the University of Pennsylvania on having made a wise and politic move, and venture to predict that its example will not long remain unimitated.

* * * * *

We regret to state that our students have not thus far been so liberal as they might with their literary contributions. It is utterly impossible for VARSITY to reach or maintain that high stand of excellence which we could wish for it, unless a large number of our students take a more active interest in it than merely glancing over it from week to week, criticising the editor, and paying their subscription only on the twenty-fifth dun. It is easy enough to find fault. Let us put our energies to better use, and instead of abusing the present state of the paper, seek rather to promote its welfare by each contributing his effort.

We might add, what might seem too obvious to require notice did not experience prove the contrary, that contributors must send their own name as well as their *nom de plume* with their articles, not necessarily for publication, as the time-dishonored phrase runs, but as a guarantee of good faith. VARSITY will not reveal names where parties do not desire it.

* * * * *

The files of VARSITY in the University Library are incomplete in the following numbers: Vol. VI., No. 11; Vol. VIII., No. 17; Vol. X., Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7. Any of our subscribers, graduate or undergraduate, who have copies of these numbers, and are willing to contribute them to the library, will be good enough to communicate with the librarian, who will be glad to hear from them and to receive any of the above numbers.

The University of Michigan graduated the largest class ever sent from an American college this year. It numbered 731, 32 more than the class of '92.

ODE.

Hail, Solitude! Thou wondrous form
Of darkly silent, hidden light,
Which often shines on trembling hearts
That would not own thy mystic sway,
Or treasure thy resplendent rays,
But bid thee hence with fearful dread
Of thy mysterious, awful power.
But thy soft gleams of peaceful calm
Are ever welcome to my soul;
For e'en in this poor age of ours,
Though poesy be long since dead,
And fairy forms that flitted once
Before each man's delighted eyes,
Are fled, and gone for evermore,
Yet thou, and golden Silence soft,
Can in these woods, forsaken quite
By every satyr, nymph and fawn,
Create for me an Arcady.
For here, apart from all the toil
And tumult of the struggling world,
Thou bid'st me dream, O Solitude,
And show'st me scenes of sylvan joy,
And mak'st me hear such music sweet,
That, fearful of the gods' revenge
For heavenly pleasures thus betrayed,
I turn away my enchanted eyes,
And dread to hear the celestial strains
That wake my soul to poesy.
But ah! the ever-watchful gods
Are swift to meet out woes on earth,
And every joy must end in pain;
For, waking from this dream divine,
I find, alas! I live again.

—J. B. M., '96.

TIME AND LOVE.

Time, with relentless hand,
Strides grimly through the land,
And sets his seal on all;
Even the good, the fair,
Even the sweet, the rare,
Saith he, at last must fall.

Men grave their names on rock,
"This shall resist Time's shock,"
They pride themselves at heart;
Time can afford to smile,
Knowing that soon the while
Comes when e'en rocks shall part.

Name, Fame and Fortune—all
At his command must fall,
Naught is there can remain.
Stay—Love, true Love shall last;
Even when Time is past
Love still supreme shall reign.

S. J. DELLIQON, '97.

URBS LUCIS.

The social regulation that provides one day in seven for man's relaxation has always seemed to me an evidence of the keenest insight on the part of the founders of Christianity into the first requisites of that advance in the character of the individual which is the aim of all true religion. With myself, Sunday has always afforded relief from high pressure, and a welcome opportunity of rebuilding the moral constitution. It is a day consecrated to thought, and to those quieter joys of the inner being which the quest of material prosperity has thrust into the background. Some Sundays ago, in one of the more attractive

churches of this city, predisposed to reverie by the dim light sifted through stained glass windows, by contemplation of the high arches of the chancel, and above all by the flood of harmonious sound poured forth from the organ, I fell into some such train of thought as that which I have endeavored to express below.

The starting point of my thought was given me by the anthem that was being sung at the moment; it was the "Holy City." Indeed, with but little exercise of the imagination, I could have fancied myself a citizen of that city as I sat there in the church charmed by my surroundings. But, thought I, is the "Holy City" only a vision—a thing of the hereafter, or of now? For its adherents the Church is this holy city; but for us, for whom the Church is lacking in the sacredness that has clung to it from the earliest ages, and crowned it as with a halo, is there no holy city?

A print that I have often remarked, pasted on the cover of some books in the library, flashed into my mind. As I remember it now, it was the picture of a stalwart young barbarian, evidently uninfluenced as yet by the lights which seemed to be reflected from a distance, and under the print was written in Latin, "Arise, brothers, let us go to the city of light." The city of light: beyond a doubt, what was meant, the seat of culture and learning, the source of the purest light, was the university.

Viewed from the outside, university life offers an air of tranquillity, and of continued orderly progress towards a definite goal, which excites the longing of those who are unable to grasp the advantages it presents, but which on a closer contact with the reality often proves delusive and vain. In mediaeval times, as we may well imagine, the university was an elysium to the would-be scholar restricted to doctrines set up as orthodox; for only at the universities was it ever dared to indulge in speculations that were thought to savor of his Satanic majesty. But though the ideal may be unattainable, and though it would be folly to waste our time in endeavors, foreordained fruitless, to realize the unrealizable, yet much good may come by setting up our standard, and striving to amend our action in proportion as it falls short of that ideal.

What, then, is our ideal of a university? In what direction tends all our movement (and we must move forward or to the rear) on the question of the future of our university? It is not necessary that the goal should be a conscious one; it is very likely that in the majority of cases it is not; but neither are we necessarily aware of the nature of our code of morals; yet, when an action comes before our notice, we invariably judge it as right or wrong. When, however, doubt crops up as to the correctness of our judgment, it becomes necessary to probe and to discover what is the ideal of moral conduct; and in the same manner, if we wish to appreciate fully college life and institutions, we must determine what our aim is to be, for without such knowledge we are always liable to uncertainty and error.

In such matters as this there will be a difference of opinion as to details at least, and not improbably on questions of more moment, so that what little I may say may well seem a truism to some, or the reverse to others; nor can I say much, but if others are led by it to think on this subject for themselves, then I have accomplished all I could expect.

And, first of all, what is the object of university work? Along with this question we may discuss those kindred questions of the relations of the initiated, who have received their *testamur*, to one another, and to the outside world.

There can be but one opinion regarding the aim of university work: that it is for the spreading of culture, or as Matthew Arnold, "the apostle of Sweetness and Light," puts it, "to make reason and the will of God prevail." It is in this sense that the university is called *Urbs Lucis*. From it emanates the light before which superstition,

ignorance, dogmatism and intolerance are to vanish, to be known no more but as matters of history. But before light can go forth from us to lighten the darkness, it is necessary that we possess it ourselves. If our thoughts are set on worthy subjects, we may expect to find a corresponding worthiness in the conversation of others. If by our life we show that we have studied seriously the art of harmony of action, we may look to find the counterpart of such harmony in the action of those who are under our influence. The seeking after truth that characterizes true university men should act as the lump of leaven; it should pervade the whole mass, nor cease its activity till all the world has been transformed.

With common interests the tie that binds men engaged in the pursuit of scholarship should be very strong. "Arise, brothers;" I had nearly translated "fratres" brethren, but that did not seem strong enough or warm enough; perhaps it is that the word has been falsified by insincere use. Brothers they should be in the strictest sense of the word, often pursuing different paths, sometimes going in seemingly contrary directions, but all making for the same goal, *truth*. Brothers though we are, through the communion of sympathetic natures, yet there is room for a keen and earnest rivalry, for in a common struggle towards a lofty end that competition is not unfriendly by which one would reach it first, often for the purpose of turning back and stretching out a helping hand to the outstripped comrade.

Among men of my acquaintance that take rank in common report as students, several broad outlines may be recognized that serve to divide them into fairly distinct groups. Such divisions would not be if the conditions of a perfect university were realized, but are the results of unavoidable flaws in the character of man. One group, not in reality students, but who pass for such, do not deserve our attention here, unless we may hope that some light may fall upon them. But in the majority of cases it would require an extremely bright light, for with all the avenues of knowledge and culture open before them, their curiosity is not sufficiently stimulated to lead them to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of things. Another class is that of those who recognize the conditions of progress, but are overcome by external affairs. It is not so much that they hide their light under a bushel, as that their light is in that position from the force of circumstances. Such men are they whose days are passed in lectures, meetings, and the round of official duties, who are borne down by the "machinery" of university life, and can find no time nor energy to devote to the cultivation of their own higher nature. They lose the essence of the students' life in attempting to comply with its more material demands. Of the same class are those who, having light, are themselves responsible for the inefficiency of its illumination. Exclusiveness or pedantry is their bane. They have "shunned delights, and lived laborious days," and at last have ended by losing touch with the rest of humanity. Deep in the unravelling of social questions, and questions of philosophy and religion, they fail to look around them and make their influence felt in the only sphere in which their efforts are capable of accomplishing any great results. A last class is composed of the real students, whose motto is that which, written under a miniature lighted candle, Goethe adopted for a seal: "Let me be consumed, provided that I give light."

AN AUTUMN IDYLL.

When I read of travels in Switzerland and Italy, or Scotland and Wales, of the beauties of Lake Constance and the rugged Alps, or Caledonia's Lomond and the Welsh ranges, I often wonder if, apart from associations, these scenes have a more intrinsic interest than our Canadian lakes and mountains, or if in time travellers will turn their attention to our northern clime, and running the

rapids of the St. Lawrence in an open boat will be as fashionable a pursuit as the present fad of climbing Mount Blanc or scaling the Matterhorn.

Our rivers and lakes are enchanting, and none that we have seen surpass in scenic beauty the Lake of the Thousand Isles. From the American village of Clayton to Gananoque on the Canadian shore it is a sail of nine miles. A little ferry plies between the two places, but unluckily we missed it. However, Fred and I thought we could row across in a skiff to catch our train.

On starting there was a slight steady breeze from the south, which soon died away, leaving us a dead calm. At first the sun shone brightly o'er head, then a haze spread across the sky. The river was like glass.

It was autumn. Maples, oaks and sumachs were clad in robes of amber, garnet and crimson, while pines and cedars seemed as emeralds amid the galaxy of gems. Now rising but a few inches from the water, now suddenly becoming a precipice, the gray granite rock appeared below them, in pleasing contrast to the bright hues of the foliage above. There was no regularity, but a most exquisite mosaic. Each isle seemed a fairy's floating bower moored on the motionless water in whose depths it was faithfully repeated.

For nine miles we rowed with our sail set; occasionally it was stirred by a passing zephyr, but again hung motionless over the side. The silence was profound. The whirring of wild ducks in rapid flight, the cry of the loon, or the caw of the lonely crow perched on some already leafless limb—these alone broke the stillness.

Suddenly a shrieking whistle in the distance recalled us to our senses, and on rounding the point of an island, we were much chagrined to see our train move slowly out from the station, and, heedless of all our gestures, disappear amidst the factories of that thriving town, which is known as the Birmingham of Canada.

LA FAYETTE.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

Class '96—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Knox College.—Prayer Meeting, 6.45 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club Practice, Room 9, at 5 p.m.
Y. M. C. A.—Bible Class, 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

Literary and Scientific Society. S.P.S. Hall, 8 p.m.
Glee Club.—Practice, Room 9, at 5 p.m.
Wycliffe Literary and Theological Society, 8 p.m.
Mathematical and Physical Society.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

Knox College Conference, at 11.30 a.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

Y. M. C. A.—Meeting at 3 p.m.
Wycliffe Bible Class at 4.15 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Modern Language Club.—German Meeting, Room 12, at 4 p.m.
Natural Science Association at 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

Class '97.—Prayer Meeting, Y.M.C.A. Parlors at 8.30 a.m.
Knox College Missionary Society at 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

Class '95.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Engineering Society.—S. P. S., at 3 p.m.
Y. W. C. A.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 5 p.m.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

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NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

ONE, but not forgotten, is last Friday's debate. It was '97's night all through. The freshmen turned out in shoals; they crowded the assembly room; they overflowed into the halls; they opened the doors of the Y.M.C.A. parlor and filled that revered chamber. Like the Brownies, they were everywhere; and when a representative from the Biological Department shouted, "Fr-r-r-eshmen, six for five!" he about struck the key-note.

When the tap of the President's baton was heard, and order was demanded, they pent up their feelings for a while, but only for a while.

The minutes being then read and approved, it was carried on motion of Mr. Bragg, '96, that the meeting of the 24th be set apart for a discussion of the Constitution, and that of the 1st December for the annual

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

As leader of the Government, S. J. McLean was chosen at the close of the meeting, and B. A. C. Craig was requested to occupy the same office on the Opposition bench.

The literary programme was then rendered. It was as follows:

READINGS by—W. E. Macpherson—"How I Killed a Bear."

F. B. Goodwillie—"The Wreck of the Nancy Bell."

DEBATE—Resolved that the monarchical form of government is preferable to the republican form of government.

'97.
A. G. Inkster.
H. M. E. Evans.
Affirmative.

'96.
R. I. Towers.
A. Meighan.
Negative.

The first reading was quite amusing, and the second interesting, though the general effect of the latter was somewhat lessened by the lowness of tone. This, however, can well be overlooked when the exceptional surroundings are taken into consideration.

The debaters were now ordered to prepare for the fray. This served for a notice to '97 to be ready, and the warning was heeded; for when their worthy champion stepped forth the cheer that burst from those pent up lungs was positively deafening. When Mr. Inkster's voice at last became audible he was heard to reproach the powers-that-be with not allowing sufficient time for adequate preparation of the debate.

He then stated the grounds on which the affirmative would fight—that Great Britain is a complete example of Monarchy; while of a Republic the United States is a good model. This point was admirably developed.

The leader of the negative, Mr. Towers, then took the floor for '96. We must judge of a government, said he, by its effects on the people. In England inequality is imbedded in the people, and in the past the good of the poor sacrificed to the well-being of the higher classes; though of late years this inequality has to a great extent vanished, it has only been destroyed by the advance of democracy, i.e., by the march towards republicanism.

Mr. Evans, for the affirmative, next endeavored to combat these points in pointing out that there was social inequality in the United States as well as in England.

Then the negative once more took the floor in the person of Mr. Meighan. "The venerable leader of the affirmative," began the representative of '96, "seems to think the sole difference between a republican government and a monarchical one lies in the head—whether it be a president or a king. . . . I will not confine myself to the mean and petty and narrow limits which have characterized past debaters." With this introduction he maintained that the people in creating a law learn to abide by it (cries of "Lynch Law!"), for in its creation they learn to use their reason.

Mr. Inkster, in summing up, was glad not to be able to see any points that had been made in the negative. "Their speeches have been a confused jumble," said he, "and their speakers had likely some 'ideal' of a republic in their heads, not an existing government."

Thus ended the contest. Decision was given for the '97 men.

Hardly had the words "to '97" fallen from the chairman's lips, when a howl of joy and triumph burst from the throngs of freshmen present that almost shook the rafters. Many of the worthy freshmen could not contain themselves. Some left the building for a run; others remained in their seats, while their eyes shot forth sunbeams of joy. Oh! it was '97's night and the society had to submit.

When order was once more restored the chairman requested the students to maintain their dignity next Friday at the public debate, even when they saw a freshman bring in his best girl.

On Varsity business coming up, Mr. Linglebach stated that the present business manager had found it necessary to resign on account of his dilapidated condition. The Directorate, he continued, had chosen Mr. F. D. Fry for the office, and desired ratification. This being given, Mr. Fry made a few remarks, in which he urged support from the student body by a hearty subscription list and prompt payment of the one-dollar bills.

During the interim made by counting the ballots for the leaders in the mock Parliament, the corresponding secretary reported that Trinity College invited a representative from Varsity to their annual dinner next month. Messrs. Biggar and Moss were nominated; the latter,

however, withdrew on considering that Mr. Biggar had of late, perhaps, been confined to residence fare. This had not occurred to the society before, so "Harry" was chosen by acclamation. A few songs "in severalty" by Messrs. McPherson and Barker brought the evening to an agreeable close.

NIJNI PAS.

Re the Petition to the Council—

Mr. Boulton has received a letter from the Registrar stating that the Council cannot reconsider its former decision, but must maintain its authority in regard to this serious case.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

"EVENING WITH THE WITCHES."

And at last the evening has come, and solemnly we wend our way to revel in the weirdness and magic charm of a night with the witches, those immaterial spirits of humanity. Almost unconscious of the beauty of the autumn gloom as we near the classic walls, we see some witch-like figures moving slowly along the lawn. Almost are we convinced from the distant sound that the traditional witches are visible, but, on nearer approach, we recognize the softened murmur of the voices of our women undergraduates. Only for the moment—as we are admitted to the corridors, to the sudden light, as we don our gowns and proceed to the room, is the witch-like charm dispelled.

The minutes read and adopted, the report from the National Council given, the vacant offices filled, Miss Lawson being elected as president and Miss White as corresponding secretary, the business for the evening was completed.

As though a supplication that the "Dark power should reveal the visions old" were answered, our minds were all allured in weird harmony by the mingled wild and enchanting strains of "The Flight of the Witches," by Miss Graham, whose musical soul was revealed. An essay on the biblical and historical records of sorcery, divination and necromancy, practiced by a race who having forfeited immortality, have sunk to an inferior rank, was intensely interesting, and read by Miss Bowes. A reading by Miss Wanless from "Tam O' Shanter," and another sweetly pathetic poem, "The Witch's Daughter," read by Miss Wilson, were followed by an essay from Miss Cockburn on "Witches of History." These were thoroughly enjoyed, but all blend into the key notes trilled out in The Witch's Glee,

"When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain."

This glee was a signal indication of the high musical talent and untiring energy of those who took part. And now! the lights are extinguished (in a witch-like manner), and we wait in silence until the dim shadow is cast on the three figures who, with wrinkled face, furrowed brow, with ragged dress and magic wands, have so disguised their maidenly figures as to fully represent these types of evil in the witch scene from Macbeth.

One moment more in darkness. We return to light and reality, and after the national anthem, adjourn.

DER PROFESSOR DER ALLERLEI-WISSENSCHAFT.

It is a widespread opinion among readers of Carlyle that the founder of the philosophy of clothes, Herr Teufelsdröckh, Professor of Things in General at Weissnichtwo, is a fictitious character, and that that strange being, with his strange thoughts, and his strange abode, far up above the ground-floor of human life, and his strange appearance, ill-brushed, threadbare habiliments, hair "long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the grave face," eyes whose stillness

was but "the rest of an infinite motion, the sleep of a spinning-top," is nothing but the creation of the author's fancy. But we venture to hold a contrary opinion, and to assert that, whether or no Herr Teufelsdröckh actually existed in the flesh, yet at any rate the idea of a chair for "Things in General" is by no means a fiction; nay more, that such a professional chair actually does exist within the precincts of our own University.

Let not this statement be received with incredulity. We admit, at the outset, that the chair in question is not known by the name "Things in General"; but then, as Mr. Shakespeare once remarked, "What's in a name?" At Weissnichtwo, it will be remembered, this chair was only prospectively established; the Professor was holding himself in readiness to deliver lectures when so instructed (which instructions never were given); whereas here, although we lack the name, we possess (what is far more important) the reality, and lectures in this all-comprehensive department are quite a matter of course with us.

It is a subject of general remark how often great men, though differing in physical qualities, display that deeper kinship, the similarity of mind with mind, in their characteristic habits and aptitudes. And so it is with our professor and Herr Teufelsdröckh. We do not assert that in physique they are alike. But the brotherhood of soul is indeed plain to see. Readers of Carlyle will remember that, as in soul the mysterious hero towered high above his fellow-men, so in body also he lived in an abode far up above the dwellings of the common herd, from whose windows he could look down upon his townsmen beneath him. And does not our professor herein manifest his kinship with Teufelsdröckh? For above the ground-floor of University life, aloft in his silent sanctum, he also dwelleth in calm and philosophic solitude.

And so, too, in mental powers and capacities they are brothers. The lofty trend of Teufelsdröckh's conversation, the penetrating insight which saw into the real meaning of clothes, do not elicit from his enthusiastic biographer an admiration more unbounded than that with which the listening group of students follow our Professor of Things in General as they drink from the exhaustless hydrant of lofty knowledge which at stated hours every week flows copious to quench their thirst. Indeed it were more proper to call it a Castalian fount than a mere hydrant, save only for the strong resemblance which it bears to the latter, in that its time for flowing is regulated by the schedule of lectures. But enough; hydrant or no, the draught is worthy of the Muse's self.

That the lectures in this course are exceedingly interesting may be inferred from the following topics dealt with in one of the more recently delivered ones. We copied these from the note-book of one of the students who attends this course, though he seemed reluctant to allow us even so much as to scan the outlines of the notes. They dealt, he said, with holy things, which it was not lawful to divulge on trivial occasions. Being at length, however, persuaded that this was no trivial occasion, he permitted us to transcribe a few, which are here given to the public, for we would not be guilty of concealing truth—nay rather, let it be spread abroad as widely as possible. The notes, owing to our hurried transcription, are very fragmentary. Here they are:

"Mr. Gladstone, in literature everybody concedes that he has no judgment, in politics nearly everybody does the same . . . ; modern travelling, one of the signs of the unrest of the better minds of the age . . . ; Democracy, Cleon's idea of it different from the modern . . . ; Nathaniel Hawthorne, thought it wasn't worth while to abolish slavery because it was a part of the machinery of society. What we must abolish is the spirit of slavery . . . ; R. W. Emerson, story of his lecture on *Transcendentalism* in a church . . . ; Pay to members of Parliament, bad tendency in making members mere delegates of their constituents, opinion of J. S. Mill on the subject (look up),"

It might puzzle the uninitiated to understand the unity which pervades this seeming wide diversity. We were puzzled also when we looked at the man's notes. But we have no doubt there is a unity, for the man said the Professor said there was. Nay, if Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo could see a unity between an apron and a police force, why should not our Teufelsdröckh discern, even though it were hard to make plain, the deep underlying unity which welds these seemingly diverse subjects, by a sort of mental Imperial Federation, into one harmonious whole. Would that it were but our privilege to sit under this learned "Professor der Allerlei-Wissenschaft!"

XOUTHOS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

TORONTO, Oct. 24th, '93.

My Dear Father:

I now take up my pen to write you the letter in which I promised to try and describe to you some of the experiences which I have passed through since my arrival here, and my general impressions regarding Toronto University.

There is no doubt in my mind but that the University is a pretty nice place. In fact I honestly think that, in time, I shall grow to like it very much, perhaps even almost as much as I did the old High School whence I have just matriculated. One drawback, however, is that I do not find quite as much notice taken of me here as I did there; that, down here, I am not quite so important a personage as I was while there. In fact some of the older men, who have been longer here and ought to know better, have—through ignorance, I hope, of the great respect in which I have been held by both masters and boys at the High School—given me the ignominious designation of "Freshie." I do not quite see the suitability of the name; indeed I am inclined to think that if any one is "fresh" they themselves are, in so much as they apply an opprobrious epithet to a gentleman to whom they have not even been introduced.

There are, my dear father, a number of men here who are known as *Dead Game Sports*. I think that I will be a dead game sport myself. I fancy that I can be one on about a half-dollar a week. These are privileged beings. They play football in the afternoons, and, therefore, do not have to attend afternoon lectures. They wear their hair long, as a rule, thus saving money which would otherwise have to be spent at the barber's. I think this is quite a good way to economise money. I intend to try and save some money this fall. I shall commence by not paying my subscription for VARSITY. That is what they call the paper published here; it is not half-bad, but I imagine that if I had anything to say in the matter it would be vastly improved. It is quite the proper thing, they say, for a first year man to subscribe for it, but not pay up his dollar. Quite an original way of saving money, is it not?

The Registrar here is quite nice. He is sociable, and I get along with him very well. I imagine he is a little more important than the President; at least he has got a bigger office and seems to do more work than the latter, of whom I already think a great deal.

I have no doubt but that you have at least a dim idea of what a hustle is. I heard a great deal of talk about hustles, but was not present at one until Convocation day. I was not only present, but took a prominent part in it, quite involuntarily I assure you. I hardly thought there was going to be a hustle, because I had understood from the Registrar, in the course of a very interesting conversation soon after my arrival, that there was not.

My recollections of the hustle are decidedly vivid at present. After Convocation was over I hung back until the crowd had got well out, and then followed it down the stairs. As I neared the bottom of the narrow stair-case, I heard a perfect pandemonium of shouts, hoots and yells, but the thought of a hustle never came into my head.

Arrived at the door I found myself gazing upon a mob shouting as though in thirst for somebody's blood. I thought that I might get my pretty brown suit dirty if I ventured out just then, and so concluded to wait until the crowd had dispersed. Suddenly, however, a voice called "There's another, Mac," and then a big fellow rudely seized me by the arm and demanded to know the year I belonged to.

"'97" replied I, proudly; but hardly were the words out of my mouth than I felt myself violently propelled out of the doorway, and the next minute was being tossed from side to side, until, finally, I landed in the mud on my knees. I found upon investigation that I had taken the crease out of my trousers, had had my neat, new four-in-hand necktie nearly torn to pieces, and that my hat was somewhat damaged. I felt happy, though, to find myself still alive.

The sophomores are a very conceited lot of fellows. Some of them seem to have an idea that they own Toronto University. They are even more conceited than the Seniors. I like the Juniors best of all the upper years. They do not bother themselves about us as much as the others do. By the way, I made a slight mistake when I first came here in supposing that the synonym for a second year man was not "Sophomore" but "Semaphore." A kind friend pointed my error out to me after I had been talking for three days about our showing the Semaphores something if they tried to hustle us. Really, though, I believe that I may say without boasting that our year is a far better one than any of the three others, although we are the youngest of the four. True we have not as many dead game sports as are to be found in '96, but we will, I hope, develop some very good men in that line. Do not let the appellative "dead game" deceive you into thinking that they are a bad lot.

In finishing, I shall say a word or two about the peculiar nicknames which some of the men around here are burdened with. I rather think, for my own part, that it is lowering to be called any other name than your baptismal one. I know I should never answer, as some do, to names such as Box, Slugger, Curly or Biddy. The last, especially, seems utterly ridiculous to me. Perhaps the unfortunate owners of these names have not sense enough to see how ridiculous they do sound. Hoping that this will find you all well, believe me

Your dutiful son,

NINE T. SEVING.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

We are too practical a people on this side the big water—as Matthew Arnold would say, we are "worshippers of machinery." This unfortunate side of North American character comes out in everything, even in college life. Of all individuals the college man should be the last to be a worshipper of machinery. When we leave our Alma Mater to go out into the big grimy world, it is time enough to become Philistines. All our thoughts in the meantime should not be occupied with next Saturday's board bill, next May's examinations, or next summer's school in the Northwest. Even the student who has his own way to pave as he goes along through college, should not be afraid to enjoy some of the fun and know something of his fellow laborers as he works ahead. It is hard to hit the moon, no matter how good the gun may be. Very few of us at best attain anything like the full development which a college career makes possible, no matter how well we use our privileges. He who throws a part of those privileges aside deliberately is certain to fall short of the mark. Like the rest of us, he is shooting at the moon, but he shoots with this additional disadvantage, that he uses only half a charge of gunpowder. It would be well if we could all be more like the men at Oxford. October *Harper's* tells something about student life there which it would not harm some of us to know about.

* * * * *

In European countries the schools and universities at

an early period were the centres of literary life. This can be said of neither the United States nor Canada. The printing press, with the modern system of public education following in its wake, has made readers of all men, and in these days there is no longer the necessity for *beaux esprits* to gather in cloisters and corridor in order to get the ear of those whom they wish to reach. But this change of condition does not do away with all reason why universities in young countries should lend some helping hand to their own literatures, just forming from the half-assured efforts of the first few timid voices of the dawn. Canada has a half dozen poets of whom we have no reason to feel ashamed. Roberts, Campbell, Lampman, Scott and Miss Johnson are already known in the United States and England. Right here in our own Canadian college is there one student in ten who has read their works, or even knows them all by name? Of all these vigorous young spirits, men of culture and scholarly attainment, only one is fortunate enough to be considered worthy in his own country of occupying a chair in a college. The rest, O ye gods! must seek the shelter of the civil service. As for our college curriculums, one might read the English courses in college after college, and graduate as a specialist with the highest honors, and still never know that Canada has a poet who could produce "The Mother," or that she has another worthy to write a Shelley memorial. Is this as it should be? When we have prophets amongst us, let us not despise them because they are Canadians; nor let it be said that they are not without honor, save in their own country.

* * * * *

"The Stanford University of California is rapidly becoming the wealthiest institution of its kind in the world. There are several American universities and colleges which enjoy enormous wealth. Columbia University has an invested capital of \$13,000,000; Harvard \$11,000,000; Yale, \$10,000,000; the California, \$7,000,000; and the Johns Hopkins, \$3,000,000. The endowment fund of the Stanford University cannot at present be stated, partly because the income from it will only accrue upon the death of Senator Stanford's widow, and partly because the benefaction exists in the shape of property which is rapidly increasing in value. But estimates which appear to be well founded have been made at San Francisco, showing that at no distant date the University will be worth \$200,000,000, yielding an annual income of \$11,000,000."

Universities, like all other institutions for the betterment of mankind, of course have their financial side, but in America the ledgers of a college seem to be considered of greater importance than those other things which cannot be figured up in a "balance sheet." Is the struggle for supremacy between our higher institutions of learning to resolve itself into a "brute force" contest of dollars and cents? This undignified financial jealousy savors somewhat of the business rivalry of so many soap-makers.

TIM BUCTOO.

Y. M. C. A.

The Sunday afternoon meeting of the Y.M.C.A. was well attended this week, despite the counter attraction of a parade down town. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. G. M. Wrong, with regard to some general principles of Christianity. He showed that notwithstanding all the noble and lofty aims which this world offers, no man ever faces the real problems of life until he settles his spiritual relation to his Maker. The finding of our proper place in the great universe is a momentous question to each of us; whom can we trust for direction save only the Great Artificer of that universe? There is no use denying the difficulties of the Christian religion. It would be a puny thing if it had no difficulties. The speaker emphasized the co-relation of the two great thoughts that Christ was

the Creator of the universe and of the hearts of men, and that it was the same Christ who asked those hearts to submit to Him. We are, therefore, called upon to sacrifice our tastes and interests to assist in the great work for humanity. The speaker expressed his sentiments by quoting "My tastes are with the aristocrats, my principles are with the mob."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Re WEARING OF GOWNS.

To the Editor of Varsity:

SIR,—Your correspondent, '96, in your last issue, proposes a "rehabilitation" of academic costume. Now, sir, to resurrect the old habit by getting signatures to an agreement by which all bind themselves to wear their gowns while at lectures is entirely out of place. If we were to have our gowns it must be only after lockers are provided to stow them away while not being used. In fact the students will not, and can not, be bothered lugging this regalia about; but if small lockers were provided, say in the east end of University College, in the recesses and passage ways, and at the west end in the large corridor against the wall, or down stairs at the foot of the staircase in the basement, these lockers would not take up for one gown each much room, and a small fee of 25c. or 50c. would likely cover the expense. This is the only feasible plan that could eventually be successful. Outside of your correspondent's scheme for getting the students to wear their gowns, the writer and the great majority of the student body agree with him. And it is to be hoped that the Council will take some action in this regard.

Yours truly,

University College, Nov. 10.

'94.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY NOTES.

Any one wishing to join the Glee Club will please give his name to the hustling musical director, Mr. Crosby.

The Minister of Education has kindly placed a piano at the disposal of the Literary Society.

There would seem to be an impression abroad that our class-room is an annex to the museum. On several occasions last week we had the pleasure of seeing unexpected visitors. Amusing it was to observe the look of interest on first entering change to one of consternation, followed by a hasty exit. In one case a western-looking personage made considerable progress down the aisle before confusion overtook him.

The Literary Society held a very successful meeting on Friday afternoon. After despatch of some business, and a song by Mr. F. G. Crosby, there followed a spirited debate on the subject: "*Resolved* that our High Schools should give a complete business education." Messrs. Rogers and Massey supported the affirmative, and Messrs. Johnston and J. S. Locke the negative. Decision was given by the meeting in favor of the negative. After appointing a glee club committee, consisting of Messrs. Crosby and Stuart and Misses Hayden and Johnston, the society adjourned.

The library collected at Göttingen, by the deceased orientalist Lagarde, has been bought for the University of the City of New York. This is a valuable library containing a large number of rare volumes.

A new rule has been adopted by the athletic association of De Pauw University. It declares that a member of any athletic team using improper language, or conducting himself in a manner unbecoming a gentleman in public, or playing under an assumed name, shall forfeit membership on the team.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Last Thursday evening the usual meeting for Bible study was held, conducted by the general secretary. This series of meetings will continue throughout the academic year.

This being the Colleges' week of prayer, special prayer-meetings are being held every morning at 8.30, to which the students of all the years and of the S.P.S. are invited.

The Natural Science Association will meet in Dr. Ellis' lecture room, S. P. S., on Friday, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Jeffrey will read a paper on "Photomicrography."

'94 Philosophy will meet on Nov. 15th, at 9 a.m. Subject—"Solution of the Cosmological Idea of the Totality of the Composition of Phenomena in the Universe."

On Friday last, the Glee Club elected first year councillors, and others, to fill vacancies occasioned by last May's exams. The following were chosen:—3rd year, J. L. Murray; 2nd year, N. M. Duncan, J. G. Gibson; 1st year, C. A. Campbell, W. S. Mackay.

The Modern Language Club met on Monday afternoon. The following programme was given:

ENGLISH MEETING.

Contemporary English Authors

1. Austin Dobson.....R. W. Allin.
2. WatsonH. P. Biggar.
3. Sir Edwin Arnold..Miss J. Street.
4. Rudyard Kipling...Jos. Montgomery.
5. ReadingsW. P. Reeve.

The Class of '95, at Victoria, held an oyster supper down town on Saturday evening last. Mr. Clark, '95, represented Class of '95 of Varsity. A good time was spent by all.

The Hockey Club met on Friday afternoon of last week, and elected officers for the coming season. Those elected were:

President—W. P. Thompson.

Captain—W. A. Gilmour.

Sec.-Treasurer—A. F. Barr.

Committee—Bradley, J. Gilmour, Burbidge, Sheppard.

The Political Science Club of '95 will have their first afternoon programme on Monday next, in Room 10, at 4 o'clock. All members are requested to be present.

The Mathematical and Physical Society met in Room 16, on Friday last. The following is an account of the proceedings: A paper was read by G. W. Rudlen on the "Quadrature of the Circle." E. E. Reid and J. J. Brown gave physical experiments on the polarization of light. Problems were solved, and R. Wightman was elected 1st year councillor.

The Varsity Lacrosse Club met about a week ago and elected the following officers:

Hon. President—W. J. Loudon.

President—C. W. Cross.

Captain—W. E. Burns.

Secretary—C. A. Moss.

Councillors—C. Kingston, J. Gilmour, W. Keith.

None but subscribers will receive VARSITY after this week.

Students are expected to wear their caps and gowns to the Public Debate on Friday night.

J. W. E. Wilson, '95, will spend a year at home, in London, before going on with his medical course.

GLEE CLUB.—At last week's practice elections were held for one councillor from the third year, two from the second, and two from the first. The following was the result of the ballot:—3rd year, J. L. Murray; 2nd year, Messrs. Gibson and Duncan; 1st year, Messrs. Campbell and McKay.

Hon. G. W. Ross, the Minister of Education, has blossomed into an author. *Patriotic Recitations and Arbor Day Exercises* is the title of a book which contains both suggestions which teachers will find useful in preparing their pupils for properly appreciating the purposes of a national holiday, and selections for the pupils themselves applicable to these national festivals.

We were all very sorry to hear that Mr. H. A. Bruce, '96, has left Varsity to pursue his studies at Trinity. His indignation at the way in which he has been recently treated by the College Council is certainly commendable. We are sorry, however, that it could not have been expressed in some other way, as Varsity by this step has lost one of her best sons. We assure him of the kindest feelings of the entire undergraduate body, by whom he will always be welcomed should he call and see us at any time.

The subscription list for THE VARSITY now numbers about 225, and as the term is already far advanced, all those desiring the College paper should give their names to the directorate should the representative of their particular year have failed to see them. A striking feature about this year's lists is the fact that the great majority of subscribers are from the IV. and II. years, while the III. and I. are as yet very poorly represented. Where is your college spirit, Freshmen?

A freshman in one of the theological colleges foolishly left a basket of grapes on his table where the passers-by could not fail to see it through the open door. The grapes were lovely Delawares and Niagaras, and the freshman was evidently enjoying the envy of those who happened to be passing in the corridor. Amongst the latter was a senior on a visit to his friend. He saw the grapes, but passed on without stopping. Shortly

after, however, a shadow flitted along the hall, and, while the freshman was not looking, a hand was stretched silently in, and the grapes disappeared. Who took them it is impossible to say; but there was a merry gathering in the senior's room that night, and the door was locked. The freshman is sure of this, for he heard them laughing, and the door wouldn't open when he tried it.

Mr. Boulton and Mr. Craig had a unique experience last Friday. They waited until the meeting of the Council was over and then went into the registrar's office to hear their decision. Just as they came out of the office the lights were turned off, but they managed to find the front entrance. When they got there, they found it was locked, so they groped their way back to the office. But while they had been hunting for the door the registrar had gone home. Here was a dilemma. How were they to find their way out? Slowly they groped their way along the corridors through the pitchy darkness to the different doors, only to find them all securely fastened. Then they tried the windows, but none of them could be raised more than six inches. Backwards and forwards they felt their way, till at last, driven to despair, they determined to call upon the police and started for the telephone. But it is a difficult thing to pilot one's way through the corridors at night, and, instead of finding the janitor's room, they wandered down into the basement. It proved a fortunate mistake, for, having opened a door, they saw a light, and at last made their escape by way of the engine room.



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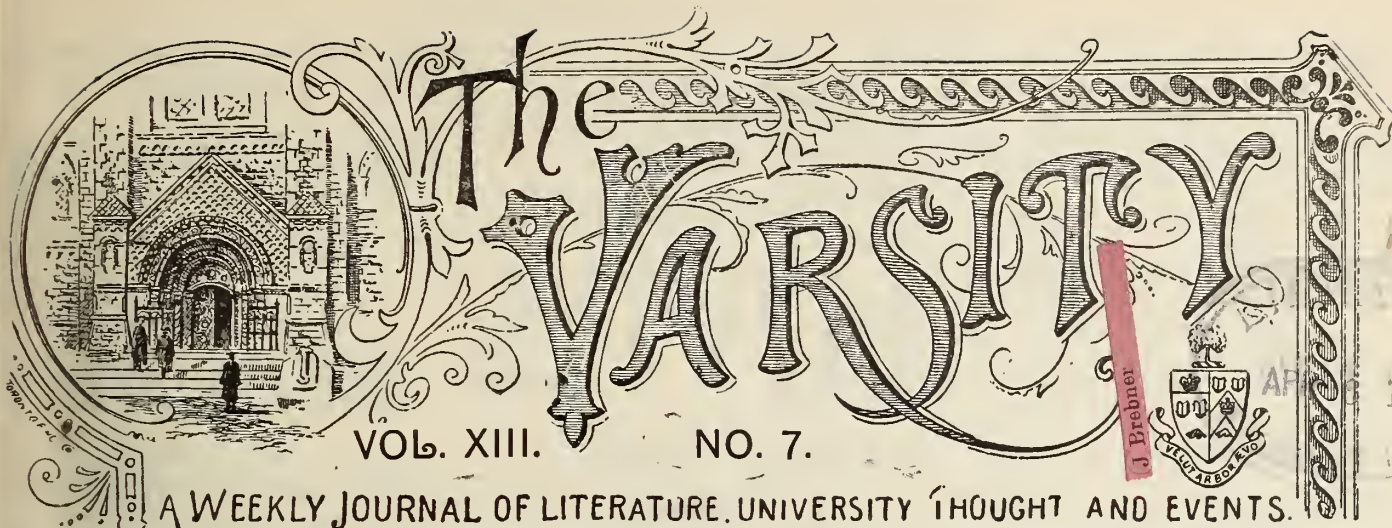
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THE VARSITY


A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1893.

No. 7.

Editorial Comments.

HOULD it ever fall to the lot of some philosophic historian in the far hereafter to record the history of Toronto University, and especially of the various aspects of student life therein manifested, a very interesting volume might be written. The rise and progress of Hallowe'en celebrations and divers other topics of that nature would probably be dealt with. But, perhaps, one of the most attractive chapters in such a work would be that on the *Society Craze*. We have societies of every conceivable character, useful and useless. We have societies for students of all the years and for students of particular years; for students in this course and for students in that. Some of these, perhaps, if called on to justify their existence on the score of positive good rendered to the general public or any portion thereof, might find it difficult to make any tolerable kind of defence. But without making any general onslaught, we wish merely to philosophize on that particular species known as the Class Society.

The origin of this is undoubtedly the same as that of societies in general: in the language of Aristotle, *φύσει πολιτικὸν ὁ ἄνθρωπος*—the gregarious instinct of man. Under the guidance of this instinct each freshman is drawn to his fellows, and suddenly a new society arises assuming the name "The Class Society of —," and with a list of officials appalling to contemplate, if we look only at their titles, but somewhat less appalling, we had almost said ridiculous, if we consider their duties.

However, we do not wish unjustly to disparage this institution: we would merely draw attention to some of the general considerations of student life which affect it. And first, for the points in its favor. Undoubtedly for the first year of a student's course this society is very useful. It serves the purpose of bringing together the students of the year, who would otherwise find it somewhat difficult to become generally acquainted with one another. This, however, which is the most important of its duties, is or ought to be practically discharged by the close of the first year, so that thereafter there remains only the duty of providing a social evening or two each year for the members of the class.

One of the interesting phases of this subject is the ebb and flow which seems to characterize student feeling in regard to these societies. Two or three years ago the feeling in favor of them was decidedly stronger than it is at the present, reaching even to the length of a craze. But since then the tide has been ebbing steadily, and now it seems almost out entirely. And perhaps this is just as well. We believe almost all students will agree that there is too much

"machinery" around college. Societies are treading on one another's heels. If the more important ones are to flourish, the others must give way. And when nothing but the mere name is left to a society, it might as well give up business. Whatever time and energy college men have to devote to the corporate life of the student-body, ought to be concentrated on those societies which bring them into touch with the largest number of their fellows and with the subjects of most real interest to the students as a whole. What societies these are every one knows. First and foremost, of course, is the "Lit." If attendance be any standard by which to judge the interest taken in the Literary, there has been a marked, steady and gratifying increase during the past few years. Perhaps this fact finds its explanation when placed alongside of the one we mentioned a little ago, the decrease of interest in the class societies. The sectional feeling that we are members of different years is waning before the feeling that we are all members of one body; and may it do so more and more.

The wisest man in the fourth year, one day recently, in the course of a conversation with us, dropped an idea in regard to the class society which seemed an excellent one, and which we immediately appropriated. His idea was that a use could be found for the class society in post-graduate years by making it a medium through which its members might establish prizes or scholarships in their college. Thus the members of the class of '98 might combine to present a leather medal for general proficiency, etc., etc. It will be seen that this is a scheme susceptible of indefinite development. It is in fact the most feasible plan to enable men of moderate means, as we all hope to be some day, to confer benefits upon their Alma Mater in return for her gifts to them. As such we commend the idea most heartily to the consideration of thoughtful college men. Should it be carried out it would prove the best justification that could be found for this class of societies, and would make it much easier for them to explain the wherefore of their existence throughout the entire undergraduate course, a task which at present is attended with considerable difficulty.

* * * * *

At the presentation of the athletic prizes on Friday night, one was conspicuously absent. We had been prepared for this, however, by the announcement which adorned the athletic notice board some few days ago to the effect that there was to be no cross country run this year *on account of lack of funds*. It furnishes a sad commentary on the public spirit of our students. Hitherto this has been one of the most important events in the athletic line in the college year; but now it seems we cannot afford it. It is humiliating to us as students that such a confession has to be made.

The same difficulty was seen last year in the persistent effort which it required to raise any money for the gymnasium equipment from the men around college. We recognize, of course, that our purses are not very long; but nevertheless, it is unfair to elect men to superintend the athletic events of the year, and then compel them to abridge their sphere of action on account of financial embarrassment.

Another example of the same deplorable lack of interest in college affairs is in subscriptions to VARSITY. The facts were stated in our *Mortar* column last week, and are such as ought to appeal to all who have any interest whatever in the maintenance, or any belief in the utility, of a college journal. What we want, in short, is an arousing of college spirit that will extend to our pockets, so that students will be willing to make some sacrifice for the sake of contributing to these and other proper claims upon them for support.

* * * * *

Several of our students have asked us lately why we have not been "in it" in regard to the Hallowe'en affair. Some apparently are disappointed that we have not been raising the war-cry and seeking the scalps of the College Council, because of their action. A word or two, therefore, in explanation of our attitude may, perhaps, not be unseasonable.

We will not here discuss the merits of either side of the case. But to introduce discussion upon this or any similar divergence of opinion that might arise between the Council and the students on questions as to our rights or supposed rights, into the columns of VARSITY, would be unwise in the interests of all parties concerned. It would simply widen the breach and tend to perpetuate the quarrel by stamping permanence upon it. War in itself is not a desirable state of affairs; and we believe that the best service VARSITY can render in the interests of the students themselves is to refrain from decided expressions of opinion on this subject. Such is the explanation we offer for our attitude; and we are confident that when calmer moods come upon us all, it is one which will be found to have been not merely politic, but also just.

THE GIRL WHO SANG.

The Signor was a strange little man. He did not look like an Italian and I had often doubted if he had ever seen Italy. But he was very sensitive on this point, and as I had always cared too much for him to offend him in any way, I had never questioned him closely about his birth or nationality. But he was a genius and a great musician, and I, who knew nothing about music, would often listen in a careless way while he would talk on and on about the great people he had sung with, and the parts he had taken, and the voices he had trained. But all that must have been long ago. He had been a music master for years, and although I could not call him lazy or dissipated, still he seemed to have lost all life and ambition. He must have had a little money, but he could not be wealthy, for here he lived in a little room next to mine, and often, when he would become tired of playing his old violin, and grew lonesome, he would come into my room and sit before my fire, and smoke and talk away through the long winter evenings, and sometimes I would be busy and would scarcely listen to him, for I was a writer for the city papers, young and poor, and I had my bread to earn.

I had come up from the country to the great city, almost a penniless boy, and the struggle was a hard one. But the Signor had broken in on my almost unendurable loneliness and homesickness as the sun breaks through a bank of autumnal clouds, and his queer little wrinkled face was often a welcome sight in my bare, dreary room up among the chimneys and the sparrows. At times I would visit him in his own room, and sit with him before his fire; for it saved my coal. And he would bring out his pipes and his last ounce of tobacco, if need be, and when we grew tired of talking he would take his violin and play music that would make the tears come down his rough cheeks, and make me think of home. But his hands were getting shaky and sometimes he would forget the notes and stop short. During those dreamy, happy hours before the fire, fancies would come into my head, and I would set them in verse, and sell them to the papers. I thought I was to be a great poet when I first came to the city, but now I only care to get enough money to buy back the little cottage where I and Jean, my sister, were born.

I remember climbing the long, dark stairs, one night, late in the autumn, and as I passed the Signor's room I heard voices within. One was a woman's voice, and I heard it say in a frightened tone, "No! no! you will not send me back!" Then the squeaking little voice of the Signor replied, but I would listen no longer, and went into my room that I might not overhear a conversation that was not intended for me. Still, I could not help wondering who the Signor's visitor might be, and remembering how low and musical the voice had sounded.

I had hardly had time to hang my overcoat on the hook behind the door, when the Signor came running in and asked for brandy, crying out excitedly that a lady had fainted in his room. I gave him the little flask I kept behind my book-shelf, and followed him into his room. There on the floor, as if she had fallen from the chair, lay the woman. The first thing I thought of was that she must be very tall. The Signor was excited and did not know what to do. I stooped and picked up the limp figure, and placed it on the old sofa by the window. When I turned her head towards the window and let the amber twilight stream on her face, I gave a little involuntary gasp, for it was a beautiful face, more beautiful than any of the faces I used to watch in the carriages that rolled along the streets of the city. It was white, very white, and a little too thin, but as I stooped to loosen the neck of her dress, I saw that the girl's neck was soft and rounded, and I noticed the fine little blue veins in her temples and cheeks. I could not help touching the thick golden-brown coils of hair that had half fallen over her forehead. I never had seen such hair. It seemed so heavy and massy on top of the delicate, full face; and it was such a deep golden color. . . I took the brandy from the Signor and forced a little between the finely curved lips, and began to chafe the girl's hand. Oh! what poor, slender, white little hands they were. And the Signor leaned over and took the other hand, and in a moment the eyelids quivered and then opened, and a pair of soft, strange gray eyes looked up at me in a mystified manner. Then they turned to the Signor, and he saw their look of mute appeal. He motioned me away; so I went unwillingly out and closed the door after me. A few moments later the Signor and the tall strange girl drove away in a cab. That was the first time I had ever known the Signor to take a carriage.

The next day I saw nothing of the Signor. But two nights afterwards, as I was coming in with a few delicacies under my arm (for I had had good fortune that day) I met the Signor on the stairs. He stopped, and said he was going out, but that he would come in to see me in a short while. So I prepared a little supper for the two of us, and waited until he came in. I noticed that he looked troubled and pale, though he tried to be light-hearted and sociable during our little meal. A few days before this a friend of mine, who had published a volume of verse, had

given me, on the happy occasion, two bottles of wine, and when we had finished our tea I brought them out. The Signor soon emptied his bottle, but I saved half of mine for some other time. Whether it was the wine, or a mere wish to unburden his mind that started him talking, I cannot tell, but I had never known him to grow so confiding. All along I had been thinking of the white-faced girl with the golden-brown hair, but I said nothing about her just then. Nevertheless I managed to make the conversation verge around to the strange event of two days before. I wanted to know who the mysterious girl was, and something of her life. At last I took heart and remarked that the strange lady was very beautiful.

"Beautiful! Ah, yes," said the Signor, looking musingly in the fire, "but she will die."

"Die!" I cried; and at the thought my heart stopped, and a pang of pain shot through me. Could it be that I was already in love with the unknown face?

"Who is she?" I demanded, with sudden energy, and a determination to find out the girl's story. The Signor did not answer for many minutes, but sat looking at the glow of the fire-light. I had never before seen such a look of soft tenderness on his homely features, and when he spoke, it was in a slightly tremulous voice.

"Northfield," he said gravely, "you have been a good friend to me, and I think I can safely tell you all the story." I nodded my head in acquiescence, and he continued: "It is not a very long one, but it is a strange one. After I had left the stage, more than three years ago, I drifted from the States into Canada, and found something to do. I taught music in a girls' school. When I first went to the school, I found a tall, pale girl teaching the children singing. Her name was Victoria Howland, the woman you saw two days ago. I had never heard her sing, but before I had been there many days the girl came to me and said, 'Signor, I want to be a great singer. Do you think I ever can be?' I remember her strange, sweet smile, and the fire in her wonderful gray eyes as she said it. And I laughed, and said I would see, for I had often heard girls say that before. I tried her voice. Diavolo! it was like a bird's. It was exquisite. It needed training, but it was a voice to bring the world to her feet. And the girl was beautiful, too. I was at once interested in her, and took her in hand. I found out that she came from a small Canadian town, that she was alone in the world and very poor, and that she made her living by teaching the children singing lessons in the school. She had saved a considerable sum for her future training, but it was a mere nothing. She was eager to learn, and had a fiery ambition to be a great singer. I could not understand her impatient longing for fame. But I found out later on; how, I need not tell you. It seems that when she was still living in the little Canadian town, she fell in love with a city man, who was, like other wealthy young city men, more or less cultured and refined in a superficial way. But she was always a passionate girl, and she at once idealized the man she loved. Naturally, he was struck by her beauty, but her shyness and ignorance jarred upon him. The girl discovered this, and you can imagine, Northfield, how she suffered. They soon drifted apart. The man forgot the girl; but she, I suppose, formed some great resolution to become his superior, to rise above him, and strange to say, her pride and love carried her through. So, that is how I found her when I went to the school. She at once won my heart, as much as a girl could win an old man's heart. I helped her, I taught her; but I could only go so far. Then I did something that may seem strange to you; I sent her to Boston to study, and she made fast progress. Her voice grew fuller, and richer, and stronger. I never was a wealthy man, Northfield, but I intended to send the girl to Italy before I put her before the world. But all my plans were suddenly upset. The girl's lungs gave out, and symptoms of consumption showed themselves. Perhaps I

was blinded, and let the girl overwork herself, or perhaps it was the feverish thirst in her heart; but I believe the disease was hereditary. Not until then did I realize how my heart was wrapped up in the girl. I was heart-broken. Things had not been going well with me, but I scraped up enough money to send her to Florida, to see if the soft, mild air would not bring back her health. That is why I live in a miserable little room and often go hungry and ragged. But she never knew it until two days ago.

"Well, it seems that all along the poor girl was love-sick. She only wanted to raise herself in the world that she might step down and throw herself at the feet of this brainless, snobbish city swell. I never knew it at the time, but they used to meet when she was studying in Boston. That is about all of the story. Two days ago she came back, found me out, and came up to my little room. She would not think of going back to Florida—she said she had come home to die. She would not go back, and leave me in this misery. She always was a good girl. But I half suspect that she came back for another reason—she came back to see the man she loved; I knew her nature; she could not live unless she did see him. But God forgive him if he was the means of bringing her from the south, for she will never live to go back. Yes, she is dying in the hospital now. And that beautiful voice will be lost, and she will never sing. Oh, what I have suffered for that poor girl, and how we two have struggled and toiled together, and how we used to talk of the time when she would be a great diva, and I would travel with her like a father, and the world would be at our feet! And this is how it is ended!"

The Signor stopped speaking, and I expected an outburst of tears, but he sat silently looking at the fire. How long he sat there and what his thoughts were I know not, for I took my hat and left him and went out into the dismal, silent city streets. As I wandered on my thoughts grew despairing, and all the endless struggle and turmoil of life seemed but the discordant orchestral accompaniment of an inevitable tragedy, the dark tragedy of death, which after all would perhaps prove sweet, for it would end the discord and the strife.

The next night I heard the poor old Signor climbing the dark, long stairs. I could hear him panting as he came groping down the corridor. He stopped at my door and knocked quietly. I opened it, but he would not come in. He leaned against the door post and said, "She is dead. She died to-night at nine o'clock. And now she can never sing." He turned and walked slowly towards his door, shaking his head, and murmuring to himself. And long into the midnight I heard the Signor playing his old violin. I am a poor writer for the papers and know nothing of music, but the unutterable sorrow of the notes that came stealing in to me from the Signor's room seemed the sweetest, yet the saddest, music I have ever heard. But I did not write any that night.

ARTHUR J. STIMMER.

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WEDNESDAY—4 to 5, class exercises; 5.15 to 6, fencing class.

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FRIDAY—4 to 5, class exercises; 5.15 to 6, fencing class.

SATURDAY—2 to 6, general instruction and games.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

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NOVEMBER 22, 1893.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



WERE you there Friday night? Where? Why, at the public debate, of course? So is the question, and so is the answer now. And the general verdict is, that the man who wasn't at the public debate is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

In the ten years that we have been trying to pass the dread ordeal of the annual exam., never have we seen any other debate like unto this last in point of attendance. The accommodation was taxed to the utmost, and at times the hall was crowded to the doors—with people trying to get ont.

There are some who say that the spirit of human kindness is dying out; and that the tendency of the age is to concentrate all things in self. Would that such cynics had been present at the public debate! Early in the evening the *single* students occupied their reserved seats, and manifested their altruistic sympathies in the kindly welcome they gave to all and sundry of the students who appeared escorted by lady friends. Every one who came in was greeted with cheers and yells, and when some one especially favored appeared, there broke forth a war-whoop that made the painted braves of Fenimore Cooper turn in their sepulchres. We sat with the boys, and so enjoyed hugely the veiled humor contained in a chorus of consecutive yells; it is strange, however, that some of our lady guests were so obtuse as to be unable to appreciate the exquisite humor contained in a series of modulated shrieks—a style of humor which is monopolized almost

exclusively by the habitudes of the back-benches at 'Varsity public debates.

After we had manifested, by our yelling, that the various inter-year matches had left our lungs in *better* condition than our pocket-books, the meeting began. The Glee Club scored an encore; and then came Kemo, kimo, up to date.

The reference to the "shed affair" was especially apt and brought down the house. We wanted some more, but the Glee Club said no.

President Stuart's inaugural address, which now followed, was a masterly effort; and the way in which the various topics of interest were treated of showed well the logical and critical historical ability which is synonymous with his name.

Mr. Levy's essay was one which did him honor. The pleasures of literature were depicted in such seductive guise, that sundry freshmen registered a vow that they would start reading the first year pass English before next April.

The selections given by the Banjo Club were admirably rendered. We don't know much about musical terminology, and so abstain from referring to the admitted excellence of the *andante*, *pianissimo*, *a fortiori*, and *conegie* passages. Suffice it to say, that the Banjo Club is a live and prosperous institution, and has put aside its childish things and the mouth-organs and tin-whistles of its earlier days.

Mr. Braun, in the capacity of reader, now held our attention. His enunciation is clear and distinct, and he was listened to with marked attention. He told us an affecting tale of a "schmall pox" case; and soon the manly proprietor of the School of Science—Professor Graham—was seen to weep, and the big tears fell from his eyelids with sullen rumbling sound upon the polished floor.

The mandolin duet reflects the highest credit on the two skilful artists. The music of the mandolin, breaking upon us soft and low, brought up memories of sunny southern lands, of serenades and sentimental ditties. And what wonder is it that, as a result of such sirene strains, a muse of the upper years went out last Sunday to take tea with the young lady, the dearest of all.

Then to athletics we turned our Proteus-like attention, and we watched and envied the successful athletes; and we thought that, if we had entered, the results would have been different; and we wondered why K. D. W. Macmillan *didn't wear his gown*; and we were glad that George Porter took a seat on the platform, instead of marching up and down for a prize every ten seconds. And we were real pleased when we heard that Mr. W. P. Thompson, M.D.C.M., had won the fatigue race. And then we devoted our attention to the next item of the programme.

And this was the "*piece de resistance*." We don't know what that means; but the other day, in residence, we had it for dinner, and it was real good. Messrs. Fry and Culbert wondered how any man in his "*sane senses*" could believe in the negative side of the debate; Messrs. Barnum and Montgomery couldn't see how, in common sense, any one could be so obtuse as to be taken in by the sophistries of the affirmative.

While the debate was going on, the order kept was unprecedented. It was actually possible to hear more than half of the speeches—if you weren't enjoying a private conversation still more. Mr. Fry's speech was general and comprehensive in outline, and he presented his case in an effective manner. Mr. Barnum's polished periods and ease of delivery were successful in vesting the dry bones of science with flesh and attractiveness. Mr. Montgomery made an apt speech, although he neglected somewhat the artifices that go to *win* a debate. Mr. Culbert's speech was steeped in his favorite philosophy. In fact at times it made us think of the poet's words:

"Baldwin, thou reasonest well —"

Mr. Culbert devoted his attention to the chairman rather than to the audience. The speech was throughout logically coherent and forcible. As we have said, the order was good. The jokes attempted were few, and in general mediocre. One, however, was good. When Mr. Culbert was speaking about beauty, the admonition "to look to the front for beauty," reflected credit on the quick-wittedness of the perpetrator of the joke in question.

And now having done all that was in their power the debaters committed the decision of the whole matter into the hands of Professor Dale, who, judicial as Minos, summed up the merits and demerits, and awarded the debate to the affirmative.

Then followed a donning of wraps, a marching down stairs, a listening to the faint dying-away echo of belated jokes, a walking homeward, a saying of lingering farewells, and then the public debate, with all its attractiveness, was a thing of the past.

JAY HESS.

RANDOM FANCYINGS.

The shades of evening had fallen, and the student sat with his books. The lamp shed its soft light; the room was warm and cosy; the curtains were closely drawn; the outer world seemed vanished, the student world alone remained.

With his head supported on his hands the student coned his books. In an old but not yet forgotten tongue the sages spoke to him of the olden time when the world was yet new and good; as if in vision form the dream-like phantasies of the past surged before him. The past seemed vanished; all was a present, and he was in contact with the mighty minds of former days.

Then came to him a time of more fleeting fancy, and over the space from creation's day to now his mind wandered untrammelled; nature and the past had no secrets to conceal from him—all truth, all knowledge was within his grasp. Towards his closed books strayed the student's gaze. His lip took on a scornful curl as he thought of the men who from morn to night grubbed in the earth for gold. What to him were such riches; had he not found more abiding riches in the treasure house of the past? Men concentrated their gaze on material things, but had he not found infinitely greater blessing in subtle communion with the spirits of the past? And if the question then had presented itself to him—who is the happiest man?—he would emphatically have said: *the student*.

But now his reverie is broken and sounds that seem at first distant, at last become more audible. Dropping his musing mood, he listens, and now the stirring words of the song and anon the voluptuous swell of the waltz break upon his ear. Swiftly his mood changes and the curtain of the past falls once more. Before him now surges up the varied scenes of modern life; before him comes pictures of the worker and toiler, of people whirling through life with laugh and song. Everyone is working and doing, he alone looks on. The music dies away, but borne in upon him comes the sad refrain—everyone is working and doing, the student alone looks on.

JAY HESS.

The Natural Science Association met on Friday in the Biological department. Mr. Jeffrey gave an extremely interesting address on photomicrography, showing its importance in biological teaching and research; the difficulties at first encountered in its practice and how they were overcome. He ended with a practical demonstration, taking a photograph of a microscopic section, explaining the different steps in the process. Mr. L. McLeay was elected first year representative.

DREAMING.

It was an attic room, bare and comfortless. For hours the student had been poring over metaphysics till at last his mind grew weary and his eyes wandered from the page. Again he tried to concentrate his attention on the book before him and to recall his enthusiasm for his studies. But cold reason does not always satisfy, and it was no use. Like a pent-up wave there came sweeping over him that deep longing, that pitiful yearning for sympathy which only the youth who lives alone in a great city can feel in all its fulness.

At a University the student who is poor makes many acquaintances, but few friends. He had made none. Perhaps his fellow-students thought him proud and distant; they forgot that pride is often but a curtain behind which a sensitive soul hides itself from the prying eyes of the world.

Sometimes we can conceal our inner feelings even from ourselves. But the more we do so the stronger they become, and his could no longer be restrained. Encouraged by the quiet of the night time, they burst impetuously forth. For a long time he sat there without thinking, and conscious only that he was in pain. Slowly, at last, his thoughts wandered back to the olden days when life was a glorious morning, unclouded by a single care. He could see the little village as it nestled on the hill-side with the river winding at its feet. Their house with its hedge of roses, the stately elm-tree, the church across the road, and the old high school, how distinctly memory brought them all back! The old high school—what jolly times they used to have there; the lessons were always easy, and the masters always ready to explain. He fancied himself back in the old third form, and the old faces were all around him. Ah, they were scattered now! "Where were they?" he asked himself; but the question turned and twisted and changed into "Where was she?" As if seeking for an answer, he opened the drawer of his table and took out a little box. Carefully he opened it, as though it contained a treasure, but there was nothing in it save a few faded notes. Already he knew each word by heart, yet he read them over again one by one. He could see her dark laughing eyes as they sparkled, and her dainty foot as it tapped the floor while she wrote.

But that was long ago—long ago. His head sinks lower; and the past once more becomes the present. She has promised to let him take her down the river in his boat, and she is sitting in the stern steering. Together they glide past the overhanging willows and under the old wooden bridge. The water sparkles and dances in the sunlight, and the air is filled with the balmy sweetness of June. How lovely she looks as she sits there, her lap filled with the peonies he has brought her. Now they are nearing the little lake, and the river flows more sluggishly, while its banks are lined with reeds. Along the smooth surface of the lake the boat is gliding now, and he tells her to steer for the little bay. There, sheltered from the north winds, are growing fragrant, wild roses, which, bending over the clear water, blush to see their own reflected loveliness. They gather great bunches, all of them for her. Together they stand on the shore of the lake and look out over its waters. Then their eyes meet, and they are happy. Happier than ever they will be again; for joy like theirs is granted but to few, and to those few never more than once.

He stretches out his hand to help her into the boat, and that thrill comes over him which he always feels when he takes her hand in his. He starts. It is cold! No, it is not her. His hand is against the frosted pane.

The joy, the happiness of love and life have vanished. The sunlight, the flowers, the merry laugh—it was all a dream. Slowly he folds the treasured notes and closes the drawer. There is nothing before him save the drear, bare walls and the night's unfinished task.

C. B.

Re THE CONSTITUTION.

To strike out the clause requiring Recording Secretary to notify in writing all those taking part in the programme of the regular meetings of the society.

F. D. FRY.

To amend Article V., Rule I., so as to read: The regular meetings of the society shall consist of ordinary and public meetings, and the annual meeting. Public meetings shall be held at eight o'clock, and other meetings at half-past seven o'clock every Friday evening during the continuance of Lectures.

J. C. MACMURCHY.

I beg leave to give notice that at the next meeting of the Literary Society, to be held November 24th, 1893, I will move that the phrase in Article II., Section 7, of the Society's Constitution, which reads, "and no member from whom any fee is due to his College," be struck out;

And that to Article III., Clause 6, after the words "two auditors appointed at a previous meeting," the following phrase be added, *i. e.*, "one of whom shall be a chartered accountant";

And that Article I., Clause 1, of the Constitution of the College Journal read, that "The subscription shall be one dollar (\$1.00) per annum, payable strictly before the end of October";

And that Article IV., Clause 1, read as follows: "The business manager shall present a detailed financial report to the Society each year at its penultimate meeting, and shall at the conclusion of his term of office deliver to his successor all books and documents in his possession having any connection with the business management of the Journal, and such successor shall henceforth be responsible for the safe keeping of the same";

And that the following clause be added, to be read as Clause 2 of Article IV. in the Constitution of the Journal, the present Clause 2 to be read as Clause 3, *i. e.*, "All records in the possession of the business manager, or any officer of the Journal, concerning the business and management of the same, shall be open to the inspection of any student who has paid his subscription";

And also an amendment to Clause 1, Article III., defining the powers of the directorate, which will be posted on the notice board.

E. GILLIS.

DAVID ALLAN BURGESS.

Another well-known Varsity man passed away on the morning of Thursday, Nov. 16th. Mr. D. A. Burgess, after preparatory work at Norwood High School and Galt and St. Catharines Collegiate Institutes, entered the University in 1887, and, on completing the course in Mathematics and Physics, together with much of the work in English and Political Science, took his B. A., very creditably, in 1890. Two years later he received his M. A., his thesis being on "Profit Sharing." For a year after graduation he was mathematical master in Clinton Collegiate Institute, and on resigning that position entered Knox, where he succeeded in passing his first and second examinations. In the earlier half of 1892 he taught in the Jamieson Ave. Institute, Toronto, and on its closing in midsummer he went to Manitoba, intending to do mission work; but a single day after his arrival he was stricken with hemorrhage of the lungs, and this developing into consumption, removed him at the early age of 27 years, 11 months. During his illness Mr. Burgess was remarkably calm and composed, and though well aware of the very serious nature of his disease, fought nobly against the strong hand of death, but after a struggle of eighteen months most quietly yielded. Mr. Burgess, when in Varsity and Knox, was an enthusiastic football man, and ardently supported all athletic schemes. In the Literary Society he showed marked

power in debate, and his class elected him their first orator. In all his work he displayed bright, vigorous power of thought, and was ambitious to do worthy work in the world; but now he is gone, and all his friends most truly extend to his deeply sorrowing mother and other relatives, their heartfelt sympathy in the loss of such a noble and distinguished friend. The interment was made on Saturday afternoon at Norwood, where deceased's early days were spent.

"Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet, sad voice ennobles death,
And still, for eighteen centuries, saith
Softly,—Ye meet again."

Y. M. C. A.

The meeting on Sabbath afternoon was well attended, and those who were not present certainly missed a treat. Mr. Frost, of the China Inland Mission, delivered a very interesting address on the 14th and 28th verses of Hebrews ix., a passage which he termed "one of those blood-red passages of Scripture." He said a man can have no conception of sin until he stands before the Cross and sees the great sacrifice that was necessary for his sin. Then he referred to Old Testament passages bearing on this "blood doctrine," which is the very heart of the Gospel plan. Here Mr. Frost remarked that the most difficult thing the Almighty had to do was to express His infinite thoughts and plans in finite terms and to finite minds. To do this He gave us our picture-book, and by means of symbolic imagery let us have an insight into His eternal plans and decrees. Referring to the promise God made in the Garden of Eden, he pointed out that the blood gave redemption. "Thou shalt bruise his head." Turning to the twelfth chap. of Exodus, he showed that the blood gave safety and deliverance. Then taking up the story of Cain and Abel he indicated that the blood gives the right to worship acceptably. It is the only ground of acceptance, and yet some will dare to come into God's presence and offer Him worship without blood. Lastly, referring to 1 John iii., he stated that the blood continues the cleansing work. Concluding, he urged upon all unconverted to honestly take their stand outside the camp as lepers, and to send for the Great High Priest, who would declare them clean through the blood of Christ, and would admit them into the Christian camp.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

There was a good attendance at the meeting of the Literary Society on Friday. A committee was appointed to arrange for the holding of a public meeting at an early date. Mr. McVannell was elected critic of the meeting by acclamation. The first item of the programme was a chorus by the newly-formed glee club, which was encored. Mr. A. T. DeLury, B.A., gave a very instructive address on the conduct of seminary work. He spoke of the advantages which would be derived from independent work by the students in the various branches of educational science. The speaker then offered some very valuable suggestions, one of which was that a careful study be made of the educational institutions of various countries. He referred to the excellent system of primary education in France, also to the system of secondary education in Sweden. The departments of public instruction in foreign countries were always willing to furnish pamphlets, etc. A debate was given on the subject, "Resolved, that tact is a greater factor than talent in securing success." Good speeches were made by Messrs. McDougall and McKellar for the affirmative, and Messrs. Stoddard and Fraser for the negative. The question was decided in favor of the affirmative. As the president had to leave during the meeting, Mr. DeLury kindly consented to occupy the chair.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Varsity,
Toronto University:

DEAR SIR,—Complaints have been made, through the columns of the VARSITY, that the students of Canada, as a rule, are almost entirely ignorant of the rising literature of their own country. Would it not be well, Mr. Editor, to publish in your paper as complete a list as possible of Canadian poets who have published their poems in book form, the names of the different volumes, and, if possible, the houses at which they were published. Yours truly,
PAULUS.

N.B.—In reply to the above letter, we might state that we have been promised an article in the shape of a review of recent Canadian literature from one of our graduate subscribers who has exceptional advantages for undertaking the task, and has kindly offered to do so.—
EDITOR.

S. P. S. NOTES.

A meeting was held on Thursday afternoon for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual dinner. After much balloting a committee was elected, upon whom will rest the great responsibility of selecting the time and place, and making all arrangements to bring the affair to a successful finish. The committee are to report progress to the students as soon as possible, and it is expected that the dinner will be held about the first week in December.

The School of Science Association foot-ball team met and defeated the Victorias on Monday, November 5, in the first match of the inter-year series. Score, 3—0. The next match will be played with Knox College some time this week. The Rugby team has not had a match yet, but the boys are getting ready in good practice, and expect to be right in line at the finish.

C. H. Mitchell, '92, is back, taking a post-graduate course, with the intention of proceeding to the degree of B.A. Sc.

The third-year are much exercised over the waywardness of one of their number, and numerous consultations have been held as to what would be the best method to pursue. It was finally decided to bring the delinquent to trial, and he was accordingly brought before a jury of his peers—twelve good men and true. The verdict was—Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. The judge allowed the prisoner to go under suspended sentence.

AN EXPLANATION.

"The world is hollow—hollow!"
With tears a maiden said,
"I've no faith in any one—
I wish that I were dead!"

"What troubles your pretty sister?"
I asked of her brother small;
"Her heart seems nearly broken,
Yet you don't seem to care at all."

He answered with scornful accent,
"Cry-baby! I don't care none;
She wants to go to dance to-night,
And her new dress hain't got done!"

—Unit.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

Class '96—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Knox College.—Prayer Meeting, 6.45 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club Practice, Room 9, at 5 p.m.
Y. M. C. A.—Bible Class, 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
Glee Club.—Practice, Room 9, at 5 p.m.
Wycliffe Literary and Scientific Society, 8 p.m.
Class '94—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

Knox College Conference, at 11 a.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

Y. M. C. A.—Meeting at 3 p.m.
Wycliffe Bible Class at 4.15 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

Modern Language Club.—Room 12, at 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

Class '97.—Prayer Meeting, Y.M.C.A. Parlors at 8.30 a.m.
Knox College Literary and Theological Society, at 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

Class '95.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Y. W. C. A.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 5 p.m.
Natural Science Association, Biological Building, at 4 p.m.

A BROKEN VOW.

Over her lover she pleadingly leaned,
And he promised for her dear sake,
As he lay in the hammock and saw her tears,
Not another drop to take.

With a thrill of joy the fair girl sprang
To his side, with a loving look.
The vow was broken—likewise the rope,
For another drop he took.

—Brunonian.

FAREWELL.

I'm going far away from here,
I say it sadly with a sigh,
Yet we must part forevermore,
And say good-bye.

I hate to take this last farewell
From you, the first to reach my heart,
And tho' you wronged me more than all,
'Tis hard to part.

For I have loved you in the past,
I loved you till a day ago,
But now, alas, that you were false,
Too well I know.

So we must part. It gives me pain
Far greater than I care to tell
To bid the one I thought so true
A last farewell.

But faith is dead, and when that's gone
Love fades e'en like the setting sun;
We cannot keep the night away,
The day is done.

—Brunonian.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

INFIRMARY COLUMN.

Hobbs, '96, has been called home to the bedside of his brother, who is seriously ill.

D. Baldwin is laid up in Wycliffe with a severe attack of influenza.

J. Hyland, '95, is suffering from an injured knee. The accident occurred in the Knox-Wycliffe match.

The Political Science Club, '96, held their first meeting yesterday afternoon in Lecture Room No. 3. The subject for debate, "Resolved, that the protection of young industries is justifiable." On the affirmative were Falconbridge and Garrow; on the negative, McWilliams and Clute. The decision will be given in our next issue.

Messrs. W. O. Gilmour, Bradley and Barr were appointed delegates to the Ontario Hockey Association.

The students were informed on Friday last that if any of their number were caught singing or talking aloud within the vicinity of a lecture room, they would be brought before the College Council. We may easily imagine the rest. Many men believing that a song was scarcely worth \$15, or more, were seen to become very silent upon hearing this latest decree.

Mr. H. P. Biggar, '94, is suffering at present from an attack of typhoid fever. The VARSITY extends to Mr. Biggar the warmest sympathy, and in so doing it is joined by the entire student body. We hope that his recovery will come about at an early date.

On Monday afternoon the Political Science Club of '95 met in Room 10, holding their first regular meeting. Prof. Mavor filled the chair. The subject for debate was, "Resolved that the system of individual ownership of property as advocated by Aristotle is more conducive to the well-being of society than that of community of property as advocated by Plato." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. McKinnon and Kirkwood. The negative by Messrs. McKittrich and Moir. Decided in favor of the affirmative.

The annual general meeting of the Rugby Football Club will be held in Lecture Room No. 3 on Monday next at 4 p.m. The election of officers for the ensuing year and other important business will be gone through with. Members of the club only will be allowed to vote.

The Y.W.C.A. meeting on Wednesday afternoon was well attended, to hear Mr. Fenwick speak on the work in the Korea mission. The gentleman delivered a very interesting address, in which he pointed out clearly the wide field for women missionaries in Korea.

The Seminary classes are being organized in the different departments. Those wishing to take part should notify the professor or lecturer in charge.

The programme of the Classical Association, last Wednesday, was one of high interest to anybody who might attend, whether we were classical or unclassical. But there were few outside of those taking the classical department that were favored with hearing two of the most instructive and interesting papers that have ever been read before the association. Prof. Dale dealt, in an exhaustive manner, with the subject "Classical Scholarship," while Mr. Milner reviewed the tendencies at work in ancient times in an essay entitled "In the Fulness of Time." The audience were greatly delighted, and gave hearty applause to the patrons of the association.

One of the best meetings the club has yet had was held on Monday afternoon, Nov. 13th, in Room 2, Vice-President J. L. Murray in the chair. The attendance was almost twice as large as usual, and the programme also proved to be an unusual treat. The subject of the evening was Contemporary English Authors. Mr. R. W. Allin, '96, opened the literary programme with an essay on Austin Dobson, which was received with no doubtful evidence of appreciation. The club then learned with regret that Mr. Harry Biggar would be unable to read his essay, owing to illness. Mr. Montgomery read a paper on Rudyard Kipling, in which he was quite up to his usual form, eliciting frequent applause. He was followed by Mr. W. P. Reeve, who read an interesting sketch from Rudyard Kipling's works. This brought the programme to a close.

On Monday, Nov. 27th, a French meeting will be held, in which the proceedings are to be entirely in French. An interesting time is certain. There will be no charge for admission.

There was an unusually large attendance at the meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday. Miss De Beauregard gave an interesting address on Missions and made an earnest appeal on behalf of our College missionary, which aroused much enthusiasm.

Mr. P. E. Wilson, '93, spent his summer amongst the mountains of British Columbia, prospecting for minerals. During the three months which he spent out there he made several discoveries, and one claim which he took up assayed 144 oz. of silver to the ton. He afterwards sold this claim for a sum which made his prospecting quite remunerative. Mr. Wilson reports the country to be very rich in minerals, and says that traces of silver can be found in almost any direction. He is now in the city studying law.

The ladies are anxious to know why no VARSITIES reached them week before last. We wonder if that article by "Quercus" had anything to do with it.

Saturday Night's Varsity column is proving interesting of late. In the last two issues have appeared cuts illustrating scenes around the college, from photos by W. S. Braun, '95. Among the cuts are views of Parker's pole vault at the Rosedale sports, and a hot scrimmage in the Rugby game with Queen's, and a good throw-in; also a splendid view of the old shed so famous of late, as it appeared the morning after the second attack. Varsity boys should support *Saturday Night* in its new venture.

ANSWERED.

"Thou beauteous star of brightest gleam,
Thou lily of fairest hue,
How shall I woo thee, precious one?"
"By proxy," answered Sue.

—Sequoia.

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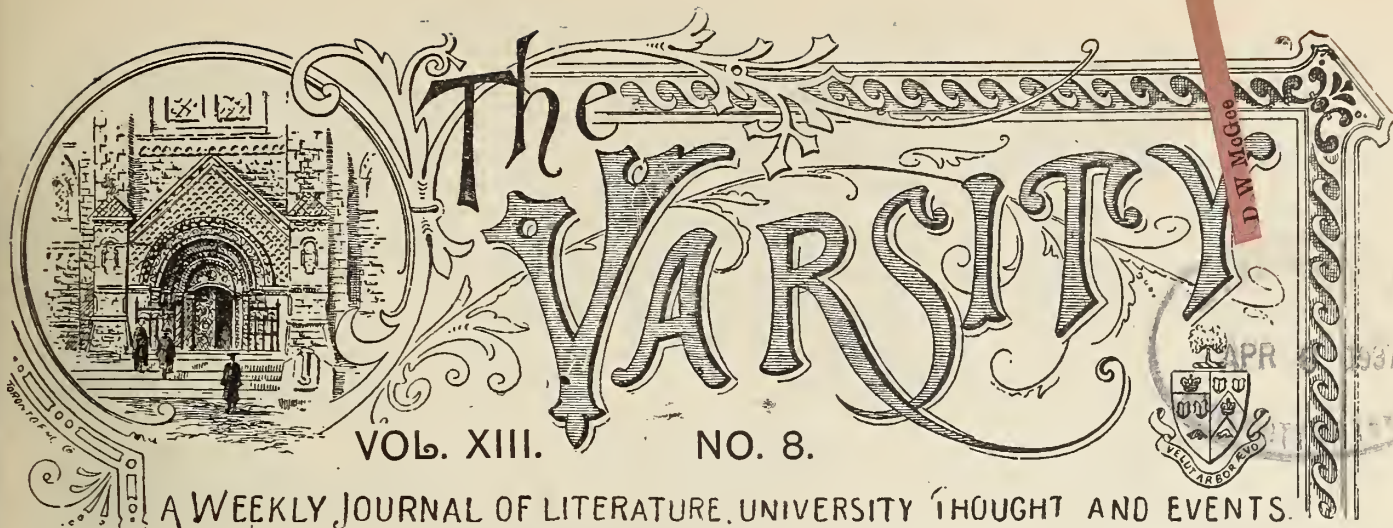
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1893.

No. 8.

Editorial Comments.



HERE appeared in a former volume of VARSITY an editorial in which the department of English was reflected on from the student standpoint. And there the editorial writer expressed a desire that some division might be made in the department of Honor English, so that those who desired to take up this department might not be so much burdened, as at present, with purely technical work of philological nature.

Anyone who looks at the work of the Honor English department, will see that in every year, and especially in the fourth year, Anglo-Saxon and its allied subjects hold a place of considerable importance; and it sometimes seems to the weary student as if a place greater than their meed had been accorded to these relics of the time when our language was still barbaric and rough. It is, of course, to be assumed that the framers of the curriculum in making Anglo-Saxon and Gothic such determinant elements in the examination, must have had some reason for their action.

As the curriculum stands at present, many a student is deterred from taking up Honor English by the thought that so much that is of interest from the merely technical scientific side has to be encountered. It may be said that such a student may, if he so desires, take up the work in English that he likes best and write on the examination on it; and so he may, but unless he takes a quantum of Gothic and allied work, he will not obtain honor standing. And rightly or wrongly, the average student, when he does work, wants to get credit for it on the examination.

Many a student would like to study English literature on account of the thoughts and tendencies of thought which it manifests. Many a student thinks that literature is interesting for the seed thoughts which it brings to him; 'tis here, he finds, that if he is to take any honor standing, he must study an inordinate amount of Anglo-Saxon. He turns to this work, and finds there, for the most part, page after page of tedious sermonizing; and when he looks for literary style he finds but little. In fact, as far as general excellence of literary effect is concerned, he might, perhaps, as well look for diamonds in a dust-heap. What wonder is it, then, that the student whose interest in language is not a mere mortuary one, whose attention is not altogether concentrated on the rags and bones of the language, should at times feel disposed to murmur when he thinks of the kind of work that has to be encountered before a stand in Honor English can be his?

* * * * *

Discussion as to gowns and gown-wearing surges to the front every year for some short space of time; and then as regularly falls into the background, murmuring to itself *resurgam*. Every year this question seems to evoke less and less enthusiasm. Perhaps we are retrograding, perhaps we are not as public-spirited as our predecessors were; but, despite signing of declarations and writing of letters on the subject, the fact remains that gowns are being quietly relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness.

One minor objection to gown-wearing has been the lack of some convenient receptacle in the University where gowns might be stored away where thieves break not in nor steal; and, to obviate this difficulty, sundry suggestions as to lockers have been made. Another minor objection has been that some of the more prosaic amongst us have regarded wearing a gown as being in the nature of a nuisance. We have it on the best of authority, however, that wearing a gown "makes one perfectly lovely," and perhaps if such is the case the male students might think it advisable to undergo the inconvenience of wearing gowns.

The main argument urged on behalf of gown-wearing is the historic one, coupled with the added suggestion that thereby might be fostered the *esprit de corps* of the institution. From the past there comes to us pictures of the time when all around the University there flitted begowned and becaped figures. We would not for an instant sneer at the sentimental consideration advanced, but would merely venture to state that in our opinion it will need something more potent than gown-wearing to bring back to us that *esprit de corps* which some amongst us think is in great degree a matter of the past.

It is unpleasant to think of an old custom dying out, and the attempts being made to resuscitate such a distinctively university custom as gown-wearing are in themselves commendable. But may we not consider that the very neglect of the old custom of gown-wearing is a consequence of our altered state? In the olden days the university was as a thing apart from men; and the wearing of an especial distinguishing garb seemed fitted to the situation, and hallowed by the associations of the past. But now we are becoming more and more in touch with the every-day world, we are becoming more and more a potent force, for the days are with us when "Philosophy has come down from the clouds to dwell among men." And may it not be affirmed that the changed conditions are, in a great degree, responsible for the cessation of the time-honored custom of gown-wearing, fertile in reminiscence as such a custom is?

* * * * *

We have received this week several letters to which pseudonyms alone are appended, the real name of the

writer not being enclosed. There is not the slightest danger of the name of the writer of any contribution to the paper being made known, without the consent of the writer. And so we must insist upon asking our contributors, in future, to enclose along with their *noms de plume* the name of the contributor.

NIGHT.

The noisy hum, the busy strife doth cease,
Now cometh Toil's reward—Rest's perfect peace,
Blushing Phœbus, in glorious crimson and gold array,
Throws his purple mantle o'er his radiant bride, fair Day,
And smiling, thus together, they fade from sight away.

With rustling robe comes Night, so cool, so calm,
Her touch on fever'd brow is healing balm.
O'er waiting earth she casts her dark robe from on high,
With many silver stars she pins it to the sky,
And sweetly, softly, sounds her lullaby:

“Rest, rest, sweet rest,
To weary mortal comes at last;
Though the heart grow sad and the day be long,
Soon, soon will rise Life's even song,
And toil and pain and sorrow past,
We'll sink to rest.”

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL, '97.

THE TEARFUL MUSE.

Every one must admire the firmness of conviction and the terseness of argument with which the writer of a recent article under the above caption contends that a proneness to “the tearful muse” is indicative of youthful impotence and artificiality. The writer argues the point to a conclusion, and he evidently regards that conclusion as final. But unfortunately some may be disposed to dispute the soundness of his logic, the finality of his decision, and indeed the very existence—except in his case, for which they cannot speak—of those “morbid, pathetic states” and “troubled spaces of transition,” on which the whole contention of the writer is hypothetically based.

To fix infallible metes and bounds for any department of literature is a task which few men have had the temerity to essay, even after a life-time of experiment, much less in the short space of one thousand words more or less. And of all departments, that of poetry, dealing as it does with so much that is unseen and evasive, and dwelling as it does in the heart and the imagination, rather than in the world of facts and things, might well defy the cautious grasp of long philosophy, let alone the superficial handling of a logic so dexterous, but, in truth, so hurried.

Even were the task a hopeful one, the advisability of attempting to reduce art to mathematical principles and hem it about with conditions as you would put a madman in a straight-jacket, may be seriously questioned. Literature is a spontaneous growth or it is nothing, and as such it must pass through many stages, the usefulness of which in some cases may not, at the time, be evident. This is true of literature considered generally, and it is true of individual contributions to literature. The broad literature of England from Chaucer to the present day, and the individual work of any one man in that period, are equally spontaneous growths—conforming to certain laws, but not the result of those laws, any more than daisies in the fields are the creation of the natural laws according to which they bloom, and flourish and die. To analyse a flower is not to reach the secret of its existence; and to analyse poetry and resolve for it a philosophy is not likely to bring us to the truth, while it may very possibly give us wrong and injurious standards.

This, it would seem, is exactly what the reasoning of the article in question has done; and while it is far from

the purpose of this brief criticism to attempt anything so impracticable as the rearing of “a complete philosophy of verse,” there is no reason why we should not point out, where possible, the errors of any theory which regards poems as “maunderingly sentimental,” “impotent,” and “artificial,” that we do not teach a direct and essential optimism.

It is true that our writer—himself a subject of the divine afflatus—recognizes that “there is such a thing as true pathos.” But almost immediately he repents, and goes on to tell us how “our great poets have always discovered their mistake,” etc. It is so throughout his article. There must be no place for mournful melodies. They all are classed with fairy tales and nursery rhymes; with Mother Goose and Uncle Remus; with Byronic melancholy, and—save the mark!—Swinburnian *lunacy*!

The writer has lost sight of one fact—one very important fact—that, after all, life *has* two sides; that while a man may “believe that God is in his Heaven, and all is right with the world,” still there are times when the soul grapples with the tragic mystery of its own existence; that the one state of mind is just as real as the other; that there *are* “tears from the depths of some divine despair” as truly as there is “laughter, good for body, good for soul.” The petulant sighings of hopeless sorrow are as natural a vent for the one state of mind, as the brave words of “god-like determination” are for the other; and to smother the sighs is as unnatural as to smother the brave words as they rise from the heart. The singer who assumes a constant optimism is as untrue to art as the painter who paints all his pictures in vermilion. In art we must have candor, if we are to have truth!

It would, doubtless, be foolish to deny that all great poets have been eventually optimistic in their views, no matter how constant flowed the strains of sadness from their divine harps. Akin to prophets, they remind us of the seers of Israel, who, while they saw with fear and trembling the advancing shadow of woe to be, and read on the wall the hand-writing of certain doom, yet were enabled to look beyond to the dawn of hope, and already felt the mystic workings of glorious issues which they knew were sure. They could not have seen the glory had they not first experienced the gloom. True belief comes only in the path of doubt. The cross first, then the crown. Clothe us with more god-like garments, but show us first our own nakedness and woe. This is true philosophy, for it has had the stamp of divine approval. The faith that is really potent to save comes only to the man who has learned his own helplessness. He alone can guide us to a true optimism who first takes us through the dark waters of despair.

The very history of poetry will prove that it is an art by no means gay and sunny when at its best. It could be shown easily, with abundant instances from our English poets alone, that the realm of poetry has been—not the light and glad things of human experience, but the deeper, more melancholy chapter of the mysterious story—too sad and full for words except in rhythmic beat. From this we get the pathos of all true poetry—an element that it must have to be great, and that it has in the most pronounced degree when greatest. Without pathos there is no true beauty—which is the ideal goal of verse. Without pathos brave words are brazen and flippant—like the hollow vauntings of grim Epicureans, who make to-day merry, not because they have faith in to-morrow, but because they fear it. The truest music is that which takes us nearest tears, and we search in vain for a great poem that does not give us its visions of beauty through the soft mists that suffuse our eyes.

To teach, then, that, “our great poets have always discovered their mistake,” is to teach false doctrine and shallow philosophy. They made no mistake. Having been purged by the fire, they became pure gold. Having passed through the valley, they reached the mountain top. Having had their vision clarified with

tears, they were able to look beyond the things past the ken of others. Tennyson impresses us with a mighty faith in

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off, divine event,
Towards which the whole creation moves,

only because he was first able to sing from his heart:—

With weary steps I loiter on,
Though always under altered skies
The purple from the distance dies—
My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives
The herald melodies of spring.

And so we see that the tearful muse has her place, and that there is no nobility in mere optimism—unless it be the outgrowth of bitter experience—the rose blooming on the thorny stalk, the wall-flower throwing her fragrance 'mid ruins. Poetry that is only optimistic is not the best, most beautiful poetry. Melancholy is not always maudering sentimentality—"a sign of immaturity and salad days." There have been and are lives of heart-break; and to ignore or ridicule the pathetic element is to betray that we do not fully grasp the work of our greatest singers, and the deep manifold expression it represents. Tears *must* mingle with our laughter, and many of our sweetest songs *must* tell of saddest thoughts; and though sorrow is suffering, and suffering is sickness, and sickness is death, it is not the death of our truer natures, but rather of the untrue; the death that, purging us of all selfishness and vain misgivings, as the fire purges the gold of its dross, leads us out into a fuller, more manly life, and gives us a sweeter faith than any ardent confidence of our ignorant and thoughtless years.

JAS. A. TUCKER, '95.

"PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE PUT THEIR FARES IN THE BOX."

It was late one night, and I was returning home in a sombre car dragged by a single somnolent horse. Myself and my surroundings were in accord: the drowsy driver suited my frame of mind; my few fellow-passengers were, I think, as weary as myself, and we all fell to musing.

And then thought went back for years and years. A low portal with a little wicket-gate and the words "The Residence" came into mental view, and were in turn the portal for other thronging memories: tattered gowns, "routing," lamp-light falling on a German text of Plato, a crackling fire, some one coming in to "borrow" a "pipe-ful," lectures, a learned president with his epigraphy and his snuff and his 'categories'; other learned professors expounding 'barst' and 'whorrls,' and palæontological deposits, and crystallographic angles (what grand words those were in those days!), and the moaning of the homeless sea ("a shemioclon after shea"). Perhaps most prominent among them all was a kindly old gentleman with a lovable face and a beautiful brow, hurriedly entering his lecture-room, carrying two note-books surmounted by a pocket-handkerchief and a bunch of keys—keys that did duty for endless exposition of "subject" and "object," of "phænomena" and "things-in-themselves"—for the deep (for some of us then—and now also—far too deep) things of Locke and Kant and Hegel: "G. P. Y." he was called in our note-books, and to how many to-day do not those initials call up a thrill of reverent admiration!

To me that night they were a mental stimulant. I remembered the time when I used to wonder how the external world appeared to him, when he did his best to explain that it was not such as it appeared to us (those were indeed the days of youth!); used to ponder over that non-existent ribband, "blue at this end, let us call it *aleph*; green at that end, let us call it *beth*;" and over those keys which, I was told, in reality possessed neither weight nor configuration. And then I began to take note of my

little external world in that one-horsed tram-car, and my eyes fell upon the notice, "Passengers will Please put their Fares in the Box," and the wearied brain ran on something in this fashion:—

All the three things mentioned in the notice were surely after all nothing but phænomena—as much phænomena as those exemplary keys or that non-existent ribband. The Box certainly was; it was an appearance merely; a something of which we became cognizant only through organs of sense, excited rods and cones and Paccinian corpuscles, a vibration of the optic and afferent nerves, and, presumably, an alteration of the vesicular neurine—things quite as phænomenal as that questionable box. Whether it even was, we could not know; much less whether it was a box with form, color, weight, hardness, or any other "properties" supposedly "inhering" in it.

The Fare, again, was a phænomenon within a phænomenon, a phænomenon raised to the second power, as it were. For, not only was the coin, in itself, a mere appearance, a bundle of "possibilities of sensation," but it was also a mere symbol or evidence of five cents' worth of labour. It bespoke the fact that a certain amount of toil, expended in digging it out of the earth, was represented by a silver disc; which disc was given in exchange for an equivalent amount of toil expended by me at my desk; and in turn, by me handed over to the Street Railway Company for toil expended in conveying me home. In itself it was a nothing, and a less than nothing.

And so with the Passenger. He was a phænomenon cubed, if we regard him, first, as a corporeal entity, a visible and tangible mass of matter; second, as an isolated, determined particle of self-consciousness under the appearances of senses and intellect, feeling and will; and, third, as an individual, a person, a unit in the body politic and social, having a name, a character, and a reputation. In that he possessed a material body and clothes he was phænomenal, like the box into which he put his fare. In that these were but the sensible and temporary envelope of potentialities unseen, he was phænomenal like his fare. In that he was a differentiated and separated portion, not only of the community as a whole, but also, may we not say, of supreme thought and consciousness as a whole, he was surely trebly and quadruply phænomenal. To be other than phænomenal he must be absolute and self-contained, unrelated to aught else, a self-existent unit. And this very evidently the Passenger was not; his whole existence was one complicated texture of relations; his physical being was the outcome of relationships; his sensations, and volitions, and reasonings were the ordered result of associations and relationships.

What, then, was the substratum for all these phænomena, the fixedness beneath the changing, the eternal beneath the evanescent, the real beyond the apparent, the hypo-phænomenal? And was it cognoscible, did it exist? We were surely not all mere appearances stalking amid appearances?

But my eye caught the familiar corner of my nightly disembarkation, and I alighted. Yet I never read the sign, "Passengers will Please put their Fares in the Box," without a recurrence of a similar train of thought, accompanied by grateful and reverent memories of him who led me and many other thoughtless undergraduates to think upon the world in which we find ourselves.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

The Engineering Society holds its next regular meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 28th.

The School of Science dinner will be held at Webb's on Friday, December 1. The members of the committee have taken great pains in order that the arrangements should be complete, and it is expected that the dinner will be the best yet held, as a good programme has been prepared in addition to the toast list.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

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NOVEMBER 29, 1893.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

T was long past eight o'clock last Friday when the President of the Literary Society took the chair. The members, too, were late in arriving, and at first it was feared that the carefully planned onslaught upon the constitution would prove a failure. *But the look of grim determination on the faces of those who had armed themselves with amendments bespoke, to the experienced, a different result.

The Recording Secretary, Mr. Fry, opened proceedings by reading the minutes of the last two meetings. Then the chairman issued a general challenge in behalf of the minutes and asked if any members were prepared to deny their correctness and enter the lists against them. At once all eyes were turned towards the group of valiant champions who were present, but they had come that they might give battle to a different foe and the minutes were allowed to pass in peace.

Then Mr. Bragg arose and proposed, on behalf of the committee, that the second meeting in December be set apart for a debate between '95 and '97 to settle the championship of the different years. This was readily assented to, as was also his proposal that McGill be asked to send two members to take part in an inter-collegiate debate to be held early in February. Mr. McWilliams wanted another debate to be arranged for with Queen's or some other college, and Mr. McMillan thought it would be a good idea to have one with Moulton, but the society wisely concluded that one inter-collegiate debate would be enough.

And now came a lull; it was the one that forebodes a storm. Suppressed excitement was on every face.

"And the boldest held his breath, for a time." Who would begin the attack? At last Mr. Gillis arose: the suspense was over and the battle begun. Mr. Gillis declared that the clause which prevented any member from voting who had not paid his University fees was as unfair as it was unnecessary, and that it was bad enough for any member to have to pay interest at the usurious rate of seven dollars on twenty-five without being disfranchised. Mr. McLean, however, was of the opinion that designing persons might sometimes register merely for the sake of getting a vote. The amendment failed to get the requisite two-thirds majority, and the constitution remained intact.

But the true hero is never discouraged by a first repulse. One of his weapons having been broken, Mr. Gillis seized another and immediately returned to the attack. He moved that the two auditors should be appointed at the ante-penultimate meeting, and that one of them should be a chartered accountant. The attack seemed about to prove successful, when Mr. Levy made a sortie in behalf of the beleaguered constitution, and proposed as an amendment that the clause calling for a chartered accountant be left out. The amendment was defeated. Then came the vote on the main motion. The chairman said it was lost by one or two votes. Mr. McLean did not believe that the chair knew how to count, and asked that the ayes and nays be taken. Mr. Levy objected, as the motion had already been declared lost, and the chair upheld the objection. Mr. McLean appealed and the chair was overruled. The ayes and nays were taken by the secretary and the motion was declared carried. But Mr. Levy was of the opinion that the secretary knew no more about counting than did the chairman, and asked for the figures. The secretary acknowledged that he had been unable to count them all, but said he had counted thirty-one to thirteen. Mr. Levy said there were over fifty present; that thirty-one was not two-thirds of fifty, and that therefore the motion was lost. Then everybody said something. Finally the house was divided and the motion was carried amidst triumphant cheers.

When Mr. Craig advanced to the attack the defenders of the constitution were completely exhausted. He proposed that the only order of business at the annual meeting should be the election of officers, and everybody agreed that it should be so. This was the second breach which had been made in the constitution. Mr. Craig also introduced some other changes which did away with the pretence of the society to represent the Meds.

Mr. Lingelbach introduced a long motion concerning the constitution of the college journal, and this was carried. They say it was a very important motion, but by this time I was so tired that I didn't pay much attention.

Mr. Craig introduced a similar motion concerning the general committee. Mr. Moore said that Mr. Craig knew nothing about finance and therefore he would vote against it. Mr. Reeve said that it was Mr. Moore who knew nothing about finance, and that therefore he would vote for it. I forget the rest, but the motion was lost.

Mr. Wickett moved to strike out the clause forbidding the discussion of Canadian political questions, and demanded freedom of speech. The society agreed to give it to him and passed his motion.

Mr. Lingelbach introduced some more motions concerning the college journal, and during their discussion the chairman ruled that the constitution of the college journal was not part of the constitution of the Literary Society, and could be amended at any time by a mere majority of those voting. A director who was near me said, "gee whiz!" and Mr. Lingelbach looked surprised, but the ruling was admitted to be correct. Both of Mr. Lingelbach's motions carried.

Mr. Gillis had two more motions concerning the poor VARSITY, and one of them was also carried. I wish I had

brought in a motion, because the society seemed ready to pass any motion concerning the paper, and it required only a bare majority.

Mr. Fry brought in a motion to lessen the duties of the corresponding secretary, but there was a mistake in the wording. Mr. McKinnon asked the chair to rule that it meant something or nothing, and the chair ruled that it meant something. The society was inclined to doubt this and voted it down.

I did not stay to hear any more. It was near twelve o'clock, and I was afraid I would be locked out. I have determined to sell my copy of the constitution to a freshman for three cents. I don't believe it is worth anything now that all those amendments have been passed.

C. B.

UNIVERSITY FENCING CLUB.

On Friday afternoon, at a meeting held in No. 1, was formed the University Fencing Club, with the following officers:—

President	Prof. Chapman.
Vice-President	Dr. Needler.
Treasurer	E. Gillis.
Secretary	F. B. Goodwillie.
Master-at-Arms	Mr. Williams.

The Fencing Club, although the youngest of College Clubs, is very much alive, having already some twenty-five active members, and also a considerable amount of gear.

Attention will be given to both fencing and single stick, three lessons a week being given in each of these branches, the time being as follows:—On Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 5 to 6 o'clock, fencing; and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at the same hour, single stick.

During the winter months several exhibitions will be given, in which the best amateur swordsmen in the city will take part.

An endeavor will also be made to offer a prize shield for the best exponent of the foil among the members of the club.

All wishing to join the club are requested to hand in their names at once to the secretary, Mr. Goodwillie, there being no extra charge made for instruction except the initial fee, one dollar (\$1.00), for joining.

THE EARTH IS FLAT.

I am an admirer of water, and of its great powers. To me the rumbling of the cataract rushing down with its mighty energy; or the sweet musical ripple of the rapids cheerily picking their rollicking way among the pebbles; or the heart-refreshing spring bursting in silver stream from the hillside, mottled perhaps with bleaching limestone, scanty shrub, and lovely green grass—to me such sights and sounds have almost an inspiration. Indeed no landscape seems perfect without an harmonious blending of water—whether it be river, lake, or ocean—with the other parts of Dame Nature's glorious dress.

When I think of the beauties of the element which covers three-fourths of the surface of this earth, I do not wonder that so many people prefer voyaging by water to travelling by rail. I am sure a trip across the noble lake that nestles quietly alongside our queen city is especially enjoyable when the day is bright, but I am equally sure that it does not need a glowing sun to make a pleasant excursion, as it is my intention to tell you of a short outing I availed myself of on a rather cold, bleak, autumn day some little time ago.

The voyage across the lake from the city had little worthy of remark. My old friend and I sat upon the bows and discussed the receding town, the color of the water, the

speed of our good ship, the "Empress," with occasional dashes of "Commercial Union," "Annexation," and other burning topics, until the evening shades began to gather about us, and the air became too cool, and then we went inside and lounged in the saloon upon the cushioned easy chairs, listening to the sweet strains of "God be with you till we meet again," and "Sweet By-and-By," warbled by fair voices beside the piano.

However the return part of our excursion was more eventful. It was on the Monday following that, in company with the same old friend, I found myself at Port Dalhousie ready to embark again. While waiting for the lading of the cargo, whom should I see coming across the wharf to the boat but one of my old college mates. Of course that promised more company and more amusement. We were all standing there—three of us, and another one that you may guess about—when my old friend called my attention to a man who was just entering our cosy room in the stern. I looked, and tried to measure the one thus referred to. He was about five feet eight inches in height, had whiskers and moustache, not in lavish profusion, but in a sufficient plenty, had a rather long Roman nose decorating his complexion fair, and a lip with a slight curl, somewhat indicative of the *genus crankie*. He was dressed in a suit of light tweed, wore a hard Christy hat with a flat top, and he was generally seen with his hands buried deeply in his trousers' pockets. My chum and I at once marked out our new friend, as we were told that he held rather peculiar views as to physical laws, general phenomena, and in fact almost anything; and determined that if we could strike up a conversation with him we would do so.

Well, soon we slipped the hauser and started in the lake, and as it was a rather stormy day, and the whitecaps were rolling, we left the room when the fair ones began to recline upon the couches with shawls thrown over their faces, and went more amidships. While the three of us were standing here our new friend came along, and in about two minutes, I scarcely know how it started, we had a conversation booming.

On coming to such close quarters I noticed there was a defect in the gentleman's ocular organs. The pupils seemed very much dilated, and of a peculiar brownish tint, and to see any reading or writing he had to place it about eleven centimeters from his eyes.

Just then the smoke of the "Chicora" was seen some distance to the southeast by east, and our inability to see the vessel was remarked. In a few minutes, however, the top of her smokestack hove in sight, and I remarked that I considered that an excellent proof of the rotundity of the earth.

"Who told you the earth is round?" rather vehemently inquired our learned companion in travel; "it is no such thing. You have simply heard that stated all the time, or read it in some of your books. I thought so myself six months ago."

"Well, I think so still," was the reply; and then he started off on a gallop. I cannot relate half that he waxed eloquent over, but he was recalled to the very object we were discussing by my mate breaking in with, "Look here, how is it you can only see the top of that smoke-stack?"

"That is very simple," said he. "Did you ever stand in the middle of a street, and, on looking downwards, see the telegraph poles, street lamps, fences, in fact everything on both sides of the street approach, or seem to approach each other." Of course we assented; we had often seen such a phenomena. "Then," continued he, "this is just the same; it is caused by nothing more than the 'laws of refraction.'" None of us had ever heard such an occurrence explained by reference to these mysterious "laws," the sum and substance of which we were led to infer was that at a distance only the top can be seen first.

Then we referred him to digging canals, eclipses, etc., but were assured that all this talk about allowing in dig-

ging canals eight inches of dip a mile was a fraud. "In fact," said he, "the digging is carried on simply by the use of the spirit-level." Then we spoke about a ship sailing around the world, and again we were assured of our being deceived. "This is just the way the whole thing is arranged," said he. "The earth is an island resting upon the waters." I did not ask him its specific gravity. "The North Pole is a point here," said he, making a mark with his finger on the floor, "exactly beneath the North Star, by which mariners always guide themselves. About this pole as centre are described circles of latitude, which cut at right angles the straight lines drawn from the centre outwards. Thus, to go south, you move in a straight line away from the pole, while to go east or west you must move at right angles to these lines, or in circles; and so by continuing your course you are brought back to the place from which you started. The tropics are marked out by motion of the sun, and the equator is half-way between them."

"But what about the South Pole?" we asked.

"Just wait, please, till I finish," said he.

"Tell us about the South Pole first."

"No person ever saw it," said he. "There is no such thing as the South Pole. The farther you go from the North Pole, after you pass the equator, the colder it is, and all about the outside of the sea are massive icebergs." He was sure no person could ever sail about the earth in any direction except from west to east or east to west. He also informed us that mariners always lost their reckoning whenever they attempted to sail south of the equator, just because they think that the lines from the North Pole run together again, while, in fact, they continually become more widely separated.

All this was certainly fresh information to us, and we inquired about the motion of the earth, and day and night. Of course, this was all very easily explained too—to his satisfaction. The sun, he explained, has a peculiar spiral motion (he did not give me the equation to the spiral, however), and continually hovers between the tropics. When it gets so far south, it turns and goes back again.

"But, look here!" broke in my chum.

"I'm talking now, just wait, will you, please?" and we waited. "According to your theory," he went on, "the earth revolves every day, and then moves about the sun as well. Now, in the Bible we are told that Joshua commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and if the earth would stop at once, according to your theory, it would fly all to pieces. Now, the sun was ordered to stand still, and it did so, that is all. Now, that is what is there stated, isn't it?"

"No, that is not what is meant at all," insisted our old friend.

"It is so! That's all you know about the Bible!" In vain my friend tried to explain that many such expressions are not to be taken in their exact literalness, but our terrestrial system man would not hear of it.

Just then we began to feel rather cold, as though we were approaching some of those massive icebergs that bound the sea, and I proposed to my chum to go in beside the fire. There we stayed a few minutes; and then sallied forth to see what was going on in the bow of the boat. Up there, my mate engaged in chat with a friend of his, and while I was looking out upon the white-crested billows, our wise man edged up again.

"You come from Toronto, do you?"

"Yes."

"Those ideas I was giving you are not original." He went on to say that he got them from a book published in London, Eng.

"Well," said I, "I believe you are all wrong."

I asked how far he thought the sun was away from us, and he thought it was about 700 miles.

"And the moon?" said I.

"Oh, that is less still."

Then I inquired about their sizes, and learned that the sun is much smaller than the earth, and the moon smaller than the sun.

"Now," said he, "you have often noticed how much colder it is on a clear night than on a cloudy evening. Why is that?"

I proceeded to talk about radiation, but was, of course, egregiously in the wrong.

"The sun is a light to rule by day, and the moon a lesser light to rule by night. These are separate and distinct lights. Now, if you take a glass lens and collect the sun's rays to a focus, heat will be generated because the sun's light is warm; while if you do the same for the moon's rays, the cold will be intensified, because the moon's light is a cold light. That is the reason."

In vain I protested I could not see it, but all the more he declared it was true; and as my knowledge of optics was by no means complete I had to withdraw from the contest.

Just then we were entering the harbor, and we had to go down to secure our baggage, and thus had to cut off this "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Since our memorable conversation with this learned coxcomb who held the eel of science in a vigorous grasp about the throat, I have had in mind and have somewhat carefully considered the question whether really the earth is flat or not, and I have come to the conclusion that, although there are many parts which seem hard to climb over, yet in a great number of places and departments and to a great many individuals it is flat indeed!

C. A. CHANT.

TO THE STUDENTS.

The Directorate is now considering the advisability of improving the general appearance of the VARSITY, both by securing a better quality of paper and by adding a cover. Of course this will require the hearty co-operation of the students, and the B. M. would like to have at least 50 more subscribers added to the list.

So far, the III. and IV. Years have done particularly well, but the I. and II. are still behind.

Beside the fact that the journal will probably be considerably improved, there are prospects of an excellent illustrated Xmas number. So that we feel that we are offering good value in return, aside from the fact that every true student should feel it his duty to support VARSITY—the only exponent of the thoughts and feelings of the student body of one of the finest Universities in America.

W. E. LINGELBACH,
Chairman.

AUTUMN AND THE POETS.

In the autumn, when vanished summer is only a dream, and the lifeless, yellow leaves drop sorrowfully as tears on the withered grass, and banks of cold, grey clouds stretch darkly across the deep glow of the ruddy twilight, there falls upon every heart that possesses the faintest tinge of poetic susceptibility a mysterious impalpable sadness and an indefinite yearning for a something that seems lost beyond the days that are dead or the mornings that are not yet dawned. The intensity of this feeling naturally varies with natures of varying poetic temperament, but I earnestly believe that no human soul ever enters more deeply into the dark, inscrutable mystery of life than when looking on a sober, autumnal sunset. The infinite depth of the golden light, the remote silver clouds that seem floating within it like the fabled islands of the blest, the calm serenity of the deepening twilight, the chilly, austere clouds, and the vague sense of irrecoverable loss connected with the waning of summer, all unite in

forming an unutterable, strange wish for something above us, and an exalted sorrow that is not without its sweetness and beauty.

In such an hour of twilight thoughtfulness, earthly despair and earthly dissonance grow strangely softened and far-away; and a few melodious strains of life's perfect harmony come stealing in among the imperfect clouds. Earth seems tinged with an unearthly light. It is in these golden twilights that so many of our poets have felt their deepest thoughts. Tennyson's *Tears, Idle Tears*, is the utterance, or the attempted utterance, of one of these twilight reveries, and he has never struck a more beautiful or a more sorrowful note than in this song, sung by a maid to Ida in the ambrosial twilight gloom:

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"It is, in a way, like St. Paul's groanings which cannot be uttered," Tennyson once said, speaking of this poem. "It was written at Tintern, when the woods were all yellowing with autumn, and seen through the ruined windows. It is what I have always felt, even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion for the past!'"

Shelley was transported by the same feeling and influenced by the same autumnal passion, "too deep for the brief fathom-line of thought or sense," when he wrote,

Rough wind that moanest loud,
Grief too sad for song;

—wail for the world's wrong.

But Shelley's dirge is in a tone of fated despair, discordant with the bitterness of a dreamer who has realized that his dreams are eternally illusive. It has not the human attachment of Tennyson's song. Keats, also, did not escape the same subtle influence, and we have his poem on

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.

But the amorous young lyricist never burned with Tennyson's "passion for the past;" his was a passion of the beautiful, and he found it more in the season when

With treble soft,
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Swinburne is particularly susceptible to twilight pensiveness, and we have his "*Hesperia*" full of twilight music and autumnal sadness.

Out of the golden remote wild west, where the sea without shore is,
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fullness of joy,
As a wind sets in with the autumn, that blows from the region of stories,

Blows with a perfume of songs, and of memories beloved from a boy,
Blows from the capes of the past, over sea to the bays of the present,
Filled us with shadow of sound, with the pulse of invisible feet,
Far out to the shallows and straits of the future, by rough ways or pleasant,

Is it thither the wind's wings beat?

Swinburne was a lover of the sea and of twilight. No poet has ever transformed so successfully their spirit, their wildness, their sadness, into human emotions and thoughts. Much of his inspiration came

From the bountiful infinite west, from the happy memorial places,
Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead,
Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces,
And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and sunset is red.

Morris, who seems to be under the same shadow of an inevitable doom as Swinburne, hopeless and despairing, likewise found a sympathetic gloom in an autumn twilight.

We live to-day, forgetting June,
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
O, harken, harken! through the afternoon
The grey tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!
Sweet, sweet and sad, the failing year's last breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

Yea, I have looked and seen November there;
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,
Fair death of things that, living once, were fair,
Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,
Strange image of the dread eternity,
In whose void patience how can these have part,
These outstretched feverish hands, this restless heart?

Neither Morris nor Swinburne felt that beyond the winter and the night there is to be spring and dawn. Whether their dark view of death being the end of all came from their blindness or their wisdom we cannot tell. In both poets there is the vain attempt at resignation, the last forlornness of mortals on their uncertain, darkening way to an inevitable, eternal dome. The deep tragedy of this endless night they find shadowed forth in the gathering glooms of autumnal sunsets, and they color their songs with its shadows. If their belief is right we cannot tell, but a strong, irrepressible something in us causes us to turn our eyes to a yet lightless east, and makes us cling blindly, desperately to the faith that somewhere, sometime, there will come a morning with

Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea,
When the stars their still gleams glass.
In its blue tranquility.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

S. P. S. NOTES.

Lectures were suspended on Thanksgiving Day by consent of the faculty and the following day by consent of the students.

The S. P. S. Association football team was defeated by Knox College, by a score of one goal to none. The School players did well throughout the game, but had hard luck in their attempts to score, and as a result, the championship goes elsewhere this year. The Rugby team, however, is right in it, and the defeat of the Association team was more than made up for by the brilliant game played against '96, whom everybody expected would win the championship in a canter. The result was 8 to 2 in favor of the School, and was due purely to the condition of the ground, and partly to the dribbling game played by the School forwards. This win puts the School team in the final round, with a good chance for the championship.

DIVARSITIES.

MLLE. DE FRECHETTE.—Does Jay Kobb write poetry now?

M. LEFRECHE.—No, he has given it up.

MLLE. DE FRECHETTE.—Why, is he going to be married?

He was only a third year political science man, but he said a joke—and at the table in residence, too. An amusing story was told of a clown—a clown is a clown in a circus—who came so near possessing a horse once that he had a night mare. The political science man said "probably the fellow was bed-ridden"; and the pickles passed to him at once.

In Edinburgh University there is a professor whose lectures are more learned than interesting. For his services in the line of original scientific research he received the order of knighthood from Her Majesty. When he was about to return from London, where the "dubbing" ceremony had been performed, some wag put up the following notice on the college bulletin board:—"Work, for the knight cometh when no man can work."

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS

The establishing of an "Infirmiry Notes" column is the question which agitates the VARSITY staff at present.

H. A. Semple, '94, has been taken from Knox to his home in Fergus. We understand with sorrow that he is dangerously ill, but we hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

W. Abbott, '96, who was for some time in the General Hospital, a victim to diphtheria, has been removed to his home in Brockville. We are glad to learn he is improving.

G. R. Arnold, '94, who was obliged some time ago to go home on account of ill-health, returned some days since. But immediately on his return he had a relapse. Last week he was not strong enough to be removed home, but he will probably be able to go this week. Mr. Arnold has our sympathy.

There being no lectures Thanksgiving Day, a number of the Varsity men spent the time from Wednesday evening till Monday morning at their homes throughout the country. Their manifest purpose of course was to investigate the current opinions which obtain at present throughout the land regarding—well, regarding sheds and such matters. These opinions are reported as being strongly against sheds.

A very pleasant memento of University life for undergraduates to secure is the little volume, *Alumni Souvenir*, published by Mr. M. B. Aylesworth, of the Canada Life Building, city. This contains photos of the University and affiliated college buildings, members of the various faculties, etc., and is very tastefully gotten up. Mr. Aylesworth has secured an agent in the college, and is determined to push the sale of the work, which ought to prove no difficult task. See his "ad" in the VARSITY for particulars.

The Banjo Club will practice in the Residence Dining Hall, on Monday and Thursday, at 4 p.m.

A social innovation took place among the lady students during Thanksgiving week. On Friday afternoon Miss Kerr, '95, and Miss White, '96, were at home to their College friends. Two charming hours passed all too quickly in the softly lighted rooms on Wellesley street as the guests listened to the strains of music, partook of the dainty refreshments and held sweet converse together.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting last Sabbath afternoon was addressed by Prof. McCurdy. The attendance was a little smaller than usual, as many of the boys were home for Thanksgiving. The topic of his very earnest address was from Eph. iv. 20, "But ye have not so learned Christ." Paul was a great phrase-maker. He had a definite

meaning in view when he talked about "learning Christ." The speaker showed the difference between "learning about Christ" and "learning Christ." The former was instructive and helpful; the latter essential to salvation. It is necessary to learn Christ as an actual person, and to make His example our model.

Saving faith consisted of belief plus trust. We can have belief in human beings, but we are never absolutely sure of such belief. But there is One in whom we can have perfect confidence, in whom our belief will never be betrayed. In addition to belief, we must have trust. We *believe* in a person as to what he actually is; we trust in him as to what he will do for us. If Christ was the only One in whom we could have perfect belief, much more was He the only One whom we could absolutely trust. Perfect, implicit trust, and not mere intellectual belief, was essential to salvation.

We hope to see the usual large attendance on next Sunday afternoon.

On Tuesday afternoon of this week Rev. Dr. Mackay, of Formosa, addressed a large and interested audience of students in Y.M.C.A. hall. A fuller account of this meeting will be given next issue.

The regular Thursday afternoon meeting was not held last week, owing to the Thanksgiving holiday. A large attendance is expected to-morrow afternoon. The subject will be "The Baptism of Christ."

The treasurer requests that those who have not yet paid their fees should do so at once, as the financial condition of the society is not as satisfactory as it should be.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

On Monday evening, the 20th inst., the Modern Language Club held a German meeting. The proceedings, from start to finish, were in German, and "Herr" Braun and "Lingle" were in their element. They even made jokes in German; but the society is not responsible for such things. The programme was excellent in every particular. Mr. McKinnon dealt historically with the life and times of Lessing in a very interesting and instructive manner. Mr. Murray followed with an essay on Lessing's influence on German literature, which indicated careful and comprehensive study of the subject. One of Lessing's plays—*Minna von Barnhelm*—was neatly summarized by Miss A. Rowsom, and the essay was interpolated with some apt criticism of Lessing's style. Mr. E. F. Langley read an essay in German on "Am Tubernfer," by Heyse; *Es war sehr gut aber ich verstant es nicht*. Herr Braun brought the programme to an end by reading some extracts from Lessing's *Fablen* and *Timkenlieder*.

EMPTYNESS.

O, what a bitter, cruel world
Is this—
To rest in death, that would alone
Be bliss.

How idle every empty hope
Of man;
How vain for e'en a moment's joy
To plan.

Best friends are faithless, pleasures all
Soon go;
Backward and forward both, we look
On woe.

What ails me, makes my throbbing
brain
To whirl?
I did not get a letter from
My girl!
A.H.C. in Brunonian.

One of our boys went out to walk one day
Sporting a brand new Prince;
He placed his heel on a banana peel
And he hasn't "banana" where since.
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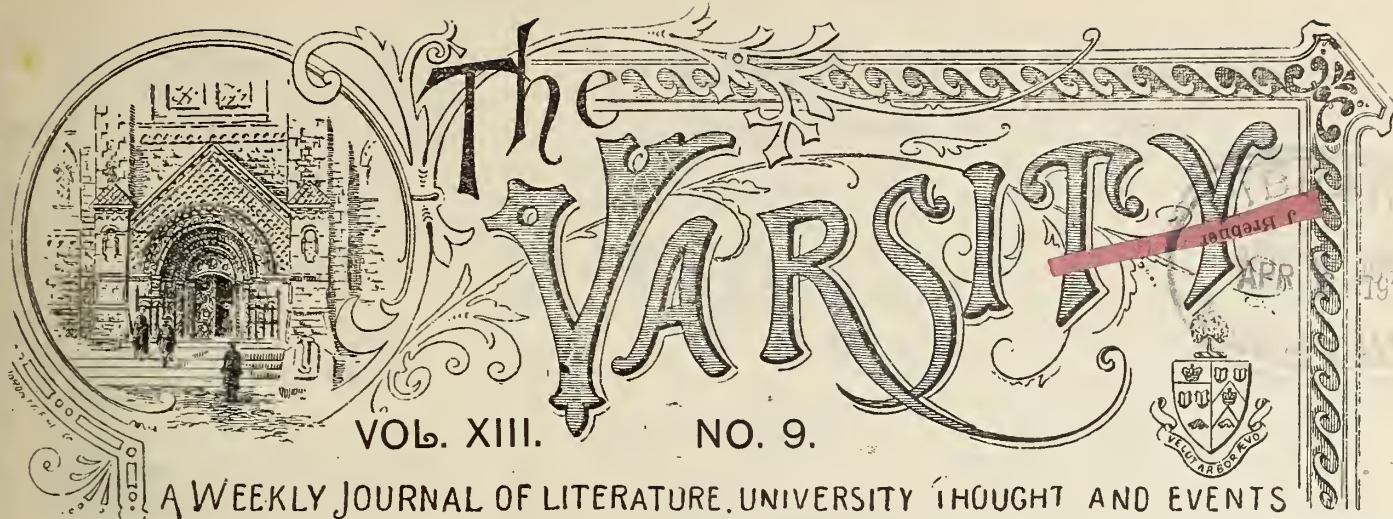
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The Varsity

VOL. XIII. NO. 9.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1893.

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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1893.

No. 9.

Editorial Comments.



WHENEVER complaints, whether expressed in tangible form or merely taking the form of rumour, are preferred against the students of Toronto University in any matter of general interest, we recognize it as our duty, although on the present occasion a by no means pleasing duty, to make a careful investigation of such complaints, sustaining them if they be well founded, dismissing them if they be unjustly advanced. Several individuals, who have the welfare of the University at heart, and whose judgment in such a matter is beyond question, have indulged in severe criticism of the conduct of the students at public meetings. Our readers will no doubt remember that last year the same subject was dealt with in a letter to the VARSITY, in which the writer characterized the proceedings of the students at the public debate as being far from gentlemanly. Upon that occasion the VARSITY upheld the cause of the maligned, and justly so, as the criticism, although to a certain extent deserved, was of uncalled-for severity. However, having our attention drawn to the matter, and viewing carefully the proceedings at the recent public debate held by the Literary Society, we regret to have to own that outsiders, and more especially our college authorities, have good reason for taking exception to the behavior of some at least of the students. Upon the occasion in question, a few men, a very few we are pleased to note, were guilty of misdemeanors which call for the censure of every right-feeling undergraduate. Frequently, as ladies entered the hall, these individuals, thinking in their misguided zeal to enliven proceedings, made use of expressions and calls which one would hardly expect from men enjoying the refining influences of a university training. We regret exceedingly the stern necessity that impels us to bring such a serious charge against certain of our number, but the evil exists, and the sooner it is brought to light the sooner will it be eradicated. No one would wish to rob the students of their time-honored privilege of having a "howling" time at any and every public meeting, but as soon as that privilege is abused, they call down upon themselves the condemnation of that most inexorable of all judges, the general public, whose favor not even they, indulged as they are, can afford to disregard. It would be absurd to expect students to preserve a religious silence in their own convocation hall, restricting themselves to decorous plaudits such as would be becoming at a church social. Since, then, allowance is freely made for us in this respect, the least we can do is to avoid abusing this trust by keeping strictly within the bounds of propriety.

Now that we have taken upon ourselves the duties of a public censor, and pointed out an existing evil, it is only right that we should go further and suggest a remedy. The body of students who occupy the rear seats in our convocation hall, familiarly known as the "gods," constitute an important and indispensable element of our public meetings. They usually occupy a gallery which, being further removed from the earth, is consequently more in keeping with their dignity, but in the absence of a properly constructed convocation hall, they are forced to descend to the level of the "profanum vulgus." Being a time-honored order, they have their recognized functions which we will briefly enumerate. They, ably assisted by the chairman of the meeting, the essayist, readers, debaters and glee club, furnish the evening's entertainment, although no mention is made of them in the programme, an oversight no doubt on the part of the executive. No item of the programme can be successfully rendered without the co-operation of the "gods," whose privilege it is to interrupt the proceedings whenever moved by the spirit so to do. It is the part of this dignified order to express their approval or disapproval of all remarks ventured upon by the chairman, to "rattle" the unfortunate essayist as he displays the fruits of his original research, to weigh the arguments advanced in debate, and decide upon their merits. All these, and many other equally important duties, devolve upon the "gods." In all seriousness, then, we trust that this element in our public meetings, if its existence be necessary, will for the future be kept free from anything that would expose us to adverse criticism.

* * * * *

Athletics have this term developed into one of the most important interests in our College life, as the students have gradually realized the fact that physical culture is most essential to mental development. Never before in the history of our College has such general interest been manifested in all matters relating to athletics. During the late foot-ball season, which unfortunately had such a disastrous termination, an unprecedented number of players took part in the games, some for the purpose of making the practice beneficial to the first teams, others with a view to benefiting their own health. Now that the season for out-door sports is at an end, the regular work of the gymnasium is in full swing. Such general enthusiasm manifested in a department of university life which has come to be recognized by all as one of vital importance, is most gratifying not only to the students themselves, but also to the faculty. The latter, however, in their superior wisdom and forethought, are naturally uneasy lest this new movement should go too far, and there should creep into our College sports a spirit of professionalism, a most pernicious and undesirable element. We have examples of this ab-

normal development of athletics in some of our American Universities, where, we venture to say, that a majority of students would gladly sacrifice their standing in class to secure a position on the first football eleven. Such a condition of affairs is as undesirable as that out of which we have just passed. While we are naturally anxious to turn out good athletes, we are, at the same time, averse to the introduction into our College of a class of men who will make athletics the sole object of their existence. We trust that the day will never come when we will maintain, at the expense of our Athletic Association, a score of prize cattle, to be led forth when occasion arises to uphold the honor of 'Varsity. However, we possess an omnipresent safeguard against the introduction of this spirit of professionalism, namely, lack of money. An interview with the treasurer of our Athletic Association will convince one that there is no danger, certainly no immediate danger, of our sports being characterized by a professional element. Next year the A. A. will have at their disposal the new campus in the rear of the University, which will enable them to charge a gate at all important matches. This is an absolutely necessary step, as the gymnasium fees are insufficient to defray even the running expenses of that institution. Once the A. A. is established on a sound financial basis, it will, no doubt, assume control of all the clubs in the College, defraying all their expenses and appropriating all their gains. This is a most satisfactory and natural arrangement, and one which has been adopted in every University boasting of an Athletic Association.

* * * * *

Next week's issue of the VARSITY will be the last for the Michaelmas term. It is intended that this issue take the form of a special *Christmas number*; and the management are making every effort to ensure its success. It is possible that the papers may not be out sharp on time owing to these extra features; but it is hoped that it can be in the hands of subscribers at least by the end of the week.

We trust that our students will stand by the management in this new departure. They can do so in two ways; (1) Financially—300 extra copies will be issued, and will be on sale both in the book-stores down town and at the College, at 10 cents each. The sale of these will defray the expense of the issue. (2) By sending in contributions *at once*, so that the editor may have a large stock of material to choose from in making up this number. We feel specially anxious for the success of this number, because it is the first of its kind attempted under the present system of management of the VARSITY, and its success or failure will largely determine the future policy of the Directorate in the matter of Christmas numbers from year to year.

—Dartmouth's Dramatic Club will present the English comedy, "The Rivals," during the first of this season.

—The Yale Boat Club's total expenditures for 1892 and 1893 were \$13,902.05.

—The Senior classes at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth and Wellesley have adopted cap and gown.

THE PATHETIC FALLACY.

The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul.

In the third volume of the completest and perhaps the soundest work ever written on art, Ruskin devotes a chapter to what he terms the Pathetic Fallacy. In this chapter he quotes two lines from Alton Locke:—

They rowed her in across the foam—
The cruel, crawling foam;

and comments on them thus: "The foam is not cruel, neither does it crawl. The state of mind which attributes to it these characters of a living creature is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. All violent feelings have the same effect. They produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the 'Pathetic Fallacy.' Now we are in the habit of considering this fallacy as eminently a character of poetical description, and the temper of mind in which we allow it as one eminently poetical, because passionate. But I believe if we look well into the matter that we shall find the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness, that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it. Thus when Dante describes the spirits falling from the bank of Acheron 'as dead leaves flutter from a bough,' he gives the most perfect image possible of their utter lightness, feebleness, passiveness, and scattering agony of despair; without, however, for an instant losing his own clear perception that *these* are souls, and *those* are leaves, he makes no confusion of one with the other. But when Coleridge speaks of

The one red leaf, the last of its clan
That dances as often as dance it can,

he has a morbid, that is to say, a so far false idea about the leaf; he fancies a life in it, and a will, which there are not; he confuses its powerlessness with choice, its fading death with merriment, and the wind that shakes it with music." After giving numerous examples of the fallacy, both ancient and modern, Ruskin goes on to show how the temperament which admits the pathetic fallacy, is that of a mind and body in some sort too weak to deal fully with the subject before them, because they are overclouded or over-dazzled by emotion. It is a grander condition when the intellect rises with, but above, the emotions. "So then, we have the three ranks; the man who perceives rightly, because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose, because he does not love it. Then, secondly, the man who perceives wrongly, because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose; a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself—a little flower, apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that crowd around it." The first of these are not poets at all; the second are the poets of the second order (if such a class can be smuggled into the domains of an art where mediocrity means non-entity), and the last are the poets of the first order. In this present century of ours, it is the second order that embraces the vast majority of poets.

This pathetic fallacy is a disease of the century. It is a disease born of an intellectual and scientific progress so rapid that the age has, like a growing boy, not yet attained its solidity and symmetry. At present all is unrest. As in human growth, this solidity and strength will come naturally and gradually. There will be a dawning apprehension that all this morbid pathos, and tears, and weeping is unnatural and unlovely, and the inevitable reaction will set in. It will then be felt and seen that despair is a disease and despondency a sickness. Then perhaps the words of Keats will be understood and believed. "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagina-

tion of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted; thence proceeds mawkishness and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste." And Keats must have known, for the bitters were once strong in his mouth. We pass through the valley and reach the mountain top. As we struggle up the slope, we cannot sing; or, if we do sing, our songs are broken with hard breathings and groans. But once on the peak, song bursts forth. Purged by fire, the gold remains, the vision clarified with tears is able to look beyond things past the ken of others. But as for the false steps and the tumblings-down, the world will have none of them. The world has enough blunders and mistakes of its own. Tennyson knew this and we have his confession of it when he spoke of a certain stanza in his "In Memoriam."

They call'd me in the public squares,
The fool that wears a crown of thorns;

They called me fool, they called me child;
I found an angel in the night;
The voice was low, the look was bright;
He looked upon my crown and smiled.

"I tried to make my grief into a crown of these poems," said Tennyson, "but it is not to be taken too closely. To write verses about sorrow, grief and death is to wear a crown of thorns, which ought to be put by, as people say."

In a comparison of the Greek and modern artistic temperament, the sanest art critic of the century once wrote:—

"They (the Greeks) had indeed their sorrows, true and deep, but still more like children's sorrows than ours, whether bursting into open cry of pain or hid with shuddering under the veil, still *passing over the soul as clouds do over heaven, not sullyng it, not mingling with it*: darkening it, perhaps long or utterly, but still not becoming one with it, and for the most part passing away in dashing rain tears, and leaving the man unchanged: in nowise affecting, as our sorrow does, the whole tone of his thought and imagination thenceforward. How far our melancholy may be deeper and wider than theirs, in its roots and view, and therefore nobler, we shall consider presently; but, at all events, they had the advantage of us in being entirely free from all those dim and feverish sensations which result from unhealthy state of the body. I believe that a large amount of the dreaming and sentimental sadness, tendency to reverie, and general pathetic tone of modern life, results merely from derangement of stomach; holding to the Greek life the same relation that the feverish night of an adult does to a child's sleep."

And yet there are times when the muse is beautiful with the tear-drops on her lashes; there are moments when her pouted lips may look pretty, but if she keeps weeping, weeping away in one long, doleful flow of melancholy tears, no matter how great her wrong or how sore her heart, she will grow spinster-like and hollow-cheeked, leaden-eyed and dull, and it may be that she will sob her little heart away and die!

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

AUTUMN.

A misty quiet after all the wild, gay light of summer for a space—
And then a glad, grand carnival again of crimson, brown, and gold;
Of whirling leaves from nature's book, ablaze with glory all untold;
Of setting suns, in purple mists, with ruddy glow gold-flooding all the place—
This, then, is autumn!

They told me when the summer sun was shining warm and bright,
And all the happy, golden hours flew by in fragrant flight,
And all the birds were carolling their merry, joyous lay;
And 'mongst the flowers the laughing brooks went singing all the day.

They told me then the happy days had passed in song and mirth,
And all the blossoms, fair and sweet, had fallen to the earth,
That then in utter sadness, while the autumn winds swept by,
I would grieve in voiceless sorrow to see fair summer die.

But ah, they told me nothing of the glories then to be,
That summer's requiem would be such wild, sweet melody!
I loved the summer, with its birds and flowers and gay, glad ways,
But oh, I love far more the glorious, blazing autumn days.

And though I know full well that the golden light will dim;
That the purple mists will fade to storm-clouds black and grim;
That the setting sun will sink to rest in a sea, all cold and grey;
And the crimson glory of the woods will sweep in a whirl away—

Yet I'll pluck the berries red and warm, defying winter's blast,
And I'll bathe in the ruddy glow as long as the light shall last,
And when the wind sweeps by with its warning note of coming woe,
I'll toss the red leaves on its breast like a fall of crimson snow.

And bye-and-bye when winter comes, in very truth, to reign,
And crush'd within his icy hand all gladness turns to pain,
Oh, I will lay me down to rest where paled the last gold gleam,
And I'll still defy old winter, rememb'ring what has been.

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL, '97.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7.

Class '96—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Ladies' Glee Club Practice, Room 9, at 5 p.m.
Y. M. C. A.—Bible Class, 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
Glee Club.—Practice, Room 9, at 5 p.m.
Wycliffe Literary Society at 8 p.m.
Class '94—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10.

Y. M. C. A.—Meeting at 3 p.m.
Wycliffe Bible Class at 4.15 p.m.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11.

Modern Language Club.—Open Meeting at 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12.

Class '97.—Prayer Meeting, Y.M.C.A. Parlors at 8.30 a.m.
Knox College Literary Society at 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13.

Class '95.—Prayer Meeting. Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Y. W. C. A.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 5 p.m.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance.

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the Corner of Yonge and College Streets, Oddfellows' Building, Room 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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ASS'T BUSINESS MANAGER - - - J. McARTHUR, '95.

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—MALLOCK } FAC.

DECEMBER 6, 1893

MOCK PARLIAMENT.



HERE was a full house last Friday night at the opening of the Parliamentary session. Before assuming a legislative character the meeting listened as usual to the minutes of the last meeting. They were long, and judging from the way he looked, nobody was as sorry as the secretary. The committee on delinquent subscribers to VARSITY was now called on for its report. It was shown that there had been about three hundred and fifty such delinquents—some had moved away, some claimed to have paid. Arrears were collected from seven. Mr. Craig wanted to see this money paid to the treasurer of the Literary Society, and made a motion to that effect, which was carried.

The matter of electing a representative to Victoria Conversat. now came up for consideration, and after the usual formalities of nominating men and then withdrawing their names with heartfelt regrets, a ballot was taken on a new lot. While the votes were being counted, the Premier went out and got a teacupful of water. The society clamored for an explanation so loudly that we didn't quite catch the answer, but we think he said it was for use in case he should become *dry*. After that the business manager of the VARSITY had some remarks to make to the members of the first year about slim subscription lists, but it seemed only to have been an artifice for getting at the juniors, whom he reported as the most indifferent of all the years in supporting the College journal. Mr. Fry then promised us a special Christmas number if we would give him at least fifty new subscriptions. Whereupon the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. J. M. Wilson, arose and

— ah — demanded to know the cost of such an issue. The crowd in the back rows thought that was the directorate's business, and promptly referred the honorable interrogator to his seat. By that time the votes had been counted and Mr. K. D. McMillan declared elected representative at the *Conversazione*.

And now the mace was laid upon the table with no doubtful emphasis, and presto! by a miraculous transition, president became Speaker, students became Members and Ministers, and protected by parliamentary custom, some of the freshmen eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity of wearing their hats and snoring. The Speech from the Throne was read by the Speaker, and its adoption was moved by Mr. E. C. Dingman (Govt.), who "was very glad that the harvests had been so bountiful as to ensure the prosperity of the agricultural classes," and consequently an unusually large freshman class. He referred in terms glowing with patriotism to Canada's lately-won laurels in the cheese line, and also dilated upon most of the other clauses in the speech. His motion was seconded in an able manner by Mr. Narrowway. Mr. Hewish being absent on account of illness, Mr. Narrowway emphatically disclaimed for the Government any implication whatever in causing the recent bountiful harvests mentioned in the speech. We suppose he feared the Government might be fined for it. Students should be very careful at the present time not to cause things.

Mr. Craig, the Leader of the Opposition, now rose with a dignity which was emphasized by the wild yells of his supporters, and proceeded to a spirited attack upon the Speech from the Throne and upon the Government Policy in general. Mr. Craig was quite willing to permit an extension of trade with Australia, but—and here the speaker's voice grew deep and husky with emotion—*never* should the telegraph and telephone systems be nationalized. The honorable members of the Government were sharks, and merely desire to create a multitude of offices for their favored ones. No, they *wouldn't*, not if *he* knew it. When he had spoken, Mr. McCarthy informed the House on behalf of his party—the McCarthy party—that they were now on the war-path, and would be prepared to contradict anything that either Government or Opposition might have to say.

But everybody was waiting for the Premier. And he arose amid cheers long and loud of the *splendid majority* behind him. In an eloquent effort he demonstrated the wisdom of his policy, as well as the deplorable lack of information among the members of the Opposition, and whenever the protracted applause afforded opportunity, he lubricated his remarks in true parliamentary style with something out of a tea cup.

The puns which were perpetrated during the evening shall for once remain unrecorded. We do not care for puns unless they are very choice. It will be enough to say that in the questions put to the various Cabinet Ministers the usual number of funny things were said, after which the House carried a motion for adjournment.

We have written. There are no jokes. Next week the funny man may have his turn again. X. Y. Z.

With earnest eyes turned to the sunset,

Where the sea seemed one great golden floor,

Two tiny wee maidens were launching

A little toy ship from the shore.

"The fishing-boats go out at sunset ;

Out there, where it's golden and bright.

If it's true that it's God brings them back, Bess,

Will He bring back our boat in the night ?"

And their eyes, mutely turned to the sunset,

Seemed to doubt if it ever would come ;

"We'll be here every night at the beach, Bess,

To see if our boat has come home."

The boat floated out to the sunset,
And the night darkened over its track,
And two little graves by the sea-shore
Are waiting for it to come back.

—M.

Correspondence.

THE "VARSITY" AND THE STUDENTS.

To the Editor of the Varsity:

SIR,—I wish to call the attention of the undergraduates to your editorial which appeared in the VARSITY on November 22nd. In that article you appear to have thought an explanation or apology was due to the students on account of your having passed over, without comment, what has been the greatest subject of interest to the student body for some time past. The particular part of the editorial to which I wish to refer is the following: "To introduce discussion upon this or any similar divergence of opinion that might arise between the Council and the students on questions as to our rights, or supposed rights, into the columns of VARSITY, would be unwise in the interests of all parties concerned."

This, I presume, may be taken as an exposition of the policy of the paper on this particular question, and, as such, I am quite sure it will be all but universally disapproved of. What you say in effect is, that the College paper, "the only exponent of the thoughts and feelings of the student body," is to be silenced as soon as the students wish to express their opinions by protesting against injustice, or evincing indignation at seeing their rights ignored or trampled upon. But more than this, where an injustice is generally considered to have been done to a certain section of the undergraduates, inasmuch as silence gives consent, such injustice is virtually endorsed by the College paper. If this is to be the policy of our paper, which is not to be permitted to criticize in a manly, dignified and temperate way any action, however open to criticism, of the College or University authorities, better, I say, would it be for the interests of the undergraduates as a body that we have no paper at all. At all events it will not be surprising if the feeling should generally prevail that a paper so obsequious, timid and craven-hearted is not worth supporting.

In the matter referred to, undergraduate opinion—a considerable section of it, at all events—has expressed itself very decidedly in opposition to the harsh and unfair measure of the College Council; and it is, to say the least, an extraordinary state of things that the students should be refused access to the columns of the VARSITY, and be obliged to seek through outside papers the expression of their opinions, while at the same time they are requested to aid in carrying on a paper supposed to be devoted exclusively to their interests. No one has asked, or would be likely to ask, that the paper should "raise the war-cry and seek the scalps of the College Council, because of their action." But it was certainly reasonable to expect that a true statement of the facts of the case, as well as of the honest convictions of the student body, fairly and temperately expressed, should have found a place in the College paper. This, as you know, was not allowed, and for its action in this respect the VARSITY is open to grave censure. If the paper is to be conducted on these lines, I do not hesitate to say that it will justly forfeit the confidence of its constituents. In fairness to the six students who were fined, and to the students as a body, the course of the VARSITY should have been very different. If the undergraduates had shown a determination to have their opinions more generally respected, I venture to say their wishes would not have been so utterly ignored, or the actions of the Council require to be stigmatized as "childish" and "tyrannical."

Yours, etc.,

December 2nd, 1893.

JUSTICE.

CHARACTER-BUILDING AND UNIVERSITY LIFE.

We turned the pages of a VARSITY last month, but it was not they that rustled so—only the breath of a little thought was stirring through the withered leaves of some devitalized ideas, still clinging to the boughs of "Quercus."

What is the business of life but character building? Many are the phases of a perfect character, but we may describe it briefly as combining love, thought and power. Should we expect the university to form, or to express, the whole of a person's character, we should err; it concerns itself with the second phase. The springs of loving, gentle, sympathetic qualities gurgle up in early childhood, and the shaded channels that are made for them then in the home, determine whether or not these springs shall flow on as ever widening streams of blessing. It is at their source that streams must be protected. As years of maturity are approached activity of thought tends to manifest itself in some particular direction, and this period is often the crisis in life. Such tendencies should be carefully noted, such thoughts carefully selected, nourished by the best the past can give, and led itself to search into the unfathomed depths of truth, shaping there a life's ideal. Is it necessary to hold in view the dreary antithesis of a mind beating out its energies against the bars of petty aims and low ambitions, simply because something better was only groped after and missed?

And how is this culture of the mind to be secured? There may be other paths towards this goal than through a university. Parents and friends have sometimes been the guides of youth to their peculiar advantage, but such instances are very rare. In most cases different members of one family have their several tastes, and few parents, even if society were so constituted that they might have the time to devote to it, could possibly have the special knowledge requisite to the thorough training of each mind under their care. To the great majority of those who thirst for knowledge, then, the university alone offers the advantages they need. There they may sit at the feet of the masters of the knowledge they seek.

Responsibility sits close upon the shoulders of each such young person, demanding the appreciative use of these advantages, and the exertion of the noblest effort, whispering the call to perfection. And who shall dare to say that if this thirst, this demand, and this whisper, form part of the experience of a woman, she should remain the slave of a traditional fear that a university life tends to render a "delicate and complex constitution coarser and less responsive to life's demands."

What a student takes out of a university is determined largely by the nature of the personality that that student took into the university, and therefore it is not a "preposterous" idea that "developed men and developed women may be 'turned out' by the same process." Clover and sweet hay may grow together in the same fence corner without either being altered very much. The soil does not affect their identity, but from its ingredients each plant selects what is essential for its growth.

When we read that because "there are many essential requisites for perfect culture, especially in the case of a woman, besides the higher education of a university," and therefore "it may not be desirable that she should take a university course," yet that "exclusion from a university does not brand a woman as being inferior to man, as being less capable of mental development; it only emphasizes the fact that she is different from man." We are reminded of a large boy, who, though there may be many other essential requisites for his perfect vigor, is yet eating an apple, while a small boy stands wistfully by. Truly his *exclusion* does not brand him as being inferior, or as being less capable of apple digestion; it only emphasizes a difference.

And should a woman have "as high a degree of culture as possible in order to be a proper companion and help-meet for man?" We think she should have it, that she may be fortified to work out her eternal destiny. This is something that faces man and woman alike, and man does not need the help of woman more than woman needs the help of man on the highest planes of being.

The third quality of character to which we referred is power. There is not beauty without strength, thought is impotent without it. It is the force of character, something back of all a university training can give, that renders all that love and thought have built into it, of use to men and women in this world.

DOROTHY.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN LEIPZIG.

The University. At the time of my first visit to Leipzig the main part of the University was to be found by any earnest student on the Augustus Platz, and joining a block which ran back as far as the Universitte Strasse. The building consisted outside of various houses and offices, etc., of two chief parts, the Augusteum and the Banerianum; I might add a third, the Paulinum. In the two former of these lectures were delivered, and in the Banerianum are yet delivered, though a large number of lectures are held in the Tricisches Institut, in the Griminaische Steinweg, during the rebuilding of the University. In this building are also to be found the offices of the University. I must not, however, be understood to mean that all the work of the University is done here, as the laboratories and the buildings of the faculties of law and medicine are in other parts of the city.

The main University building is, or rather was, very plain. Nor did its interior surpass in elegance its exterior. The lecture-rooms were very like those which existed in the old University building here, save that the seats were much less comfortable. The rooms were adorned with gas jets and an old blackboard, and outside of this had tall German stoves, and pegs for the hats of the hearers. The desks were not subject to as mighty onslaughts from the fame-seeking vandals who rivalled in the number and diversity of their inscriptions even the ancients, as were ours, but—well, but we will pass on. And secondly we will look at the denizens of these rooms, and will treat of

(a) *The Student.*

The German student resembles in many respects his American brother. This latter species is too well known to require description. I will, therefore, merely describe the chief points of difference. The German student always wears glasses. He does not need them. He confesses himself he can see as well without them. But he wears them. The reason why I cannot tell; but this I know full well, he has them. Then his face is always badly marked with the results of the "mensur," or duel, which he is perpetually fighting. To describe the appearance of his face baffles my powers. Naturally plain, it is now ugly. Yet he is proud of his scars. This national pride nearly cost me my life. An English lady once asked me if all German students shaved themselves? I repeated this at a *kneipe*, and was immediately challenged to a pistol duel, and had I not quietly and calmly remonstrated with my challenger on the folly of thus jeopardizing his life, and informed him that with a pistol I could hit a humming-bird on the wing every time at eighty yards, I don't know what I should have done. However, he apologized, and went away shivering in every limb, while I wiped the perspiration (which was of a very cold description) from my brow, and offered a votive offering of five marks to Bacchus for my preservation. Integer vitæ scelerisque purusc. The German student loves beer. His love for beer is only surpassed by his abomination for water. I asked a student once why he never bathed, and with all the gravity in the world, he informed me that the microbe impurities

of water were apt to enter the system through the pores and thus bring on disease.

(b) *The Professor.*—This is simply a more advanced form of the student, filled with the knowledge acquired at the expense of much toil and labor, enveloped in an environment of roots and scientific theories; he stands high above his hearers, giving forth from his mind the results of his labors, and from his body the results of the use of Limburger cheese, and the overlooking of the grace which is next to godliness. Truly, he is something to be wondered at, something unapproachable except on most rare occasions, and not to be approached at all if it can be avoided.

But from the denizens of the class-room we will pass now to the third head.

The Student at Large.—The student, on matriculation to the University, is presented with, among many other precious documents, what perhaps is the most precious of all, his "student's card." This admits him at greatly reduced rates to the best seats, and so on, in places of amusement; gives him the *entr e* to places otherwise unenterable, and greatest boon of all, exempts him from the authority of the police. He can tear down an old shed at night, and is not rendered, by so doing, liable to the clubs and swords of the defenders of law and order. True, he is not an absolutely unrestrained being. He is watched over with a fatherly care by the University, and fined, nay, even imprisoned by them, if his exuberance of youthful spirits should lead him too far; but he is free from the overbearing oppression of the legal minions. At large, the student is often to be found in the "*kneipe*," which I will now attempt to describe.

There are in every German University societies of students, each of which has its own special cap and other distinctive marks. These the student is expected to wear at all times in public.

These societies meet at appointed times for a social meeting, something like our class banquets, except that they occur with a wearisome frequency. Here, too, there are no viands to be seen—nothing, in fact, save mugs of beer, and after a short time even these vanish from the sight in the immense clouds of tobacco smoke which always are to be found on such occasions. Speeches are made, principally running down the French; songs are sung praising up the German Fatherland and the deeds of '71, but the main object of these gatherings is the consumption of beer, and this object is never lost sight of.

But these are the chief characteristics of the student and his life. If he be fortunate enough to obtain his degree, he steps forth into public life to become a half-starved, ill-fed, gaunt and grim spectre, toiling to gain enough to support life, and always turns to the old command by the sweat of thy brow shall thou earn thy bread. There are, it is true, exceptions. It is even said there are Germans who bathe themselves, but of this I lack proof. On the whole, however, they are a warm-hearted, kind, and fine class of people, an acquaintance with whom has an elevating effect and leads one to join in the song and say:—

Deutschland, Deutschland,  ber alles,  ber alles in der welt.

IMMERSCHNAPPS.

GYMNASIUM CALENDAR.

MONDAY—4 to 5, class exercises; 5 to 6, fencing class.

TUESDAY—2 to 3, single stick; 4 to 5.30, general instruction; 5.30 to 6, sing'e stick.

WEDNESDAY—4 to 5, class exercises; 5.15 to 6, fencing class.

THURSDAY—4 to 5, general instruction; 5.15 to 6, single stick.

FRIDAY—4 to 5, class exercises; 5.15 to 6, fencing class.

SATURDAY—2 to 6, general instruction and games; 7.30 p.m. to 10 p.m., general instruction.

S. P. S. DINNER.

The School of Science dinner was held at Webb's on the night of Thursday, Dec. 1 and was by far the most successful ever held. The committee went to great pains to see that every detail was complete, and they are to be congratulated upon the success which attended their efforts. The menu card, tied with blue, white and gold ribbons, was one of the prettiest and most tastefully arranged ever seen at an affair of this description, and many were the complimentary remarks passed upon the taste shown by the committee. The toasts and responses were good, and the different musical items on the programme never failed to bring down the house. Unfortunately a good orchestra could not be obtained, and until a late hour it was found almost impossible to get a pianist; but one was at last discovered in the person of Mr. Martin, of the Arts department, and the number of times he was called upon to officiate at the instrument is sufficient endorsement of his abilities as a musician. His rendering of the "Washington Post" march was one of the features of the evening. Mr. C. McPherson sang a number of excellent songs, and sang them well, too, his "Irish Jubilee" and "There Are Moments when One Wants to be Alone" evoking the wildest enthusiasm. "Nor" Lash's song, "The Bowery," also brought down the house, his extra verses on the "shed affair" and the Kingston football match, showing marked genius in the poetical line. An excellent song was also contributed by Prof. Ellis, which received a vociferous encore, to which the doctor was unable to respond. Towards the close some excellent Irish stories were contributed by Mr. Spotton. One thing only marred the pleasure of the evening, and that was the unfortunate mistake by which the "Feelosopher" of the third year was located between two prohibitionists, of whose sentiments he evidently didn't approve. To express it in his own words, when called upon for a speech, he couldn't talk because he hadn't the stimulants, and thus one of the best features of the evening was lost. Mr. J. D. Shields made an ideal chairman, and performed his duties in a highly satisfactory manner. A number of guests were invited besides the faculty, but unfortunately all could not be present. Representatives were present, however, from the Society of Architects, the Ontario Land Surveyors' Association, and the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. The dinner formally broke up at about 2.30 a.m.; but a large number of the fellows stayed for an hour or so longer, and a most enjoyable after-meeting was held, the principal features of which were songs, stories and dances, contributed by the boys. About 3.30 the last ones left the hall, and everybody went home thinking that the S. P. S. dinner was one of the brightest spots in a very lively term.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY NOTES.

Examinations next week. Much interest manifested in the study of educational science.

Sergeant Parr, who has been ill for some time with rheumatism, has so far recovered as to be able to resume instruction in drill.

At the meeting of the Literary Society on Friday, it was decided to hold an "At Home" on the evening of Friday, Dec. 8. Mr. Stuart was chosen to represent us at the Victoria conversat. The Glee Club favored the society with a selection, and then Miss Albams read a very interesting essay on the famous epic poem, "Nibelungenlied." An instrumental duet by Misses Birchard and Stanton was beautifully rendered. Dr. McLellan, hon. pres. of the society, gave an address on "Literature," on which he said that what we need just now is a little more poetry. "The world is too much with us" in this utilitarian

age. The mere man of science can give no reply to some of the soul's most anxious questionings, but the poet can give the clearest answer. He then explained the processes by which a work of art grows up. The author has at first only the main or leading idea. Gradually the subordinate parts take shape and are then welded into a perfect whole. Quoting the definition, "a perfect poem is the perfect expression of a perfect human mind," the speaker proceeded to discover what are the characteristics of the perfect human mind by comparing it with the divine mind. But there is one principle in the human mind which does not belong to the Divine, viz., reverence or worship. The poetry that is irreverent is not poetry in the highest sense. The speaker throughout emphasized his points by apt quotations from the poets.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Mr. T. McCrae, B.A., read a very interesting and instructive paper on the origin and relations of biology.

Treviranus began to search for the ultimate basis of life as exhibited in plants and animals. This study he called biology. Its experimental methods caused an endeavor to explain all its phenomena as applications of physical laws. Further investigation, however, proved that vital, as well as physical conditions, exist where the latter were supposed to exist alone. The extension of the subject enforced specialization. Hence there are now three branches of biology: physiology, the functions of the parts of the organism; morphology, the anatomy of the parts; ecology, the relations between its structure and its environment.

The next meeting will be held on December 13th, when Mr. Macallum will read a paper on The Anatomy of Distomum Sp.

THE CANADIAN POETS.

One feels a sort of proprietorship in the work of Canadian poets. Their poetry touches subjects familiar and dear to all Canadians. They are not too great for us to feel that they are fellow-mortals. Their thoughts are not the thoughts that shake mankind. They are the simple songs of

Some humbler poet,
Whose songs gush from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelid start.

There is in the whole range of their works no poem which rises into the sublime, no poem which touches the passions to their depths. Canadian poetry is distinctly marked by the absence of passion. It is nature and nature's beauty and man's sympathy with nature that is the cadence of their music.

The same tendency which has led art to the portrayal of nature has pervaded poetry—the acknowledgment that the great masters are dead, and the refusal of inferior genius to attempt tasks already accomplished. Art and poetry are awaiting the advent of new creative genius. But they are not idle. The beauties of nature are the absorbing interest, and Canadian poets are most distinctly nature's votaries.

Their task is not the task of great masters. It is different. They are, in the language of Mr. Lampman, "to bring nature's beaker of bright wine to tired lips."

Our appreciation of Canadian poetry will depend much on our seeing clearly its range. Our appreciation is needed, for poets no less than other mortals need the support and encouragement of public opinion.

PETER QUINCE.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS

Mr. A. F. Barr, '96, will visit friends in Peterboro on Thursday next.

The Class of '94 held a reception last evening in the Y.M.C.A. parlors, an account of which will be given in our next issue.

The Glee Club are making final arrangements for the annual tour. Fine entertainments have been provided for. The trip this year will be throughout the eastern part of the Province; fuller particulars will be given in our next issue.

Victoria "conversat" on Friday evening next. A very kind invitation has been extended to the undergraduates of University College, with a gentle hint attached that the tickets are only \$1.25. We all take much pleasure in accepting.

A week ago Monday afternoon, about 5 p.m., the new fire alarm was sounded for the first time in Varsity's halls. The Registrar and other officials of the College were all on the alert, and in a great state of excitement sought eagerly the cause; but greatly were they disappointed at not having a second opportunity to apply the hose. Who or what caused the sounding of the alarm remains, as yet, an unknown quantity.

Cholera, smallpox, whooping cough, and diphtheria placards found their way by accident to the doors of some of the rooms in residence. The Health Inspector, on calling around, was somewhat startled at first, and the "Swiss" laundry man was so terribly frightened at these awful forebodings that he did not put in an appearance for some days afterwards. The freshmen thought it was "awfully funny."

On Wednesday, November 29th, the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held, with Miss Robertson in the chair. Miss Wigle gave a very interesting account of part of the Missionary Convention at Victoria, and Miss Skinner promised to give a further account at the Missionary Meeting.

The Rugby Football Club met in Room 4, on Monday, November 27th, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—

President—T. McCrae.

Vice-pres.—K. D. W. MacMillan.

Secretary—D. Macdonald.

Treasurer—A. F. Barr.

Committee.—'95, H. Kingston, W. Cronyn.

'96, R. H. White, A. C. Kingston.

'97, A. Campbell, J. Counsel.

Representatives to the Union—K. D. W. MacMillan, G. Claves.

Mr. W. Douglas, well known to many of us, has recently entered upon

his new field of duties, in the capacity of editor and business manager of *The Evening News*. Mr. Douglas has proved himself an able and energetic member of the press, with which he has been associated since his early years, and the high position to which he has raised himself is but a well-merited reward for his untiring efforts. The Varsity extends its congratulations to Mr. Douglas, whose genial manner and able scholarship have won for him many friends among the undergraduates of our University.

The Classical Association held a meeting on Wednesday afternoon, Prof. Dale presiding. Mr. Megan's paper on "Cicero's position among Ancient Philosophers," showed considerable insight and original thought on the part of the writer, while the literary style was terse and perspicuous, considering the abstruse nature of the subject. Prof. Dale added much valuable information on the question, with some reflections on the relations between ancient and modern philosophy. In the absence of the essayist on "Kleon, the Malignant Athenian Statesman," the chairman introduced the subject by a discourse on Grecian politics, and then left it to the meeting for discussion. But there arose a keen contest of words, as Sophocles would say, in the midst of which the president said something about "the family," which went home to the hearts of all. Poor Kleon's future fame was not definitely fixed, but a freshman says he rolled over three times in his coffin during the discussion.

"THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER."

The question of a Christmas number has now been decided, and at the last meeting of the directorate a considerable sum was voted for this purpose.

The number promises to be of unusual interest, and special care will be taken to make it thoroughly college-like in spirit. With this object in view, an illustrated article, by one of our former editors, on the University, will appear among the literary part. The standard of the paper will be raised throughout. The very best quality of paper will be employed and a tinted cover added, graced with a large cut of University College, and smaller ones of the Library, School of Science, Biological Building and the various colleges.

Better arrangements will also be made for distribution, and in order to facilitate matters student-subscribers should make it a point to get their papers as early as possible.

Extra copies will be obtainable from the directorate or business manager at ten cents a copy.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

There was a very French meeting of the club held last Monday, Nov. 27. The proceedings were entirely in French, and all essays but one were in French. The items were: 1. La Mare au Diable, Mr. G. Cram. 2. T. Abbe Constantin, Mr. J. L. Murray. Ponsard—Life, Miss E. Darling. Ponsard—Agnes de Meramie, Miss C. E. Jeffrey. Charlotte Corday, Miss J. Darling. Reading in French, Mr. E. F. Langley.

Special attention is called to the English meeting on Dec. 11, when short lectures will be given by Mr. D. R. Reys on Oliver Wendell Holmes, and by Mr. C. A. Chant on James Russell Lowell. As this is the closing meeting for the term and as the programme will be one of such unusual interest and merit, the committee has decided to hold the meeting in Room 9, and invite not only all students, but also their friends. Don't forget the date.

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The University

Christmas Number

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PRICE, 10 Cents

THE VARSITY


A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 13, 1893.

No. 10.

Editorial Comments.

HRISTMAS! What a wealth of memories and of hopes are clustered round that season! Hopes of fat goose and roast turkey and plum pudding, and all the delightful dishes that the wit of man, driven by the spur of appetite and the invention of cooks have ever been able to devise. Hopes of the word of hearty Christmas cheer and of the warm grasp of the hand from the friends with whom we are privileged once more to spend a little time in glad communion. Hopes of reunion, tho' only for the day, around the family fireside of its members now scattered here and there through the wide world, each pursuing his separate path, and yet turning ever to the old home, and ever welcoming, as it comes in annual round, the festival of peace on earth and good will among men, when the ties that bind brother to brother and sire to son are strengthened and renewed, and the olden days of the unbroken family circle are lived again for a few fleeting hours. And memories, too! Memories of the happy Christmas days wherewith the past was brightened. Memories of Old Scrooge and other Christmas characters, who are none the less real to us because we met them in books, and whose cold hearts were warmed to kindness by the season with its cheer. Memories, perhaps, of friends whom last year saw with us, but who henceforth will no more be numbered in our Christmas gatherings here; not lost, but gone before. Highest and holiest of all, thoughts of Him whom this day commemorates, of all that He has meant to the world in uplifting and ennobling humanity and bringing us nearer to God, of Him who

Our great redemption from above did bring,
That He our deadly forfeit should release
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace

At such a season of universal cheer, it were ill-fitting that VARSITY should have no word of greeting for its friends. That greeting we now extend to our readers one and all; and we trust that at this period of joy they will forget that severe critical spirit in which they might, and sometimes do, at other times sit in judgment upon us, and that they will look with favor upon this, the first Christmas number of the VARSITY since it has become a purely undergraduate paper. It has been deemed advisable to exclude all news reports, even to the time-honored "Lit.," from the present issue, so that subscribers need not be surprised at finding the familiar *Mortar* page and other items of news conspicuous by their absence.

The aim has been to present a number which will combine with literary interest an account of some of the

more prominent features of college life. In pursuance of this latter object appear the articles specially dealing with our own University. Others there are which we have most regretfully been compelled to hold over for a subsequent issue. Above all, we would mention the Inaugural Address of the President of the Woman's Literary Society, which we had hoped to present to our readers in this number; but, unfortunately, it has been found impossible to do so.

Among articles of a more general nature there are also some which want of space compels us to defer. Among these is the article on "Canadian Books for 1893," which was promised some little time ago, but which we are not able as yet to lay before the public. Others also have been sent in which are in every way worthy of any Christmas issue, but which, owing to the fact that even such issues are of limited space, it has been necessary to hold over. But our constituents may rest assured that their perusal of these is only temporarily deferred. The present issue is intended merely to whet their appetites for future ones by giving them a sample of what might have been, if only such purely material contingencies as space and cash did not impose on us their cruel and inexorable bounds.

* * * * *

The reproduction of a masterpiece of Grecian art in the nineteenth century and in the city of Toronto, should naturally attract all the attention of the cultured, and all the interest of the curious. Let no ordinary event, no petty enterprise obscure the fact that on the 16th and 17th of February next the students of University College, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, will present to the public the *Antigone* of Sophocles, one of the most moving and perfect dramas that human genius has ever conceived.

Exceptional difficulties have been conquered in the progress of this unique undertaking. It was necessary, in the first place, to select by the comparative method, from a great number of competitors, those few in whom the keen eye of experience could detect some signs of ability and grace. The work of training was commenced in June, and at the present time results beyond expectation have been achieved. Besides the actors, the Greek drama requires a stage chorus of fifteen members, and another and larger chorus, having its position not on, but in front of the stage. It is the duty of the former to constitute a small and permanent audience on the stage, to whom the characters at different points may address their words or appeal for advice and sympathy. The stage chorus also perform various evolutions around the altar while they are singing the beautiful choral odes. For more than a month the task of drilling the smaller chorus

has been proceeding, and in spite of the difficult strophes and anti-strophes, excellent success has been attained. The larger band of choristers, who sing nothing but the choral odes, is under discipline also, and recruits are urgently requested.

The interesting features are many. There is to be heard not only in the dialogue the melodious Greek of the age of Pericles, but in the choruses the exquisite music of the modern Mendelssohn. There is to be seen not only the imitated architecture of ancient Hellas, but the costumes which kings and maidens wore over two thousand years ago. Another thing: a new departure, has been made, and the parts of the women are to be taken by women. This innovation has already proved a marked success, and it is safe to say that the leading parts, which they are called upon to play, will in their able hands achieve brilliant success. Other students hold subordinate positions in the action, while graduates assist in the larger chorus. Uniting, therefore, all the interest of antiquity with all the vivid life of our time, our College, and our city, there is no reason why the forthcoming presentation of the *Antigone* should prove unworthy of its immortal author.

* * * * *

And now the tenure of office of the present editor draws to its close. Drops from his nerveless hand the splattered pen of the sanctum, to be taken up by one under whose guidance there is every reason to believe that VARSITY will thrive and prosper. Mr. D. M. Duncan, who will be editor-in-chief during the Easter term, has long been connected with our paper, and, while especially famed for the good work he has done in the *athletics* column, has also taken a deep interest in the general welfare of the VARSITY, so that he comes to his new duties with ample qualifications for achieving success.

It is natural at such a juncture to cast a glance over the past. In the opening editorial for the present year the question of the prospects of VARSITY, and of the ideal at which it should aim, were dealt with at some length. But, alas! how hard a thing it is in this workaday world to live up to our ideals. How far short of our aim the actuality has often fallen none is more conscious than ourselves. But let the dead past bury its dead; the mistakes of the days gone by will be profitable in so far as they will be guide-marks for the future.

And the future of the VARSITY should be a bright one. Representing as it does the largest University in the Dominion, its field of usefulness is far from being as yet covered; and as here a little and there a little is added with widening experience, it will, we trust, assume proportions now undreamt of. It purports to be the exponent of university literature, thought, and events. In some of these departments there is room as yet for almost infinite development, and with that development perhaps division into two or more separate organs. The *Monthly Literary Journal*, which past editors have seen in bright visions, remains as yet among the clouds, but there is every reason to hope that in the not far distant future it will become an accomplished fact.

In regard to some of the questions which have arisen during the present term, there has been considerable controversy, and more especially in regard to the *Hallowe'en*

affair. It has been deemed inadvisable to cumber the pages of the Christmas issue with remarks on this subject; and we therefore postpone our reply to the letter of "Justice" for a future number.

And now, if our readers will pardon a personal reference, we wish to thank all those whose willing aid and counsel has been given us during this term. The members of the Directorate and the business managers, the assistant editors who have borne so large a proportion of our cares and responsibilities, the contributors whose aid has been cheerfully and ungrudgingly afforded—each and all we would thank most heartily. Their co-operation has rendered the duties of office both easy and pleasant of performance, so that it is with very great regret that we submit to the inevitable necessity which compels us to relinquish so congenial a task. Some of the happiest memories of college life will cluster round the sanctum of VARSITY; and we feel confident that even in regard to the trials and anxieties which in greater or less degree are necessarily attendant on such a post, we can comfort ourselves as the Trojan leader comforted his men, *forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*.

THE VOICE AT NIGHT.

Oft times the humble poet's soul is sad,
Sick unto death, dead in despair, forlorn;
For all the world goes hurrying past his door
Where he sits singing—leaving him to mourn.
Few, few have paused to praise his patient songs,
And poets sometimes need encouragement—
Sick grows his heart as the retching heart of one
Who, having told his love, is forth unheeded sent.

But, haply, to him comes a voice at night
On bed of trackless fancies, "Poet, rise!
Though earth has scorned thine humble, rev'rent songs,
Think not that they are all unheard; for in the skies
They rise as incense. God the censer fills;
Be thine to keep its flame. Still let it swing
Its holy scents. 'Tis heaven's sweet woods it burns,
Whose perfumes are too rare for earth's wiseman or king.

"And if the chants of them whom men call great,
Beat down thy lays, be not o'erwhelm'd thou!
Idols were worshipp'd in the earth while He
Was crucified who wore God's sign upon His brow.
The blaring trump drowns out the trembling flute,
Whose music is more fine. Thy homely song,
Unknown to thyself, has touched some heart
Their chorus ne'er could reach. Only be true and strong!

"And it may chance on an undream'd of day
That they who won the shouts and laurels here,
Shall dread to meet the Eternal—Maker of songs!—
And cowering shall draw back on trembling knees
of fear;
But he who sang, like bird in market-place,
Amid the roar, heard scarce of anyone,—
To him the Tuner of worlds shall stretch His hand,
Saying unto him 'Thou servant of God, well done!'"

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

Toronto University occupies a unique position among the educational institutions of our continent. We may grant that other universities easily surpass her in wealth, in numbers, even in scholarship, although this last would be an entirely gratuitous concession, and still may claim for her a higher position. This claim, we believe, is justified by her influence over our people. Toronto University represents the higher education of a Province, perchance of a Dominion. To her pulse beat shall ultimately answer the pulse beat of a nation; to her heart throb, its heart throb; to her brain, its brain; to her purity, its purity; and by the same law, to her degradation, its degradation.



HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M.P.,
CHANCELLOR.

The path to her present position has been in no way smooth. The first step thereunto was made about a century ago in a way that to us seems passing strange. A clear sighted legislator conceived the idea that the denizens of this North American wilderness were capable of intellectual development. The fruit of his conception was the setting apart for educational purposes of about eight hundred square miles of Crown Lands, one-half of which was to be employed in founding a university. The subsequent steps, erratic as they were, but eventually progressive, are more or less familiar to our readers. False steps have been made in the past, false steps are being made to-day. Her progress has been impeded at one time by the barriers of foes, at another by the apathy of friends, now by the prejudice of ignorance, again by the paralysis of cant, most frequently, perhaps, by the avidity of selfishness. But on and on has she struggled, here making a pause to gain a firmer foothold, there to draw a fuller breath, bearing alway on her young, but ever-developing, shoulders

The load, well-nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

Even in this wise has she reached her present stage. What is this present stage? What waits her as she goes?

And now let us try to take a practical and impartial look at our actual position, neither magnifying agreeable falsities nor minimizing disagreeable verities. Let us know some facts. Those which we as students are at present unable to alter, let us store up against such time as we may have a helping power; those which depend for their improvement on our efforts, let us face once and for all, encouraged by what is good, not discouraged by what is evil.

That the evil is by no means lacking needs no emphasis. The want of money brings in its train inadequate teaching in many departments, and inadequate equipment in others. The allotment of the available funds has in the past been frequently quite disproportionate, and actually unjust. It is far from being true that the various departments receive allowances according either to the actual work accomplished or the ability of the men therein employed. A pernicious system of engagements, due to precedent, or trimming, or one knows not what, apparently renders it im-



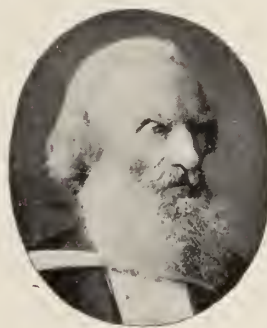
PRESIDENT LOUDON.

possible that an incubus once settled down should ever be removed. It is even true that appointments

to the staff are sometimes made on grounds that to all of us must seem very peculiar. Contention and strife among the various divisions and factions that are encompassed by the wide range of university federation are not the least of existing evils.

On the other hand, there is not lacking good to preponderate over the evil. We have a Chancellor for whose head all men have conceived the highest admiration, for whose heart the warmest affection. Disinterested in his interest for intellectual advancement, and unerring in his judgment he presents a realization of one's most exacting demands. Our President is on all sides conceded to be endowed with the greatest executive ability, glowing with ardent zeal for the welfare of his trust, fearless even to rigour in his advocacy of right and justice. These twain have done much and will do more. Our teaching staff consists, with a few painful exceptions, of clever, educated and thoroughly competent men. We have members of the faculty who have evinced their willingness to postpone personal interest to the welfare of the University. In addition to the older and more experienced, we have several young men of wonderful promise. We have a course of study that is advanced and comprehensive, with a standard that is comparatively high, although it should be higher. Our home is a building that in itself must be an inspiration to its inmates; conceded by all authorities to be a specimen of architecture unexcelled on this continent, and only occasionally surpassed in Europe. We have finally, omitting for the present the other faculties, about eight hundred students in arts alone, with latent possibilities almost inconceivable.

Turning, then, to a more immediate inspection of ourselves, it may not be impossible, albeit the subject seems



SIR DANIEL WILSON, F.R.S.E.,
LATE PRESIDENT.

trite and hackneyed, to find something to reward our efforts. The attainment of this end will necessitate our avoiding the common usage, which we are compelled to believe a mistake, of summing up too definitely our virtues or our vices. Generalities are very convenient and valuable, but are, more or less, frequently misleading. To say that our whole weakness lies in our not learning to think, is a striking generality, but it is not entirely true. Perhaps the law of compensation, which is eventually akin to the doctrine of the mean, would be the nearest to actual fact, but even this may be misunderstood.

The elements that enter into our student character are manifold. There are the vices, virtues and influences which belong to us as human beings rather than as students, and these we have no need to discuss, only remarking that vice is less pardonable in a student than in any other, because he knows the law and yet transgresseth. Nor can we dwell on particular events which have helped to mould us, such as the great fire of 'ninety, whose significance has been almost entirely lost in the sea of words wherewith it is encompassed. If it has no further meaning than is commonly conceived, it was a disaster indeed; but was there nothing further? Did it not change the spirit of our men? Did it not consume much pettiness and flippancy, leaving greatness and earnestness? It were almost worth one's while to believe that it did. Who that considers the noble example of our late venerable president, his fortitude amid difficulties almost insuperably great, cannot doubt but that it has excited a powerful influence in producing this effect.

Going on to rather more general considerations, probably the best phase of our life is that we are essentially democratic; although unfortunately we are not entirely

free from invidious forms of opposition thereto. We are not wholly democratic, but wholly democratic we should be, sternly eradicating whatsoever may be opposed to an invariable standard of worth, whereby men may be judged, or to the full and free development of individual taste and aspiration. Again, most of us before entering college were situated where life was an actual problem, and were accordingly inclined to view our education in a more or less sober light. Frequently, however, this proposition is untrue, and more frequently the light changes. That this change is generally for the worse we are compelled to believe. The man with the serious view of his education is liable to deplorable error, but the man with the opposite view is liable to error still more deplorable. The former may perhaps lose much from constraint, he may not have the charm of versatility, so much to be admired, but he will at least adhere to the earnestness of life even if it be in an incomplete manner. The latter may approach versatility with smiling face and ready word and assume its appearance, but, "What shelter to grow ripe is his? What leisure to grow wise?" He is nearer the one, and indeed the worse extreme, than is the former to the other. But after all, seriousness and versatility, which we have separated, may and should be combined. The man who has grasped the idea that life is no mere phantom, that his highest possibilities lie in a struggle, need not neglect, nay, must not neglect, what is generally regarded as the other side. A man's actual knowledge of any subject, not to say many subjects, can never be more than a point in a universe; but on the other hand, his judgments, if rightly fashioned, may be exercised on many points; this fashioning can only be accomplished by never disregarding any available means of development. Study alone is barren, contact alone is sterile, but together they may produce a priceless golden fruit, which, however, ripens not without toil. Neither in east or west does nature produce golden apples to be had for the plucking. It is demanded of a man that he strive without ceasing and without complaining, that he show forth "toil unsevered from tranquility," until some day he shall cull the fruits of his labor, finding that "without hardness he can be sage, and gay without frivolity."

Our ideal is at present very far from being realized, as all can see; but so much rests with ourselves, and we are so prone to shirk responsibility, that the ideal should be emphasized. Realizing the greatness of our duty, bowing our heads in the heart-burning consciousness of our own shortcomings, it behooves us to shrink not from our mighty task, inspired by the knowledge that the golden fruit will not be for ourselves alone, but a heritage to a whole people for many generations, even forever.

The first three photographs in this sketch call for no comment from our pen. Their careers have been so frequently and so minutely detailed, both in these pages and in the daily press, that anything we might write would be merely a tiresome repetition. Concerning the fourth, however, we may be allowed to speak briefly.



A. T. DELURY, DEAN
OF RESIDENCE.

A. T. DeLury, Dean of Residence and ex-President of the Literary Society, entered Toronto University in 1886. During his undergraduate days he distinguished himself as a mathematician, and as a recognition of his ability received a fellowship in Clark University. He was for a short time tutor in Whetham College, British Columbia, and after that he was at the head of the Mathematical department in Harbord Street Collegiate Institute. One year ago he accepted a lectureship in his old University, and was at the same time appointed Dean of Residence.

So much for the formal account of his career, but it is the smallest part of his actual life. As a student he

realized our highest ideal. While perhaps the most brilliant mathematician that ever entered our halls, he also read widely in other fields. Literature and history are scarcely less familiar to him than his chosen specialty. Taking an active part in every question of student interest, respected and honored by all who knew him, he wielded such an influence for good as probably few men in our college have ever wielded before or since. As a graduate he has not disappointed our expectations. As a lecturer he has been above criticism. As president of the Literary Society he was admired with an enthusiasm that can seldom be evoked from our students. As Dean of Residence he has quietly but effectually accomplished its entire reorganization at a time when its critical position demanded great executive ability and keen insight. Entrusted with a double charge by the college authorities, and alive to all living questions, he may be looked upon as certain to have a future that will be fraught both with activity and with success.

LOWELL AND HIS BIGLOW PAPERS.

When Lowell died, in 1891, America lost her most distinguished man of letters. Just fifty years before, when he had barely passed his nonage, appeared his first slender volume, "A Year's Life." Three years earlier he had written a poem for his graduating class at Harvard, though he was not allowed to recite it at Commencement, having been rusticated because he would not attend college prayers at six in the morning. He entered the legal profession in 1840, but his poetic soul could not be bound up in dry sheepskin, and he was not a great success. Describing his experience, he says:—

"I had been in my office a month. I had fourteen blank writs, and other blanks in abundance, and my own face, from constant association, began to grow blank also." But he spent his leisure in literary employment. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at his Alma Mater, and held this position until 1877, all the while occupying himself with verse and prose. The *Atlantic Monthly* was started in 1857, with Lowell as its first editor, and from 1864 to 1873 he held a similar position on the *North American Review*. In 1877 he went to Madrid as United States Minister, and three years later was transferred to the Court of St. James. Here he remained for five years, and won great favor with the English, who saw in him an ideal democratic citizen. As a simple indication of their kind remembrance, I might refer to the fact that only a few days ago a Lowell memorial window was placed in the Chapter House of their great Abbey.

His prose essays exhibit a remarkable breadth of reading and a most retentive memory, while the numerous flashes of humor and clever bits of satire make them charming reading. Whether he takes us with him a hunting moose in Central Maine, or to see the awful depths of Dante's Inferno, or bids us listen to Miltonic heresies in Professor Masson's voluminous life of the classic poet, he is sure to show us the comical side. All acknowledge that he was one of the highest critics, but it was not in that field he first achieved distinction and came close to the hearts of his countrymen. Fame came to him on the publication of a series of fugitive poems, the first Biglow Papers.

The theme of both the first and the second series was the abolition of slavery, and with a soul afire with indignation at the foul sin, he poured forth a stream of white-hot satire, which instantly burned its way everywhere, and scoffers in the North were converted to his views.

To understand fully either series a somewhat intimate acquaintance with American history is necessary, but a long digression must not be made on that subject. The first series was caused by the Mexican War (1846). Mexico had revolted from Spain and Texas had united

with it. However, in 1845, the United States annexed Texas, and the trouble arising from determining the boundary line between Mexico and Texas led to the war. The South desired the addition of Texas, chiefly, it was believed by the Northern abolitionists, for the extension of slavery, and hence Garrison, Phillips, and others bitterly opposed the war.

One day in 1846, Lowell was in a lawyer's office in Court St., Boston, when he heard a fife and drum. It was a recruiting sergeant calling for volunteers to go down to Mexico. The poet's eye flashed fire, but he said little. A few days later appeared in the *Boston Courier* a poem by Hozea Biglow, which Ezekiel, his father, had sent to the editor. It was written in the Yankee dialect and was a clever and vigorous satire on the "Cruetin' Sarjunt." Never was an individual held up to greater ridicule than this feather-bedecked creature. But the poet's heart sank to see his native State:

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung forever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
While the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!"

His grandfather, John Lowell, caused to be inserted in the Massachusetts constitution a sentence which freed every slave in that commonwealth. In trumpet-tones he demands a cessation of the war, and his sentiments are unmistakable. But only eight years previously, in his Class Poem, he openly lampooned Garrison, Phillips, and Edmund Quincy for their advanced ideas. The conversion can be largely credited to Maria White, "a heaven-eyed counsellor of the serener air, who filled his mind with peace and his life with joy." Her brother had been a classmate of Lowell's, and was a public lecturer on abolition, and she was a born reformer; at any rate she led the poet to fulfil the traditions of his noble fathers.

When he wrote the first paper, Lowell tells us he had no plan or intention of writing another. But he saw that a responsive chord had been struck, and at once set about making the best of his opportunities. He created two new characters, one the Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M., the other Birdofredum Sawin, Esq. The former is a prim, pedantic parson, saturated with classical phrases and theological lore, and acts as editor of the poems; the latter is the clown of the show, and is the mouthpiece for the poet's bubbling humor.

The second paper is a letter from Mr. Sawin, who was down in Mexico, a private in the Massachusetts regiment. He wrote up to Mr. Biglow a sketch of his experiences, and, though "kind o' prest with hayin'," the latter threw it into verse and sent it to the editor. The Jaalam parson adds, also, extensive introduction and long notes, and in these the author stores away some of his wonderful literary knowledge, all fairly sparkling with gems of wit. Even though printed in small type, we must not omit a single sentence.

Mr. Sawin's descriptions are ridiculous in the extreme. He finds actual fighting very different from their "October trainin'," when, on a threatening rainstorm, they could "send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners." He feels that

"Ninepence a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder;"

and the way he was taught by the sentinel "wy baggonets wuz peaked," on his attempting to go off to a fandango, could not be better told. Though almost devoured by snakes, scorpions and other noxious things; though the country is "swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'"; though the officers are very overbearing; and though he can see no justice in the war, he thinks

"Wall, taint no use ajawin',
I'm safe enlisted for the war.
Yourn, BIRDOLFREDUM SAWIN."

That rhyme gave Birdofredum his high sounding name.

The next paper is "What Mr. Robinson Thinks." In it individuals are singled out for excoriation, and lest Hozea should be considered unpatriotic, Parson Wilbur appends a long note defending him from this stigma: "In the ploughing season no one has a deeper share in the well-being of his country than he."

Then we have the great speech made by Increase D'Ophace, Esq., in State street, all the choice bits of this speaker's political philosophy being carefully reported by Mr. Biglow. Following this is "The Debate in the Sen-nit, sot to a nusry rhyme," in which Calhoun is somewhat severely handled:

"Now don't say I'm the friend of oppression,
But keep all your spare breath for coolin' your broth,
Fer I allers hev strove (at least thet's my impression)
To make cussed free with the rights of the North.'
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
'Yes, sez Davis o' Miss,
The perfection of bliss
Is in skinnin' thet same old coon,' sez he."

The time-serving editors also receive a royal castigation in the sixth paper. The "Pious Editor" has many articles in his creed, the whole being epitomized in the word "humbug:"

"This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pastures sweet heth led me,
An' this 'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me."

The seventh paper gives the common platform of most of the candidates for the presidency, and the last two are letters from Mr. Sawin, who is now returning a *miles emeritus*—but not all of him, as he has lost a leg, an arm, four fingers, an eye, and has had six ribs broken. He thought on this account he would be a successful presidential candidate, as the people would rally round "Old Timbertoes." His description of nigger-hunting and how he was taken himself is very laughable; but, as usual, he buoyantly outrides all the storms, comforted with the knowledge that he is in a Christian land.

Like nearly all sequels, the second series of the Biglow Papers is comparatively a failure. Certainly there is as much true poetry, vivacity, and wit present, but there is less of that bright spontaneity and absolute youthful freedom which characterise the first series. It is effort rather than play.

In his introduction to this series the author explains how he selected his characters, how his success surprised him, and acknowledges that his burden of self-consciousness prevents him from flitting about as airily as he did when exhilarated by the great success of his anonymous satires. He also presents a most brilliant philological essay in defence of his Yankee dialect, which he declares was natural to him.

Mr. Biglow and Mr. Sawin were called upon to again serve him, while the aged Parson Wilbur was willing to act as literary censor to these unlearned men. The first of the series is a letter from Birdofredum, who had settled in the South. His experiences were truly grotesque. Dropping into a tavern in the spirit of good-fellowship, he is accused, with a revolver muzzle close to his forehead, of having stolen a nigger, and as he was the only stranger round, there could be no mistake. The "jedge" warmed the tar, and a good dip, together with the contents of a feather bed, hatched him out "a livin' extemp'ry mammoth turkey chick," feeling "some stuck up." After a rail-ride he was sentenced "to ten years in the jug." When his innocence was proved, a long time afterwards, he was set free, and the Colonel offered very kindly to shoot him at sight. Then the Widow Shannon, from whom the bed was borrowed, insisted on his marrying her, and, says he,

"Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we made an even trade,
She gut an overseer, an' I a fam'ly ready-made";

and happy and contented he remained.

The bitter remarks made by Jonathan to John are hardly just, though we acknowledge the provocation. But Birdofredum bobs up as smiling as ever. He has secured a "transplantable and thrifty family tree," which tells him that he was of "Norman blood," and in fact one of "natur's noblemen." Indeed, the poet's utter contempt for this Southern aristocracy was most seriously resented.

Mr. Biglow's "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line" well shows the poet's fondness for nature. He forgets not the blood-roots, with their baby-pearls, the liverworts with their furry coats, the blackbirds, the crimson maples, the robin redbreast with his adobe house, and other signs of approaching spring. But I think his favourite is

"June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here;
Half hid in tip-top apple blooms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook of laughter thru the air."

Anyone who has seen this songster in a meadow in June can understand the poet's favoritism and his description.

But the tenth paper becomes most pathetic. The poet's three nephews had been killed in the war, and his heart is breaking. Earnestly he prays for the peace that follows victory and proclaims "a nation saved, a race delivered."

In everything Lowell wrote, true nobility and a passion for the highest and best is prominent. One cannot read his works and not receive some inspiration for whatever is honorable and of good report.

"For underneath his gentle nature flamed
A noble scorn for all ignoble deed,
Himself a bondman till all men were free."

C. A. CHANT.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESS.

The American College Press is a most hopeful phenomenon. Not only does it unmistakably prove that young industry and genius are at the threshold of mature manhood to carry on the work of the waning generation, but in its continuity and patriotism clear evidence is given that amid all the changes of the times the citizens of the future are exemplifying and maintaining that regularity and stability which democracy so urgently needs. Individual classes may come and go, but the college journal remains, holding up and handing on the name of the *Alma Mater*, and uniting through the spirit and the matter of its columns the students of the past to the students of the present. Thus in the spring of life the young men of the country learn once for all the great lesson of devotion, and, encouraged to love their college, never forget to love their country.

Every college and every school of importance has its paper. At the VARSITY sanctum journals are received from institutions of every description, from Harvard and Princeton to Bates College and the Camden Academy. It is unnecessary to say that in two particulars they are all alike. No matter how varied their literary material, naturally and rightly they always have much that is local, much that is intended to interest and unite to the college their immediate subscribers. And they never neglect athletics.

In American college literature an admirable tendency is distinctly visible. Whether in verse or prose, there is a conscious and successful effort to combine the greatest amount of point with the least amount of language. The poets produce epigrams and triolets, the prose writers produce storiottes. Brevity is undoubtedly the secret of force and severe mental discipline the secret of brevity. In their verse, therefore, there is as a rule more mind than heart, in their prose more wit than imagination. Yet, undoubtedly, their aim is in complete harmony with their necessities. Students have no leisure either to write or read long articles; much amusement and instruction may be afforded by short ones.

In these particulars we might learn much from our brethren; in another we might learn much more. Nearly every prominent paper over there preserves a special column sacred to the alumni. The careers of graduates are closely watched and various items jotted down under the dates of various years, e.g., from the Bowdoin *Orient*: '44—In the Supreme Court at Portland, August 10th, a memorial service in honor of Judge Wm. Wirt Virgin was held, at which Chief Justice Peters and Judge Joseph W. Symonds, '60, were among the speakers.

'68 and '89—Ex-Att.-General O. D. Baker, of Augusta, and Frank L. Staples, of Bath, have formed a law partnership, with an office in Augusta.

The papers of the east are, of course, superior to those of the west. Most of the poetry of the latter is simply clipped from the former. To this rule, however, there is a conspicuous exception. The *Sequoia*, published by the associated students of Stanford University, California, is one of the foremost college journals in America. Its general structure is good, but it has done better in developing a special line of short, pointed stories, seldom more than a paragraph in length. In the matter of pointed verse, however, the palm must go to the *Brunonian* of Brown University. "Brown verse" is plentiful in quantity, rare in quality. It reads remarkably well in its proper setting, but is chiefly known to us as exchange matter for VARSITY. The *Red and Blue* of the University of Pennsylvania, is a strong journal, devoted to athletics and the more serious sides of verse and prose, in which it has done some excellent work. The *Harvard Monthly* is a magazine of professional calibre. Standing aloof from current things, it excels in philosophy and fiction, and in its type and general appearance it is an æsthetic treasure. The *University of Virginia Magazine*, another monthly, is hardly inferior to the Harvard, and reflects great credit on the South. In general arrangement, matter, and externals, the leading American journals are far superior to our own, and if once in a while they devote about a tenth part of the space to football that the *Queen's College Journal* used lately in blowing a similar trumpet, on the next page you find something like this:

A COLLEGE IDYL.

Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow:
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and History,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you,
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

EVEN.

The night is still. Yon moon rolls on her course,
Peaceful and calm. No roaring tempest's force
Rends the cool waters of the river's breast,
As on they glide; but all is quiet rest.

The day is dead.

LA FAYETTE.

—In the past two years the department of Physics at Colgate has nearly trebled its earlier equipment in apparatus.



THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE undergraduate organizations of the University of Toronto, have always been in name, and in form, a reflection of the higher organization of the University itself. As University College is the oldest, and was for many years the only college in affiliation with the University, so the University College Literary and Scientific Society is the oldest, as it was for a long time the only, society of any considerable importance among the undergraduates. In a few weeks it will be forty years since this society was organized. Beginning as the College itself, in a very modest way, the first eleven or twelve years of its existence seem to have been passed in that peace and quietness which is a general characteristic of literary societies in schools and colleges. But with the increase in the number of students, with the appearance of strong divergence in mental constitution and personal sympathy, we became afflicted with certain internal disturbances of a strictly private nature, which to the general public need not be communicated. Apart, however, from these, the society has continued to increase in strength and usefulness. It is here that the students of the University have been accustomed to meet, to discuss with each other problems of history, of politics and of literary criticism. It is here that they have to apply to these questions the knowledge acquired in the study and lecture-room. It is here that they have endeavored to attain by frequent practice an aptitude in the formulation and expression of their thoughts and arguments upon any question with which they may have to deal.

This society has, therefore, supplied to some extent a school of rhetoric and elocution in a community where proficiency in these has not, perhaps, been valued as highly, or as carefully as might be desired. Though the discussions have fluctuated, much from one period to another, in respect of merit they have not infrequently risen to a point of dignity and real eloquence which would have done credit to assemblies of much wider power and more extended notoriety. They have given us a splendid earnest of the work which the society might do, which it is confidently expected it will do when the conditions of student-life both in our University and in the country generally are more favorable to progress in such departments than they are now.

In the older times there was one university, one college, one undergraduate society to absorb the attention and the leisure of the student. The old system was simple; it was symmetrical, it was easy to understand. But with the introduction of new Faculties or Federating schools, colleges, and universities, the organization of our undergraduate body has become correspondingly complex. Societies of all kinds and for every imaginable purpose have sprung into existence, and our primitive simplicity has completely vanished. This is not a matter of such small importance as might at first sight appear. The formative influence which a unified and simple organization in a public institution, however great or small, can exercise upon the minds of those with whom it has to deal, is liable perhaps to be underestimated or disregarded. If we look for examples in the field of history, we will find that the disintegration and confusion of ancient Greece had an important influence upon the course of Grecian thought, and was to a large extent productive of political scepticism and a negative philosophy. The symmetry of French institutions in modern times has been to some extent the cause, though it may be reversely also the effect, of that definiteness and clearness, that spirit of perfect arrangement which is characteristic of the French national mind and all that it has produced; and it may be that our American neighbors are enjoying a similar advantage in this regard. The uncertainty and complexity of the institutions, political as well as others, under which the

Canadian student is educated, may perhaps be having an undesirable effect upon his mental constitution. It may be that we can excel in critical and destructive ability, while the constructive faculty, constructiveness in thought and in language, to foster which our society especially exists, may be but poorly and weakly developed.

Some of other disadvantages also tend to prevent our society from assuming the position and doing the work which might naturally be desired and expected. Great as may be the merits of our secondary schools, they have recently, at any rate, been pouring forth an increasing number of matriculants, who are anxious to pass as quickly as possible through the various stages of our educational system, and to begin, with the equipment there hastily acquired, the permanent occupation of life. Imperfect preparation before matriculating, and the consequent pressure of ordinary work allows too little time for that digestion and arrangement of knowledge, that frequent participation in public and private discussion, that intercourse of sharpening intellect with intellect, which is after all, one of the main purposes of university education.

More than this, it is not improbable that though our courses of undergraduate study are equal to the best in American colleges, the general character of our undergraduate life may be somewhat detrimentally affected by the absence of close and continual intercourse with the centres of educational life "across the line." It may be that we are losing much, though it may also be that we are gaining somewhat, by living a little aside from the stronger currents of intellectual and political movement on either side of the ocean. The waters of an eddy may be quiet and restful, and suggestive of reflection, but they may also ultimately form a marsh or a lagoon.

These disadvantages, however, whether they are important or not, have been the unavoidable result of circumstances, and may be expected to disappear when time brings opportunities of improvement. When the undergraduates have begun to build their university studies upon a somewhat wider and surer preparatory groundwork, when the society is able to concentrate more completely and continuously than now the highest abilities of every department and faculty and college, we might then hope to see it become a far more useful factor even than it is now in the work of university education. The position of the great Oxford Union, from whose meetings young Englishmen could step to the floor of parliament, may be far beyond our hopes or our emulation on this side of the Atlantic; but it need not be beyond our hopes to see the many serious problems of the present time—problems of education, of industry, of history in its bearing upon present politics—discussed continuously by the members with that sound knowledge which is the result of patient study alone, with academic disinterestedness, and in language polished, dignified and pure. "May these things be."

C. A. S.

A DECISION.

As a maid so nice,
With step precise
Tripped o'er the ice,
She slipped; her care in vain.
And at the fall,
With usual gall,
The school-boys call,
"Third down; two feet to gain."

—Brunonian.

—The *Ægis*, the Dartmouth annual published by the Junior class, will be out this term. It will be published by a New Haven firm, and will be double its usual size.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the Corner of Yonge and College Streets, Oddfellows' Building, Room 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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DECEMBER 13, 1893.

THE PROGRESS OF MODERN LANGUAGES IN CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

The object of this sketch is to trace the development of the study of modern languages in Canada, and more especially in Ontario, during the present century. Should it appear in the course of our investigation, that our own *Alma Mater* has an undue share of attention, we would remind the reader that charity begins at home, and we have naturally been inclined to deal at greater length with the development of our own curriculum.

If, in beginning our enquiry, we seek aid of the oracle of history, the oracle, Janus-like, gives us an ambiguous answer. History would lead us to expect on the one hand an active prosecution of such studies as we are dealing with, on the other an utter neglect of and scorn for them. For, in the first place, what could be more natural than to find in a country of hybrid nationality an extraordinary development of language study. The earliest efforts to found a settlement in Canada were made by the French; the subsequent conquest by the English brought in not English alone, but a bilingual army of Highlanders, and in the present century we have had foreign communities of Germans and Icelanders planted in our provinces as incentives to the study of modern languages. But let us view the reverse of the shield. Academic studies from the very nature of the case would be governed by the practice of the mother country whence the early settlers came. Moreover, the difficulties surrounding these early settlers were such as to retard for centuries the growth of colleges and universities. Thus it is that while the Seminary of Laval was first instituted three years before Harvard College was founded at Cambridge, the university that has grown up from this germ is still in its infancy and has no regular faculty of arts. In the fascinating pages of Parkman few more striking passages may be found than that in which he pictures what might have been the result had the Huguenots been allowed to settle in Canada, as they would fain have done after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. "France, like England, might have been great in two hemispheres if she had placed herself in accord with this tendency instead of opposing it; but despotism was consistent with itself and a mighty opportunity was forever lost."

When Canadian universities did begin to spring up it was to England, not France, that they looked for their models. It is over a hundred years since King's College

was founded at Windsor, N.S., although it did not obtain a charter till the second year of this century. With this college we may begin our survey of modern language studies.

The two influences already mentioned are still seen in the earliest curriculum of King's College that was to be found in the library (*quo ante incendium*). As a result of the influence of historical surroundings we have a professor of modern languages; as a result of the influence of English universities we have no professor of English—absolutely no recognition of English anywhere in the curriculum. That the modern languages were pursued from the practical standpoint of the commercial college might be gathered from a note appended to the professor's title in the list of the college faculty. He is there set down as the "Professor of Modern Languages, viz.: French, German, Spanish, and Italian (also, qualified to instruct in drawing)." Judging from the professor's name, it is more probable the course resembled that in a young ladies' academy, and this view is supported by the list of text-books: Ollendorf's French and German grammars, Adler's German reader, Peschier's *Causeries Parisiennes*. The professor also taught in the collegiate school and is highly spoken of in the calendar. There is such a lack of definite statements in the earlier *curricula* that this view of what was really done about thirty years ago in the "most ancient Literary Institution in the British colonies" has a peculiar value. Interest in the subject is evidenced by the numbers graduating in 1863, which are 23 in French, 4 in German, and 4 in Spanish.

Passing next to the Lower Province, the calendar of the University of McGill College gives an encouragement in its proof that more attention is paid to English as we get nearer home. McGill College was founded by bequest of the Hon. Jas. McGill in 1811, erected into a university by charter in 1821 and re-organised in 1852. In 1856 steps were taken to strengthen the original endowment, and the most liberal gift on that occasion was devoted to the foundation of a chair of English Language and Literature. It was perhaps the influence of French surroundings that led to this new departure; possibly the influence of the younger university in the Upper Province had something to do with it. The course was confined to the first year, and the text-books, Crombie, Latham and Spaulding, may indicate the nature of the work done. In Modern Languages McGill was much in advance of King's, having three professors, although no provision is made for Italian. The German text-books are the same as in King's, and under French there is this interesting note: "The French language being of especial importance in Lower Canada, a larger amount of attention is bestowed upon it than is usual in English colleges, and every effort is made to train the students to speak and write it with accuracy and taste." Under Spanish, which was taught for practical purposes by the professor of Hebrew, but in which a good course of literature was provided, we find another remarkable note: "Besides a special comparison with the Portuguese language, a general notice, literary and historical, of the Bascuense and other dialects will be given." This is the first practical hint of the study of comparative philology, although the late Sir Daniel Wilson had for some years before lectured on Ethnology to a special class.

In the old King's College, Toronto, by a strange coincidence, the lecturer on Hebrew, Mr. Hirschfelder, was also a lecturer in Modern Languages. But when the University of Toronto was constructed on the ruins of King's College, the chair of Modern Languages, then first established, was filled by one of Napoleon's veterans, the late Prof. Forneri, to whose knowledge more than one of his pupils have borne witness. The character of the work did not materially differ from that at McGill, but Italian was included in the course. But in those early days the great personal influence of Dr. McCaul gave classics a

pre-eminence that dwarfed all other subjects, and in especial caused the modern languages to be regarded as much inferior to the ancient, nor can any one who compares the old curricula fail to acknowledge that such was the case. There was only one year of English, and two of history, instruction in modern languages began in the University for all students except those from Upper Canada College, and was purely literary.

Such, then, was the study of English and modern languages as pursued in Canada thirty years since. In no case was there any attempt at scientific philological training. How, indeed, could there be when Germany was only beginning to take up the scientific study of English and French as university subjects? We must congratulate ourselves that the impulse has reached us so quickly.

For taking up the subjects of English and Modern Languages separately, it will be seen that while both studies have advanced with leaps and bounds, the latter class of subjects has been peculiarly favored on the Toronto curriculum. The character of the advance is so well known that we need only give a general idea of the character of this movement. The first introduction of philology was in 1877-8, when Old and Middle High German were added in the Fourth and Third years respectively, and Diez' Grammar of the Romance Languages was made part of the fourth year French course. Later on, the Diez gave place to more modern authorities, and an Old French text was added to the third and fourth year work. In 1884 Spanish which for five years had been dropped from the curriculum, was restored, and Italian introduced in the second year. At a later revision Spanish was introduced into the second year and Italian into the first, while Old Spanish and Old Italian are now studied in the fourth year, thus giving a completeness to this subject that it would be hard to parallel on this continent.

In English, the advance was not so rapid until of late years. The course had been gradually extended from one year to four; but no philology could be taught in a practical way, and this subject loses all its fascination when made a study of grammatical forms that have to be memorised without ever being applied as practical tests in reading the older stages of our language. For a few years, indeed (1885-87), a few chapters of Gothic served to illustrate the history of English grammar; but the gap of Anglo-Saxon could not be filled up until the last revision of the curriculum in 1890. In the meantime, the curriculum of Toronto, which in 1878 stood equal to that of any university in America in this department, had fallen behind such conservative institutions as Yale and Princeton, and was inferior in its requirements to all the leading colleges of the Dominion.

Keeping step almost with Toronto University, the other provincial institutions have raised their standard in French and German. In some cases the personal influence of the instructor gave an impetus to these subjects, as at Trinity, where the late Prof. Dunlop taught Anglo-Saxon in addition to the modern languages. Queen's and Victoria also adopted the philological system of work, and by appointing the graduates of German universities, have ensured that the teaching shall be according to the most modern methods of that intellectual workshop.

In such a sketch as the present there would be great injustice in overlooking the merits of one defunct institution, which deserves commemoration on account of the very good course in modern languages that was given there before its absorption into Victoria College. At Albert College, Belleville, not only were Italian and Spanish taught in addition to French and German, but the English course comprised the study of Anglo-Saxon.

In McGill there has been likewise a parallel development, so much so that in the absence of a complete set of calendars it is difficult to determine whether the advance in McGill preceded that in Toronto or *vice versa*. As the text-books are the same in each case, one is led to believe that Toronto furnished the impetus, which it has certainly

carried on further and with more success. An indirect proof of this may be found in the fact that Toronto has supplied professors in this department to McMaster, McGill, Victoria, Queen's, Dalhousie, and Trinity. To this general statement a particular exception must always be made in the case of Anglo-Saxon, in which Toronto was preceded, not only by Prince Albert and Trinity, but by Queen's, McGill, Dalhousie, and New Brunswick.

We have been considering merely the curricula. If we now turn to the increase in the staff and in the number of students we shall find that the modern languages have been equally progressive in Toronto University, whether by absolute or relative standing. Fifteen years ago there was a professor of English and History, and three lecturers in modern languages, one of whom acted as librarian. This was equivalent, therefore, to half a professor and two and a half lecturers. Now we have one professor, three associate professors, three lecturers, and three fellows. The difference is more striking if we compare the number of weekly lectures given in these subjects. In 1878 there were in the fourth year only six honor students in the department; at present there are twenty-five in the Teutonic and Romance departments, the two divisions which have been made in order to allow for the greater amount of work taken up in the fourth year. A comparison with the other courses then in existence would show that in none has there been a greater increase of students.

This progress in the subject is due in the main to the working of the German scientific spirit, which found an exponent in the person of the associate professor of German, whose personal influence gave an impetus to the early development of philological studies in Toronto. It has been greatly promoted by the excellent work done in the High Schools by our own graduates in the department, who are in all probability the best staff of teachers in their own subjects that can be found anywhere in the world outside Germany. The popularity of the subject is also due no doubt to the modern spirit of our age, which in its cosmopolitanism hungers after a knowledge of the great languages of civilization and the literatures contained in them.

This modern spirit is naturally more aggressive in the newer countries, and we may therefore expect to find that the American and Australian colleges give greater prominence to English and modern languages than do the older colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. Both Oxford and Cambridge, however, have their chairs of Anglo-Saxon (Oxford, indeed, has practically two chairs of Anglo-Saxon, as the professor of English literature was appointed for his Anglo-Saxon scholarship, and has spent the greater part of his strength on that subject), and even in Owen's College and in Birmingham Anglo-Saxon and Gothic figure on the list of subjects taught. England is at last awaking to the disgrace of leaving the study of her noble mother tongue to be carried on by foreigners from Germany or Scandinavia, or by distant colonists in America and Australia. But it would seem as if in the history of this subject there will be a development like that of the architecture of the Arabians, which reached its greatest successes in the Alhambra of Grenada and the Taj Mahal of Agra—two of the farthest conquests made by the Saracen race. Let us hope that every student of the subject will do his best to maintain for his *Alma Mater* the high position it has attained in the higher study of English, and see to it that Toronto shall not lag behind in the race with Sydney, with Harvard or with Oxford.

D. R. KEYS.

—Chauncey Depew said to the students of Yale recently: "What made the class of '53 so famous is that half of its members went into journalism and praised the other half.—*Ex.*"

THE WIVES OF GENIUS.

When the late Matthew Arnold visited America, in order, as he said, to "confirm the churches," a certain western church exacted from him after confirmation a very novel and American concession never demanded from St. Paul. (Let us waive the question whether the demand could have been pressed upon the apostle: at any rate his "thorn in the flesh" is sufficient evidence on which to rest the hypothesis that the conditions for such a demand were present in his case also.) Well, it is recorded that a gaunt and elderly woman took the platform when St. Matthew had sat down, and in the American language and accent gave utterance to something like the following rhapsody:

"We have this evening heard the gospel of Matthew Arnold with our ears and looked upon the apostle himself with our human eyes; but we have also been informed that there is another soul present in this hall whom we have not looked upon nor heard, even the woman whom Matthew Arnold has honored with his love" (silence in the hall); "we would fain tell it to our children, and to our children's children in the years to come, that to *our* eyes and ears had been presented on this evening, at this carnival of our culture, not Matthew Arnold only, but also the woman whom Matthew Arnold has honored with his love" (silence). "Once more I summon to this platform, to climax the glory of this night, the woman whom Matthew Arnold has honored with his love." (Continued silence; the heroic victim demanded sitting motionless and rigid as a Roman censor before Brennus, apparently unconscious of all around her.)

This very characteristic demand for Mrs. Arnold to stand at her husband's side has suggested to my mind how much more entertaining would history have been had that western American female been born into the world from its beginning, and been permitted to remain and ingeminate her request to each successive man of genius who has appeared from time to time upon the platform of fame.

O that we had all been permitted to see the woman (or rather shall we not say women?) whom each genius has honored with his love! How much better we should have remembered the salient features of the man. How much better we should have understood his gospel! how much more easily we should have measured the spiritual, intellectual stature of each; from what abysses of idolatry and pedantry and affectation should we have been delivered! Finally, how much more profitable reflection, as well as profitable amusement, would have been ours, and how much more we should have loved (in some cases) our men of genius after thus beholding their weaknesses. Just think for a moment what it would have meant, and first in the case of poets.

Would Shakespeare himself have been so far away a mystery to us if we could have seen him on his wedding-day in company with his Anne, fair, fat and forty, old enough to have been his mother, more than old enough for his aunt; so, then, even Shakespeare was once a calf. And Milton! How much more interesting would he have been to us could we have seen him with his grim scholarship and unrivalled vocabulary of abuse preaching down the poor young giddy thing whom he condescended to make miserable by marriage. So let Milton also be writ down an ass. If I am to say anything of the other poets as well, I will indicate the whole matter in three short lines of condemnation. From the Athenian Euripides, most learned of fools—so far as marrying was concerned—down to English Edward Fitzgerald, most foolish of learned men, what an array of failure! Byron and Shelley, Coleridge and Bulwer Lytton. Swift, who never would admit that he had a wife, and no man yet can give the reason, but all men know more shame to him if he had not. Southey, who only succeeded as a husband because he failed to be a poet. Hardly can Browning be quoted in rebuttal, for, with his healthy instinct, it was his pride and his peculiar

care never to pass "for a damned literary man," but to be mistaken for a stock broker.

Turn to the philosophers: would Socrates be thrust down our throats if his name could never be spoken but in company with Xanthippe's? And if we had been accustomed always to behold on parallel pedestals the wife throwing the soup plate, the sage wiping his head with his "after thunder, rain";—the dear old man would have lost nothing with us worth losing, and would have been a far more vivid memory. Would the ghost of John Stuart Mill be so shadowy and ineffectual a phantom in our eyes could we have seen him philandering with Mrs. Taylor, the common place in nature as in name, and fancying that he had found a goddess in one whose only art of flattery would not have imposed upon a child of average shrewdness. And the same fate befel the other pedant, the Frenchman Comte. And the history of the Rector of Lincoln, is it not written in Middlemarch and again in the book of the Chronicles of Belinda?

Are the statesmen any wiser? "I saw you yesterday in the park with Lady Beaconsfield," said an impudent wit to her comparatively youthful husband. "What feelings, may I ask, do you entertain for that old lady?" "Two feelings, sir—alike incomprehensible to you—gratitude and affection." The retort was worthy, but was the marriage? Was it worthier than its converse, Cicero's, when in his old age he put away the wife whose political influence had disappeared, and married a school miss with a fortune? "But," says an indignant moralist, "remember Mr. Percival, the great Lord Liverpool, was not he a good and happy husband?" Ah yes, the more's the pity, for shall we not all agree with Sydney Smith when he writes that he could find it in his heart to wish that Mr. Percival had sometimes strapped the little Percivals, and had given their mother occasion for jealousy, if only, at that sacrifice of personal worth, he had contrived to become something of a statesman. "At any rate," retorts the moralist, "there is the G.O.M., the Gupiter Optimus Maximus of the present day. You dare not push your iconoclasm so far as to dispute his title to pre-eminence, both in domestic life and statesmanship." Well, iconoclasm is no reproach; it means resistance to idolatry and false gods; and if ever there was a case of idolatry—however, let that pass; let us, for the sake of peace, admit Mr. Gladstone as the exception which proves the rule. Let us concede that in his case serious criticism ceases. That the world has no fault to find with the wife, save and except that she has not used her feminine taste to correct her husband's collars—no fault with the husband, unless it be that he has not used his classical scholarship to correct his wife's Latin. "Mr. Blank," said Mrs. Gladstone once, "is such a nice old gentleman. He says that now that he has seen Mr. Gladstone he can sing his Dunc Nimittis." (Happy are ye, O ye lady students, and happy will be the professor of Latin when your Latin is no worse.)

And is science immaculate? "No great mind," says Lord Bacon in his essay on Love, "was ever a victim of this unreasonable passion; it seemeth to be reserved for martial men," and forthwith he married a monied widow, and lived unhappily ever afterwards. "He loved not to be with his mate," we are told. Oh Science, where was then thy sense? and Experiment, was that thy victory?

And what of theology? When Luther married, "So," said Erasmus, "the reformation is a comedy, after all, ending in a marriage." But was Kate's temper comical? to Luther, that is? It would have been to posterity perhaps, and yet we should also have felt for Luther more, and felt nearer to him, could we have never thought of him without thinking of Kate.

And last, but most of all—the great names of general literature, of critics, scholars, novelists and historians, how would they emerge from this ordeal! How would Carlyle, the genius, with a dash of the peasant? how Dickens, the cross between a genius and a commercial

traveler; or Dr. Johnson, who married at twenty-five a portentous widow of fifty with the figure of an alderman, and the painted cheeks of a fourth-rate actress? He thought her very beautiful; but lived to think that young men would do well to let the Lord Chancellor select their wives. Or turn to the Universities and interrogate their luminaries. S—— the great Cambridge scholar espoused his cook, and missed even the vulgar gratification which he had foreseen in her company, his dinner; happy S—— when the dinner too missed him and the plates were shivered only on the opposing wall. Nor does Oxford tell another tale to the inquiring mind. They showed me there an ancient college, and an armorial lodge, and in the lodge a spacious hall; and from the hall uprose a carven stair-case, and on that stair-case hangs a story still, as once there hung a scholar and a president of European fame, the Platonist, Dr. R——; for Mrs. R—— (*née* Polly Scullion) was pleased to ring the drawing-room bell one evening, and, to the answering footman "John" she said, "Remove the president to bed:" and fighting, struggling, kicking, contesting each banister, and turn, and landing, from step to step of those emblazoned stairs, the light of Oxford was uplifted in a footman's arms.

But I hasten to the close of this moving history. How strange it is, and passing cruel to women, that Fate should have chosen them wherewith to illustrate the ancient adage that genius is another side of madness; how strange and cruel that all these men of genius and many others should have proved the genius only by their books, the madness by their lives and wives; how strange that the marriage of a genius should suggest with double force the pessimistic questionings, wherewith George Eliot greeted the tidings of a wedding in her circle, "Ah," she used to say, "he is very charming, and she is very charming, but —— will they suit?" How cruel, that to the tomb of genius should apply with double force the misplaced piety of the unconscious humorist's epitaph.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
BLANK,
AND
BLANK,
his wife.

Their warfare is accomplished.

And the moral of all this, if there be any sediment of truth beneath its ribaldry, is simply this: O my young friends, let each and all of us be thankful that he is not a genius; so shall he have a better chance of that best portion of a plain man's life, a good wife's love. This and children's kisses reconcile to life. With these, it will sound no mockery to his ears, even though his youth be slipping fast away, when he hears the familiar greeting of this season, "A Merry Christmas to you, and a Happy New Year." C. M. V.



UNIVERSITY LIBRARY—H. H. LANGTON, Librarian.

INVOCATION.

O Hope! Remain with me to light the way,
But not to lead my soul, too prone
To seek what cannot be its own,
By fields where brief Desire moves, astray.

Remain with me to shed thy lustrous beam
Upon the present, living fact,
Discover God behind the act,
And show delusion lurking in the dream.

Remain with me to help me to discern
The good that lies beneath my ill,
The wisdom that frustrates my will,
Which things I must forget, and which must learn.

Remain with me to kindle in my heart,
When its full fire shall be burnt low,
As by some gracious after-glow,
The joyousness which youth and strength impart.

Remain with me, O Hope, until the last,
That my trained, tranquil eyes may see
Undimmed, whatever there may be
Beyond me, when life's border line is past.

EVELYN DURAND.

A LOVE AFFAIR.

After the opera, one Christmas week, we were sitting around the cosy library fire—we gentlemen dozing and paying but lazy attention to the ladies, who were discussing the occupants of the boxes and stalls at the theatre, which topic led them to the unhappy suit of Dick Somebody, who had been rejected by Lucy Somebody else.

"He feels it awfully deeply, poor fellow," ventured one.

"Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love," quoted another.

The oldest of the party, who passed for a kind of cynic, drew his chair out of the shadow into the fire-light, and shook his finger warningly at the brown eyes and curly locks of the speaker.

"Ah! don't be too sure of that," said he. "Let me tell you. When I was in America, one day, on the Northern Pacific, the train stopped at a village called Head's Landing—two or three hours delay. I wandered about on the platform, and picked up a speaking acquaintance with the sheriff of the county, who seemed a well-bred and fairly intelligent man. Politics first; that led to international relations. He said he never used to like Englishmen, but he believed they were 'stuff, sir; the real stuff!'"

"Yes?" I said, enquiringly.

"We had one out here," he went on, "a few years ago, a young chap. I think his father was the Honorable Somebody—though he never told us so directly. He was as poor as a tramp, and green to the country, but he always kept it to himself and never confided in anyone; if he had, he'd have got on better. Took to braking on the railway, and lived in that shanty over there, with a little girl he called Dottie. She was the daughter of some friend of his that had died; nice little cuss she was, too. He used to pay Bill Stebbin's wife to look after her when he was away on the road.

"Go past when he wasn't working, you'd see the two of them, heads together, over a book or something of that kind. Once I passed on the road kind of quiet, and heard him telling her about angels, and she with eyes as big as gooseberries, sir. Poor devil! I don't believe he was a bit better than we were, but he tried to be for the girl's sake.

"Yes, and if you'd go past at night, you'd hear him singing, 'Lead, kindly light,' or something of that kind, and the child joining in; he didn't know the tune, so of course she hadn't any chance to learn it. His voice was as rusty as a crow's; he couldn't sing, but he'd try. Well, one day we were all standing around the bar and he came past, and the boys called him to set 'em up. Said he, 'couldn't really afford it.' The boys knew it was pay-day on the road, so they called him Skinfint ever after, and sent him to Coventry—but it didn't seem to make much difference to him and Dottie.

"A couple of months after, in January, we heard he was sick. The crowd at the bar hailed the doctor as he went by.

"'Hello, doc, is Skinfint goin' to get his dues?'

"'I guess he is.'

"'What's wrong with him?'

"'Something wrong with his lungs. He doesn't wear half enough clothes. Besides, he's only half fed.'

"Everybody said it served him right, and next night he died. Bill Stebbin's wife took the youngster, and I went to the house as general executor. It wasn't fitted up at all, except a few fixings in the little girl's corner, which was curtained off. All I got was a letter or two and an account book or a kind of diary. That book showed him up.

"As I'm a living soul, the railroad had got him green, and the local paymaster paid him four dollars a week, and you know what wages like that mean here. The paymaster knew he wouldn't ever discuss it with the men, so he pocketed the rest.

"And that four dollars! Well, sir, between rents and doctor bills and this for Dottie and that for Dottie, the cuss had starved himself. He spent half his time at Langton—seventy miles down the line—and the book never showed a cent that he paid for his keep there, and the accounts balanced every week—four dollars in, four dollars out.

"There would be diary notes in the book like this: 'Can get underclothes, \$2.20; Dottie needs boots.' Then it would be 'boots for Dottie, \$1.' Two or three times he'd priced those flannels, but it always ended in getting something Dottie needed.

"I could see where it all had gone. He'd caught cold on a night run—and by the way, he'd asked the doctor to take a pair of boots he had as part payment of his bill. When I got that book, I'm blamed if I didn't almost blubber. I went straight to the 'Gold Mine' and called all the fellows into the bar. I stood in the middle and read them that book.

"When I quit, nobody moved, till one big fellow says: 'Boys, the gentlemen of Head's Landing ain't the gentlemen they thought they were. They are pups. Any votin' contrary signify,' and not a man moved. Then, says he, 'Who'll take Dottie?' And every man says, 'I will,' except one fellow, a Mexican, who didn't understand the question.

"After the sheriff left, I walked up about dusk to where he was buried, under a pine on a big bluff that stood out against the sky. There was just a little cross with 'J. H.' on it.

"But, of course," said the narrator, as he drew back from the firelight into the shadow and looked at the brown eyes and curly hair, "as you say, 'men have died, but not for love.'"

Nobody spoke for a minute, but the brown eyes looked at the fire and their look denied the words, even as he spoke them.

J. McC.

—Columbia College offers free tuition for the course to the freshman passing the best entrance examination. This tuition is equivalent to \$690 in money.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

And now the festive joys appear;
Now Christmas tidings peal their mirth,
And, drawing from the heavens near,
Glad tidings wrap the earth.

The races of mankind rejoice,
And long before, our hopes adorn
With earth's best pleasures and its choice
This blest, this happy morn.

Oh! go ye anthems pealing forth,
Yield, then, your wild and rapturous glee;
And bless the season with its worth,
Its peace, its sanctity.

Hallowed and sanctified by time,
Revered and hailed from age to age,
The splendours of the star still shine;
Still seeks its light the sage.

E. C. C. E., '94.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

At last the chill winter snow has fallen and our outdoor games have ceased. What a jolly time we have had! I never imagined that there was so much sport and healthy exercise in the life of a Toronto student.



G. W. ORTON, '93
Champion Mile Runner of America

Last year was my first at the University, and as I did not come up till late in November I missed all the football. It was too late to get well acquainted with the ins and outs of college life, and I began to fear that my four years would be one long, dull stretch of study. True, I sometimes heard the boys talking of Orton and of Watty Thompson, or of the new gymnasium, but I scarcely knew what they meant. In the spring I saw some of the boys playing baseball and cricket, but I knew none of the players, and my exam. was so close at hand that I did not attempt to play either.

When I went home for the summer I determined that I would come up later this year than the last, and, had it not been for a fortunate chance, I would have missed nearly all the season's sport.

Like the rest of the world, I went to Chicago for my holidays. While there I heard some one discussing the athletic competition and learned that the great event would be the mile race between Coniff, of New York, and Orton, of Toronto University. Next day I was promptly on hand. When the race started the wind was blowing a regular gale, and at the half mile Coniff was about one hundred yards ahead. Orton seemed defeated, but it was only then that he began to run. Faster and faster he gained on him and then swept past. Coniff could run no longer. He dropped out of the race, while Orton finished fresh and strong. The mile championship of America belonged to Toronto University!

It was a race that would have made any one enthusiastic, and I stood up on my seat and yelled "Hurrah for Toronto!" I at once resolved to be back for the opening of the term.

Nor will I ever be sorry. The general enthusiasm for sports, and especially for foot-ball, was a revelation to me.

Never did I see such a game of Association as that between Varsity and the Scots. For years the Scots have been defeated by us, but this year they were prepared to play as they never had played before. They must win; they would admit no alternative. Their team had been strengthened at every point where it had previously been weak, while Varsity had lost several of its best players. Even the most enthusiastic of Varsity's supporters seemed to consider the result as doubtful. When the teams lined up, however, every doubt vanished, for was not Watty Thompson back in his old place.



WATTY THOMPSON

The play was fast from the very start; but when the score stood two to two it became furious. The Scottish slogan answered defiance to the College yell. It was no longer a game; it was a desperate struggle. Again and again the Scots charged down the field, but again and again the ball went flying back. Soon it was Varsity's turn. Shot after shot rained down on the goal of the Scots, and at last the ball went flying through. Was there ever such cheering? The Scots were vanquished and Varsity had once more asserted her superiority.

It was a game long to be remembered. Never had the result seemed so uncertain when so much depended on it; never had our opponents fought so fiercely to the very end.

Successful as Varsity has been at Association, she has been scarcely less so at Rugby. Both the first and second teams were defeated only by the champions of their leagues, while the third swept everything before them.

We had all hoped that our seniors would win the championship, and so, perhaps, they would, had they not been over-confident of defeating Queen's. As it was, their score of sixteen to six, in the return match, entitles them to be considered a good second. The interest in the game has been greater this year than ever before, and next year we should be able to defeat any team in Canada.

Up till now, I am told, we have been handicapped, both by our grounds and by the lack of a gymnasium. The broad campus in front of our college has never been fenced in, and our teams have been unable to charge a gate fee. Next year there will be no such causes for complaint. The large field to the north of the university has been leveled and fenced in, while our new gymnasium is declared to be one of the finest and best equipped in America.

Not only have we a good gymnasium, but we have a good instructor, and a better man than Mr. Williams could not have been chosen. Before coming to this country he was one of the best known athletic instructors in the British army, and only lost the sword championship of India after a hard contest in the final round. Next year, under his instruction, Varsity should be more successful than she has ever been before.

NINETY WHICH.

—The members of the Greek letter fraternities in the colleges number 77,000.

THE SNOW GRAVE.

"In a rocky, slightly wooded hollow we came across the scattered skeleton of what the Doctor says was once a well-built white man. He took possession of the bones, but I managed quietly to appropriate one of the ribs as a souvenir of the wildest, most desolate and God-forsaken piece of this earth I have ever walked on"—From a letter written by Walter H. Lawson, of the Canadian Prospecting and Mining Company.

Before Jack Laurence and Jack Palmer left New York on their mid-winter trip after caribou in the far north, they considered it necessary as sportsmen and gentlemen to give a little dinner at their club. And every man who drank their wine at that dinner was loud in his praise of the pluck and energy of the two sportsmen. From oysters to coffee the one continued theme of conversation was deer and deer shooting, and when one guest grew tired of expressing his good-wishes and his envy of the two hosts' intended sport, another was ready glibly to reiterate them. It was discussed how the two were to go by rail to Port Arthur by way of Montreal, and then strike overland towards the north. It was shown that the venture was not so hazardous as one would at first think, because they both had had experience in Canadian hunting, and were taking with them the completest, yet simplest, camp equipment that two experienced sportsmen with time and money could get together. But towards the end of the dinner some of the younger men got *drunker* than politeness admitted, and Laurence was a little disgusted, and Palmer a little tired and bored before it was all over. So the two men took full, deep breaths of relief and satisfaction when they at last pulled out from New York on the Montreal Express, and went whirling westward through the December snow-storm.

With Palmer it had been easy enough to get away; but Jack Laurence was a married man. The storms, pouts, tears and pleadings of his little golden-haired wife had all been laughed down. It is a strange, inexplicable passion that causes men to leave warm, happy, comfortable homes, and endure cold, hardship and danger for the mere sake of what they call *sport*. It is a passion that women can never understand.

In her despair, Laurence's wife had even written a note to Palmer asking him to come to see her at once. Now Palmer was an old sweetheart of Mrs. Jack Laurence, and when he read the note he wished he could avoid the visit for two reasons; one was the natural dislike a man has for meeting his old-time loved one now married and happy, and the other was a conviction that Jack's wife intended to beg or coax him to make her husband stay home, or if not that, to storm at him for leading her Jack away from his home and his wife into northern ice-deserts and blizzards on an insane deer-hunt. But Palmer had to respond to the note; and one afternoon Jack Laurence was considerably surprised, on letting himself quietly into his house, to see his wife talking very earnestly and pleadingly to Palmer in the dusky drawing-room. The affair worried him for a short while, but he soon dismissed it from his mind and forgot it.

So when Mrs. Laurence saw that all her efforts were to be fruitless, she very wisely gave up, and did something that showed the sweet womanliness of her nature. Among the outfit of her husband's hunting expedition were two blanket coats, made particularly for northern shooting. Into the inside breast pocket of her husband's coat she slipped a new photograph of herself, and a playful little note that ran thus:

"DEAR JACK,—Although you have been a wicked, bad man, I am still going to let you keep me next your heart. When you find this you will be many, many miles away, but remember, love, that my thoughts are always with you, and that I am waiting for your return to me. LIL."

This note and the photograph were packed up with the rest of the camp outfit, and Mrs. Jack Laurence would sometimes pause and smile during her husband's

absence, and wonder if he had found the letter and the picture by that time.

The two hunters did not make any stop at Montreal. They continued westward to Port Arthur, and then left the train and started overland through the rough country towards the north. They travelled this way for twelve days and at last made a halt in a rocky ravine, which they recognized as the centre of a promising district, and as well sheltered a spot as it was possible to find in that rugged storm-swept land.

It was on the fourth day in camp that Laurence came back in the afternoon, after an unsuccessful tramp, and found Palmer lying on the floor of the double-walled tent, in a raging fever. Laurence soon had him rolled in blankets, and doctored him in the rough, bewildered way in which one man always nurses another. Then there came into his stout heart the first faint tremors of despair. A sick man in camp and two hundred miles from civilization! For the first time the forlornness of his situation entered into Laurence's mind, but he drank a pint of brandy, and tried to forget about it. He turned his attention to his sick comrade and examined him. For the first time he noticed that Palmer's clothes were wet, and he saw it was not the dampness from melting snow. Even his blanketcoat was soaked through. The man must have fallen into water. Laurence began at once to undress Palmer, who seemed too weak to speak. Then he rubbed him and dressed him in dry flannels and put him between the blankets again and poured brandy down his throat. He took some himself and thanked heaven that they had brought plenty of it. He kicked the wet clothes to the other side of the tent, and picked up Palmer's blanketcoat, or what he thought was Palmer's coat, for they had been wearing each others in mistake ever since they left Port Arthur. He hung it on the tent pole, but as he did so a note and a photograph slipped out of a pocket and fluttered to the ground. The photograph lay face upward and Laurence saw it was the face of a woman.

"Oh, ho!" he muttered; "sweetheart, eh! Never heard him say anything about her; the sly dog."

He stooped and picked it up and looked at it with a half smile on his face. The water had discolored the picture, and the brandy made his sight a little thick; but when he saw the woman's face the smile faded from his mouth and left a pale glare in his grey eyes and a whiteness on his face. It was a picture of his wife. It took him only an instant to pick up the letter and read it. Then he sat down on a gun-box and tried to realize it all; but he could not think; the wild whirling that made his head swim round and round drove out every thought. So he sat there silent and still for hours, while the sick man would occasionally groan or move restlessly. At last when the fire went down and the dusky winter twilight settled across the silent north, Laurence got up and put on his heavy hunting clothes, gathered up a number of his things, strapped on his snow-shoes, and stood above the sick man who had now grown delirious, with a strange, deadened look in his eyes. He held a revolver in his hand, and for several minutes played with the trigger. No; he would not shoot him, that would be too merciful—he would not even kill him with his own hand—they had been comrades too long a time for that—he would be merciful and give only what was deserved. He replaced the revolver and went out of the tent, and as he went the sick man groaned from the blankets. Outside, a northern Canadian blizzard was blowing desolately across the ravine, and the stinging snow wounded his face. He closed down the tent doors, then stooped and touched a lighted match to the outer wall of the tent. It had been oiled to render it water-proof, and the flames caught it in a moment. Laurence stood silent and motionless in the falling snow and watched the flames lick up the frail

canvas house. The wind caught burning shreds of the canvas and carried them flaming across the ravine. The flames died down, but a sudden gust of wind fanned them, up into one long tongue of fire at the last. Then the light went out and Lawrence was left standing in the darkness, with the icy snow-drops falling and whirling around him, and the picture of a man writhing beneath the red mars of a burning tent fixed immovably and glaringly in his mind. At last he turns to what he thinks is the south and plunges into the night, floundering through the increasing snow banks, that drift and build, and drift again throughout the night. And the snow keeps falling, falling, without a pause, and when the grey, silent morning is come the wind goes down, but the snow continues to fall until the ravine where the camp had stood is one unbroken stretch of white, spotless snow, with not even a mound to mark what might be lying beneath it.

ARTHUR P. STRINGER.

AFTER YOU'VE READ IT ALL, IS IT MY STORY OR YOURS?

No, I never look at a florist's window in April now.

You see it was this way. My room-mate was a law student. Before that he had been my schoolmate. In this preceding order of his evolution he had been a farmer's son—now a peculiar type and rapidly becoming extinct. He was, and was not, a very ordinary man. He was clever, but declined to work. Sometimes I think all people that decline to work are clever. They always think so; but Ed. was an exception. He might have been a great man, but he is soon to be married. His wife will love him forever, as women can, and he will love her as a man can, for a year or so. He was always happy after he got over that night, and always made others happy. He had no dislikes but one, and that was roses. I don't know why he hated them so, unless it was because he had seen roses and thorns, with the red-hot elephants and bright green snakes and the rest of the things, on a night we never speak of now. I once took some roses home without thinking—I never do think—and before I got outside the door, I heard him say: "Take those damned things out of here," and I knew enough to do it. It was the first time I had heard him swear since that night.

As for Ed's room-mate, you know him better. A fourth year Varsity man, ordinary in every way, as is proved by his having stood well on his class list. He never could be a great man, but he will never marry. He was rather given to the humanities. Read Browning's seven lines from "Pippa Passes," expressing that great poet's satisfaction with the way God was doing things, and wondered why Kipling put them at the beginning of his "Record of Bedalia Haresfoot." Then he would think of the needs of the human race and wish it were all like himself. He was always gloomy, and generally made others gloomy. I think he would have died that spring, but for the sunshine of his room-mate. I think, too, there was a little history mixed with his life that nobody knew. I have known him to fret a whole night through, and then say next day to his anxious friends he was troubled a little with indigestion. He always seemed gentle, though, on days like that, and I have seen him pick up the sorriest of kittens and murmur tenderly to it the wildest and saddest rot.

Well, one night I was passing the window back there, and in it were roses, sunset roses at that. I knew my weakness and struggled bravely on, but at last I gave way. "Six for one dollar," and my last dollar answered him. I caressed my roses and thought of one or two things—I never could think like a rational being. Finally I thought of Ed. I could not take them home. What could I do with them? There was one girl in the city I wanted to give them to, but I could not. We liked each other too

well. There was one who had been kind to me. I would offer them to her. She was not at home, and I carried them away. I have thought since I could have left them for her, but it did not occur to me then. There was only one other girl I could offer them to, and she lived too far away.

Then I commenced to tramp, and I thought of that night, and I thought of one girl who had been kind to me, and I thought of the girl to whom I could not offer them. At last I met a poor devil who said it was cold, and that started me home.

When I came to our number I thought of the roses. What could I do with them? There was only one thing, and I did it as bravely as I could. Gently but firmly I approached the back yard fence and threw them on the ash heap. Then I went gloomily to our room, where Ed. was reading "When a Man's Single," all aglow with enthusiasm over the girl that Rob. Angus was to marry.

Next morning ash heap and roses were gone. I borrowed a dollar from Ed. for car tickets, and I never look at a florist's window in April now. T. L. B., '95.

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

One of our English poets says:

Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought;

and so likewise our purest pleasures are those in which the serious mingles with the gay. How much better and higher than the excitement of the eager crowd are those quiet moments when in solitude we gaze upon some scene fraught with the memories of the past. Thought after thought is borne in upon us as we wander to and fro. Be it the pleasure of the pathless woods, where we commune with nature's self, or of some scene where the problem of life and its mysteries is brought before us, that pleasure is all the sweeter because we feel it tempered by the solemnity that ever accompanies it in such a scene. But perhaps this feeling is never experienced more vividly than in a quiet ramble through some old country churchyard. Here the associations of nature and man, the solemn stillness of the air and the recollections of the past suggested by the evidences of mortality that surround one on every side, combine to soothe away

The passions and the cares that wither life
And waste its little hour,

and leave us for a little free to indulge in serious meditation. We turn aside for a moment from the eager race of life to ponder upon its meaning, and to view it from the standpoint of the spectator instead of the combatant.

It was my privilege to spend a little time in such a scene one quiet summer day. The district is one which has been settled for a comparatively long period, so that the element of antiquity with its added charm was not wholly wanting. It was in just such a place, methought, that Gray's *Elegy* must have been composed, and its beautiful lines were constantly coming to mind as I turned now to this side and now to that to read the inscriptions on the stones. The oldest I could find was 1728; there were several others of almost equal age, and after 1770 they became quite numerous. These stones were simply slabs rough-hewn from the rock, and smoothed only on the face where the names and dates were inscribed. Quite frequently the carving was almost obliterated by the lapse of time. Decked as they sometimes were with very uncouth rhymes indeed, they implored the passing tribute not only of a sigh but also of a smile. The vanity of life was thus forcibly expressed on the stone over one Capt. Saml. Hunt, who "died very suddenly of an apoplectick fit," 1770:—

Death, sudden death, the bubble quickly busts
And sinks the owner instantly in dust.

Near by it was a stone marking the last resting-place of "Rev. Jno. Hubbard, A.M., second minister in this town," who died 1794, and who is eulogized in the following lines, an improvement on Goldsmith's description of the village preacher:—

A man he was to all the country dear
And passing rich on eighty pounds a year.

But not often was the oddity of expression so marked. Frequently quaint, it was seldom incongruous with the solemn stillness of the scene.

Others, again, there were which brought the events of past history to vivid recollection. Here was a cenotaph marking the spot where a settler of the early days was killed and scalped by Indians, and another inscription cut in the face of a rock just in front of one of the village churches told a similar tale; whilst the marked increase in the number of colonels and captains after the year 1775 was very suggestive of the days of the Revolutionary War, and the frequent recurrence of Old Testament names was an unfailing sign of the Puritan spirit and descent of the people. In some cases whole rows of stones bearing the same family name told of sons following in the footsteps of their sires from one generation to the next, sundered indeed a little time in life, but united now in the common lot of death."

How quiet the scene was! Scarce a sound to draw one back from the dead to the living. In the little country village these worthies found their last long home, far removed from the busy haunts of men. And how much quieter it must have been in the days when only the ring of their axes disturbed the calm of the primeval forest. Theirs was a life like that which the poet describes in that beautiful stanza of the 'Elegy':—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

But there was one inscription which struck me more than any of the others, not because of its age, for it was one of the later tombs, but because it was that of a college man. It ran as follows:—"This stone marks the grave of Ezekiel Webster. He was born 19th January, 1788; graduated at Harvard College 1812; died 26th June, 1845. Erected by his classmates as a testimonial of their esteem." The record of a life told in three acts—birth, graduation, death. How short it seemed, summed up as it thus was in these three events. And yet here was one whose hopes were perhaps as bright, whose prospects as promising as those of any of the youth who throng our colleges, eager to be equipped for the struggle of life that lies before them. But pale death's pitiless footstep sounds alike on palace threshold and at hovel door, and for all of us there waits a way of death that must once be trodden. Verily we spend our years as a tale that is told. Will not our own lives, with all their varied incidents of joy and sorrow, with all their dreams and hopes and aspirations, in a little time hence be compressed into the same brief record? So it hath been and so it must be. "For even as all the generations of leaves such are those likewise of men; the leaves that be the wind scattereth on the earth, and the forest buddeth and putteth forth more again, when the season of spring is at hand; so of the generations of men, one springeth and another passeth away."

XOUTHOS.

—The Yale commons has a seating capacity of 420.

—There are over 130 students in the law school of the University of California.

—Harvard has established a meteorological office on top of the volcano of Arequipa, Peru, 19,000 feet above sea level.

THE BROAD MAN.

BY A MAN WHO KNEW HIM FROM A CLOSE VIEW.

You are still crying for him I hope you will never find him. I knew him once. I was at a University for three years, but they raised the standard then. He was a fourth year sophomore. He had read everything. He knew several languages. He had a large library. He had met many—in his own words—notable personages. Of those he had not met he had autographs. He had thought a little on every possible subject. He hinted vaguely of one on which he had thought deeply. I never knew till afterwards what it was. He was an anarchistic socialist. He always knew what men's fathers were prominent. He was very fond of society and rich dinners. He thought man's duty was to be broad. He believed ministers of the Gospel were to be used for political purposes only. By political purposes he understood his own.

He was very kind to me, and would often speak with me. I felt his superiority. I wondered that everybody else did not bow down and worship him. So did he. He always took the lead in any conversation he might light upon. His especial joy was conversation with graduates and lecturers—failing notables. The cause of his joy was that he could show them his superiority in their special departments. I often heard them say "ass" when we were leaving. He always said it was very unkind of them to speak of me that way. I was always grateful for his sympathy, for I am quite stupid. I thought he often told the truth, for he had read the doctors—like everything else—only in the translation, and not in the original.

At that exam. time we both got plucked. They required us to write continuous English. He did not care. He said it did not make him think any less of the university: "Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds," &c. I never quite understood the application, but he said Browning meant it expressly for such a case. I suppose he knew. I came back to the farm. I do not get along very well. They say it takes brains to be a good farmer. He went to Idaho, and became a professor of moral and political philosophy there, with a doctor's degree. That was the subject he had been thinking so deeply on. I cherish his memory, but only hear of him through the newspapers.

W. K. P., '91 (ALMOST).

S. S. F. 98.

"What is the formula, professor,
For maidens, up to date?"
The wise man smiled and quickly wrote,
S. S. F. 98.

"Pray, what may mean this mystic scroll?"
Said she, the Vasser pert;
"Why, one part saint, and one part sage,
And ninety-eight a flirt." —Ex.

ROCKED TO SLEEP.

We hear of many martyrs old,
Of grievous pains they bore,
Of men who perished at the stake
In gloomy days of yore.
Of Bible heroes' sore distress
We read with bated breath,
But Stephen's fate seems worse than all,
For he was rocked to death.
—Brunonian.

A SHY LITTLE MAID.

A love-lorn lad wooed a coy maid once,
All of a summer's day he pled,
Oft he spoke of the bonds of love—the dunce!
And shyly she shook her head.

When from his heart hope had almost fled,
He spoke of bonds he had in town,
Still the sly little maiden shook her head,
But she shook it *up and down*.
—Trinity Tablet.

"MEAN!"

"Oh, by the way, my dear," he said,
"You'll have to have lunch to-day,
I'm afraid at a rather unusual time,
As, you know, I am going away."
"Yes, John; what time shall I have it?"
The young wife shed a tear,
As he answered with gloomy irony:
"Have it *on time*, my dear."
—Red and Blue.

—It is quite possible that a Latin play will be given
by students of Cornell.

More Eyes are Ruined

by the ignorance of the unskilled in fitting spectacles than is ever dreamed of.

You wouldn't have your hair cut by a gardener, yet how often men trust the welfare of the eye—the most delicate member of the body—to one who knows little of it.

We've just added to our staff an expert optician, who has made the eye a study for fifteen years, and fits spectacles on scientific lines.

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THE Varsity

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THE VARSITY


A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 17, 1894.

No. 11

Editorial Comments.

 HAPPY New Year! How much and yet how little these simple words can express. We have all frequently, no doubt, during the season of festivity from which we have just emerged with feelings of deep regret, been the objects of the goodwill or lack of goodwill therein expressed, but few perhaps have stopped to consider their true significance. Uttered by one to whom our welfare is truly a first consideration, they convey a world of meaning, expressing as they do a sincere desire upon the part of the speaker that the incoming year may prove one of real happiness to the individual addressed. On the other hand, we too often hear them carelessly employed by persons incapable of feeling any other than a self-interest, in which case the time-honored greeting is robbed of its true expressiveness and converted into a modern conventionality. In all sincerity, therefore, and not as a mere matter of form, THE VARSITY greets its readers and subscribers, and expresses the hope that the term of '94 may prove to them one of unprecedented happiness, doing so in consequence of that interest which a college journal naturally feels in those without whose co-operation its maintenance would be an impossibility. How then is such happiness to be attained? In our own case, largely, we venture to say, by a conscientious discharge of our duties as students, and if this be granted, who can doubt that one of our foremost obligations is that which we owe to our College paper. Let us not forget that THE VARSITY is the medium through which we are known not only to our graduates, but also to all sister universities, and upon its literary excellence depends our reputation with those upon whose judgment we place most weight.

* * * * *

All who have followed the fortunes of THE VARSITY during the Michaelmas term will sincerely regret the retirement from office of Mr. J. H. Brown, who by an able and conscientious discharge of his duties has won, and deservedly so, the esteem of every impartial reader. To be sure he has been subjected to severe criticism, as were his predecessors, and as will be no doubt his successors, but with how little show of reason such censure is advanced may be inferred from his reply to "Justice," which appears in the correspondence column of this issue. In this reply Mr. Brown shows clearly that access to THE VARSITY was not, as has been so frequently alleged, denied the students in reference to the shed affair.

We understand that a canvass to raise the amount of the fines inflicted upon the "luckless six" is still being carried on indiscriminately among the students. Would it not be more to the point to apply only to those who took part in the work of destruction, whether by offering encouragement or by active participation, instead of asking all to share in the punishment consequent upon the rashness of a few? Student life is becoming more and more a stern reality, and the majority are justly averse to paying out money for a no more substantial return than the mere gratification of idle sentiment.

* * * * *

As we intimated in a former number, we are now adding the cover as a part of the regular issue of the journal, and the best quality of paper will be used in the future. That the general appearance of VARSITY has been falling short of the position we occupy as a University, has long been felt by many. Our object is to bring the paper fully up to our standard as a University; instead of working for a surplus, we intend to devote any extra funds we may have to the improvement of the paper. In making these improvements, we rely upon the hearty support of students, and we would again urge that all subscriptions be paid before the end of January. In order to bring THE VARSITY still more generally before the students, the management has decided to offer the paper at reduced rates for the Easter term.

MEMORIALS UNVEILED.

A most interesting and imposing ceremony took place in the University Library last Saturday afternoon, it being the occasion of the unveiling of the portrait of the Hon. William Hume Blake, sometime Chancellor of the University, and of the portrait and bust of the late George Paxton Young. The first mentioned portrait was a gift from the Hon. Edward Blake to the University, while that of Dr. Young was donated by his friends and scholars. The portraits also of Bishop Strachan, the first president of King's College, and of Prof. Croft, the late professor of chemistry in University College, which have long adorned the walls of the Residence dining hall, were formally presented to the University by Prof. Hutton on behalf of the College Council. It is anticipated, moreover, that at an early date memorials of Dr. McCaul and Sir Daniel Wilson will adorn our library walls. We regret that lack of space prevents our making some comment upon a ceremony of such vital interest to our student body, and one which bids fair to be oft repeated. The next issue of VARSITY will, however, contain an account of the Young memorial fund, together with an original poem read at the unveiling by Mr. F. J. Davidson.

WHAT IS REAL?

In spite of the growth of rationalistic criticism—the predominant force in the sphere of thoughts, whether for good or for evil, since the French Revolution—there yet remain undefiled several sacred altars that the instinct of man has guarded from desecration by hostile pen or tongue. The Bible has repulsed all attacks, because in it there has been found something capable of filling a long-felt void in the nature of humanity. Having on many occasions done all that was claimed for it, the presumption is established in favor of its ability to do so again, and intuition is allowed to overrule the feebler reason.

A similar nook in the affections of Englishmen has been reserved for the work of him who was among the earliest to teach us self-reliance and confidence, and who in life identified himself with the most worthy aspirations of our country—Shakespeare. The position taken towards his work resembles that which Burke advised us to assume in regard to the English constitution, to study and to admire, and, where we could not admire, to believe ourselves dull rather than that the rest of the world had been imposed upon. We study Shakespeare, and where we are not able presently to agree, we generally at least consider it safest not to say much on the matter. DeQuincey could not discover why the knocking on the gate in Macbeth just after the murder of Duncan, caused him the strange horror that it did, but a practical illustration forced upon him the conclusion that Shakespeare was right in calculating upon its effect. In such company a novice cannot go far astray, and may without weakness allow himself to be swept on by the popular enthusiasm:

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,"

is the text of my sermon.

"Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

These are the words of Prospero, and the theory is not ill founded that makes Shakespeare himself speak in the person of Prospero. That theory would lead us to suppose that something was meant by these words; and that they are not employed for mere literary purposes. Shelley, in his preface to *Adonais*, speaks in a most derogatory manner about "Such stuff as dreams are made of;" but it may well be that Shakespeare had no such idea in mind, but merely felt the truth of what is there expressed.

Yet the question, Is life but a vision? will more frequently be answered in the negative than in the affirmative. The seeming tangibility of the material world—the intensity of our own sensation, all absorbing for the moment, would seem to give the lie direct to such a position. But when the past is called before you, and you endeavor to walk in old familiar scenes, and to converse with friends, the tried companions of former days, what term do you apply to your thoughts as being the most suitable? Reverie. Dreams they are, in which, if truth is our aim, a broad margin must be allowed for the elements of later growth, the product of fancy exercised not unfrequently in the pleasing task of self-exaltation; and yet to us their reality is beyond the shadow of doubt. Well may it be asked again if life, to the poor and miserable, cold, hungry, dejected and uncared for, is but a dream? Perhaps it is not so much a dream as a nightmare; for if ever such wretched life be, for those forsaken, a thing of the past, and if a life of plenty and hope take its place, then it will be so much the harder to realize what before it was hard to thrust away.

But there is another sense to which I would put—I do not say the words—but the thought they contain, in the

language of philosophy. What I would speak of is called, I think, the non-existence of matter and the supremacy of the soul. But the poet expresses it more intelligibly than the philosopher:

"I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within"

and pursuing his idea in the same strain:

"Ah, from the soul must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element."

The world is, yet it is only through the mind that it becomes known to us, and thus there is not one world alone, but rather as many worlds as there are minds. This it is that makes argument so hopeless, for beings differently constituted may not be brought to regard the world in the same light. Another thing which may be deduced from this is the responsibility of each for the character of the world with which he comes in contact, since the only reality is the mind's picture. To be sure the mind is limited as regards the materials from which it may choose for the construction of its picture; but the method of combination, the emphasising of some features and the withdrawal of others, are all dependent upon the inclination or bias, inherited or developed, of the *age*. Nay, more, it rests almost entirely with ourselves whether the picture shall be made or no; and the exercise of a little firmness would often spare us sights which could do us but scanty good or perhaps not a little harm. "A light, a glory," must go forth from ourselves which will so bring brightness and harmony into what before was dark and incongruous, that we shall no longer recognize the old world, in which former squalor and unworthiness alone were visible to us.

Happy therefore the man that can dream dreams, whose dreams are under his control, to stimulate him to action, or to calm him, as necessity requires; and at all times to transform the world so that it may become fit for the dwelling-place of one fashioned in the image of the King; for life is but a dream.

There is one very sad result, however, of dreaming, building air castles, or setting up of ideals, call it what you will, when it is allowed to run riot, unchecked by the reason and not indulged in with the sole and proper object of making life more tolerable: discontent. Blind groping after perfection, the endeavor to understand the mysteries of time and of eternity, in hope of finding some solution of problems that are inconsistent with our ideas of justice and goodness; these vain efforts and their attendant failure plunge many whose outgoing was all sunshine into the blackest despair. In *Cleon*, Browning has portrayed more faithfully than anyone else, the character of an enthusiastic seeker after learning and attainments in all branches of art and science. Yet what has been the result? Could there be any but one result while such a discrepancy exists between the ideal and the real, when

"A man can use but a man's joy while he sees God's."

But who, in spite of the failure to gain complete satisfaction, would not have the power *Cleon* had to change the world and make it beautiful, not only for himself, but for others? Who would not be glad to claim among the other achievements of his term on earth to have composed the little chant:

"So sure to rise from every fishing-bark,
When, lights at prow, the seamen haul their net"

YORKER—Why is Prince Wolkonsky like Pennsylvania's play in the Yale game?

JOKER—Why?

YORKER—Great rushin'.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE PATHETIC FALLACY.

"The gods approve the *depth* and not the tumult of the soul."

Three papers have lately appeared on the subject of sorrow in poetry. The author of the first and third ingeniously contends that poets should not dwell on the sorrows of life; the author of the second brilliantly and eloquently *contra*. With the main proposition the present article has little to do; it is rather put in as a protest on behalf of Ruskin. I claim that assault and battery has recently been committed on his meaning, and it is my present business to make good the claim. In his grand parade of certain extracts from *Modern Painters*, the writer now in hand appears to believe that the passages presented support the thesis which he has undertaken to defend. He thinks that in his exposition of the *pathetic fallacy* Ruskin contends what he himself contends, that sorrow is suffering, sickness, disease and death.

The first two volumes of this masterly work, and also half of the third, are taken up with a presentation of the general principles of art. The application of these canons to the main theme of the argument, which, as everyone knows is landscape painting, begins in the middle of the third volume. Having discussed the interesting point whether landscape painting is worth our notice at all, the author states his intention of examining the effects of landscape, first, upon the classical mind; secondly, upon the mediæval mind; and lastly, upon the modern mind. But before all this, he remarks, let us consider one special feature of its effect upon *any* mind. Let us examine "the difference between the ordinary, proper and true appearances of things to us; and the extraordinary or false appearances when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy."

To the practice of imputing to the external world qualities which it does not really possess, Ruskin applies the general term *fallacy*. Continuing the analysis, he remarks: "It will also appear, on consideration of the matter, that this fallacy is of two principal kinds. Either it is the fallacy of wilful fancy which involves no real expectation that it will be believed, or else it is a fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, making us for the time more or less irrational." The second sort of fallacy, occurring when the mind is strongly influenced by emotion, he characterizes as *pathetic fallacy*, and in illustration thereof advances the passages from Kingsley and Coleridge, already quoted by the writer in hand.

How grossly that particular Hazlitt has misrepresented his author is already clear, even from this short excursion to the fountain head. By *pathos* the small critic has hitherto meant the cause of one particular emotion, the cause which arouses grief. By *pathos*, however, the great critic obviously means the cause of any emotion whatever, whether it be grief, joy, hate, fear, or love. There are instances of pathetic fallacy in Chaucer owing to the emotion of love. Speaking of the daisy, he says:

"She is the clerenesse and the veray lyght,
That in this derke worlde me wynt and ledyth,
The hert in with my scrwful brest yow dredyth,
And loveth so sure, that ye ben verayly
The maistresse of my wit, and nothing."

There are instances in Shakespeare owing to fear:

"Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk: for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts."—*Macbeth*.

There are instances in the Bible arising from joy: "*The little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.*"

And Ruskin himself adduces an example from Tennyson, in which the fallacy occurs four times in as many lines, and in each instance from a different emotion:

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near!'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late.'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear!'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait!'"

It is established, therefore, beyond all question that if Ruskin's exposition of the pathetic fallacy proves anything against sorrow, it proves quite as much against joy, and fear, and love, and every other emotion. That is to say, if it proves anything against the emotion Matthew Arnold Redivivus condemns, it proves quite as much against the emotion Matthew Arnold Redivivus defends.

Let us now consider, again, whether Ruskin is really engaged in an assault on emotion, as his misinterpreter evidently assumed. It has been already proved that if he is attacking emotion at all, his shafts are aimed not at any particular feeling, but at feeling in general, and therefore hit the local critic quite as much as they help him. As a matter of fact, however, has he written a single syllable that by any process of correct reasoning can be held to condemn emotion? Reconsider his remarks as to how men differ in their way of regarding a primrose. Those remarks have of course been advanced in support of the opposite contention, but what do they really mean? One man perceives the flower rightly because he does not feel; another wrongly because he feels and cannot control his feeling; another rightly because, though he feels, he controls his feeling. The first man is no poet, the second a poet of the second order, and the third a poet of the first. Emotion raises the two orders of poets above men who are not poets. *Emotion is, therefore, according to Ruskin, the first essential of poetry.* To decide the point once for all, had Ruskin assumed an attitude hostile to feeling in general, and therefore to the feeling of sorrow, I presume he would have said so. But what does he actually say: "*For be it clearly and constantly remembered that the greatness of a poet depends upon the two faculties, auteness of feeling and command of it. A poet is great, first in proportion to the strength of his passion, and then, that strength being granted, in proportion to his government of it.*" Since, therefore, the passion of a poet may be grief as well as joy, the authority whom the local critic advanced to support his proposition obviously and forcibly assails it.

In his second quotation from Ruskin, the critic is hardly more fortunate. There are, at least, two discussions in which those remarks might be appropriately made, and, as we might have expected, neither is the discussion in which we are at present engaged. They are in point in Ruskin's comparison of the Greek with the modern temperament, and they would, perhaps, be in point in a treatise on the brain or the stomach. With an argument, however, as to whether poets should dwell on the sorrows of life, they have not the remotest connection. Whatever the gentleman may ingeniously contend, there is considerable doubt, after all, whether we owe *In Memoriam* to mince-meat and *Evangeline* to lobster salad.

I have now, I think, made good the claim which I had in mind to establish. The last contribution of the local critic, depending as it did on a misinterpretation of Ruskin, amounts, as a result, to nothing; and the argument, therefore, remains just where Mr. Tucker left it. If it is resumed on the opposite side, let us hope for some nobler display of talent than that which achieves its highest triumphs in the perversion of great authorities. Independence of thought is our crying need, and our literary criticism will continue worthless just so long as it continues slavish. It is unpleasant to pose as an iconoclast, but, however devotees of cant may protest, the time, I think, has arrived when in the interests of the community it is the duty of the individual to fling down the gauntlet to sham.

W. P. REEVE.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the Corner of Yonge and College Streets, Oddfellows' Building, Room 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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JANUARY 17, 1894.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



HE ubiquitous freshman, the self-assertive sophomore, the festive junior, and the mild and modest senior, were, as last year's writers would say, "conspicuous by their absence," at the last meeting of the Lit. As President Stuart looked down from his pedestal of fame, his eagle-eye surveyed only a Sahara of blank and barren benches. True, there were a baker's dozen of subdued and silent students bestowed in various positions in the back seats, but it did not look the least bit like old times. They were a mild and harmless crowd. All the noisy men were down town seeing Barrett and McLeay "play-actin' at the Grand," and all the plugs were at home, as usual, "gettin' intellect into them," in the words of Artemus Ward.

It was about 8.30 when the fire began to crackle and the literary pot to boil. Then the society discovered that it was in a nice pickle. There were no signs of Fry, and this unfortunate fact caused quite a stew. The society only got itself out of the mess by calling on Mr. Hall to act as secretary. This gentleman began his duties by a unique exhibition of acrobatics, and the society began to get enthusiastic. It is needless to say that the minutes were received with terrific applause.

The programme, which, by the way, was a lengthy one, consisted of a debate as to the possible development of the Great Lakes and the C. P. R. respectively. There was blood on the moon from the start, for the contest was

a gory struggle between the S. P. S. and University College for argumentative supremacy. Mr. Mitchell, on behalf of the S. P. S., led off for the affirmative, and in a speech which, of course, would grace the records of Parliament, showed the society how "the great cities which now dot the shores of the great lakes would never have been there if there had been no great lakes." (Wild enthusiasm and shouts of "Great head!") Mr. Clark, of '95, took up the gauge on behalf of the College and the C. P. R., and gave us numerous statements as to the benefit which the latter had been and would be to the country, informing us, at the same time, that they could all be verified in the University library. I intend to look them up. But the speech of the evening was delivered by Mr. Bergey, who, notwithstanding that he comes from the land of lager and anti-plebiscite majorities, bravely advocated the fresh water propaganda, and backed his arguments with irrefutable phalanxes of figures. Mr. C. A. Moss replied to Mr. Bergey in a fluent and thoughtful speech, in which he quoted copiously from Hadley, Johnson and others whose names he did not remember, to show that Mr. Bergey was simply "away out." Mr. Mitchell's reply was brief and conclusive. To the satisfaction of every one he smashed the arguments of the negative to smithereens, and of course there was nothing left for the president to do but bind the laurel wreaths on the noble brows of the affirmative. This interesting ceremony over, he called on Mr. G. R. Faskin, B.A., to address the society. Mr. Faskin, in his happy and innocent under-graduate days, was a prominent figure in the Lit., and in an admirable speech he recalled the palmy times "when Ringing Coady and Argumentative DeLury and Ever-news-gathering Smith, and all the others filled these vacant chairs with their eloquence." Mr. Faskin's funny but incisive remarks caused great bursts of laughter and applause. And so, in the best of humor, the bakers' dozen filed out into the chill night, declaring that they would just about as soon listen to the eloquence of a Bergey and the logic of a Faskin as occupy a seat among the immortal gods for even a Barrett and a McLeay.

TIM BUCTOO.

[P. S.—The reader will please excuse the lack of jokes in the foregoing. I have not been attending pass lectures in English this year, and so am out of jokes.—T.B.]

SNAKE-FENCE-ON-THE-FARM, Jan. 2nd, 1894.

MY DEAR JACK,—When you asked me to write you a description of the Literary Society meeting, I had intended doing it at once; but I was so busy dodging Christmas presents that I put off writing the letter, and now I pen it as one of my New Year resolves. But still, old fellow, it's hard to do it now, for my notes are illegible, and to speak of last term's meeting is like a dash into ancient history, or like listening to the lectures of some of our professors. A Y.M.C.A. man once told me that some of the lectures were like the laws of the Medes and Persians. I wonder what he meant anyway?

I told you that we were to have our last meeting on a Thursday evening, in order to avoid running into the Victoria conversat. A body of resurrectionists from the Medical School had captured the Y.M.C.A., so we had to meet in the University. You have often heard me speak about the women and the Women's Literary Society; well, they sent us a letter, wishing us the compliments of the season, and inviting our co-operation in reference to library matters. They wanted to read to 5.30, and the library said they were to stop at 5 p.m.; and they said the library committee were just horrid. We were sorry; and so we said we would co-operate. A co-operative committee was appointed; then everybody resigned, and then we re-elected them. Mr. Craig was appointed chairman of the committee, so you had better ask him what was done.

The McGill debate was next considered; Messrs. J.

H. Brown and S. J. McLean seemed proper subjects for defeat, and so we selected them as debaters; while Messrs K. D. McMillan and E. F. Langley were chosen reader and essayist respectively.

In my last letter I told you about the Mock Parliament, and the good times we have in it. First, we had questions from the members. The leader of the Opposition anxiously enquired as to the Prohibition leanings of the Government, but was informed that the Government was firm on the question and didn't have any *leanings*. The Opposition seemed so overpowered by its approaching advent to the Treasury benches, that its questions were not up to the mark. Then we wanted to nationalize telegraphs and kindred systems; at least, the Minister of Railways and Canals said we did. He gave a carefully prepared speech, and showed evidence of a firm grasp of the subject. Mr. Boulton, who followed on the Government side, backed up his argument by a plenitude of statistical fact and detail, and presented a strong case. Just at this juncture we were disturbed by a promiscuous horde trooping out; on enquiry, I found out that the Residence men always went to bed at 9.50 p.m. Then three or four speakers got on their feet at once, but Mr. McKinnon got on his feet in such a pronounced manner that the Speaker, after a brief glance around, said Mr. McKinnon had the floor. He, as an independent member, said he had no confidence in the policy of the Government. Hereupon the leader of the Government coyly abstracted a handkerchief from the pocket of the Minister of Public Works, and beckoned to the Sergeant-at-arms to come over and help him to weep. Mr. Wilson, the Minister of Agriculture, had something to say on the question; and he pointed his speech with references to books that the leader of the Opposition said weren't in his library.

I told you a while ago that wolves in fall overcoats, the P. P. A., the P. of I., and other disintegrating forces, had entered our hitherto peaceful fold. Well, so it is; and Mr. McArthur, the leader of the Third Party, showed his hand. In impressive tone he delivered an impassioned speech, the purport of which was, "There's a man here from Donnybrook fair." Mr. Wickett, on the Opposition side, made a good defence of his position; but I must say, Jack, that his speech reminded me a little of some of the flowing speeches we used to hear in our old debating society. I was watching the Prime Minister, and he seemed anxious; finally he leaned over to Mr. McArthur and said, "Will you have something?" and Mr. McArthur said, "I don't care if I do;" and then they bowed to the Speaker and walked down the corridor, and after a while came back smacking their lips. While they were away Mr. Moss had been saying some kind things about the Government. He seemed really serious when he said that the Government's misdoings had been bringing the gray hairs of the leader of the Opposition down in sorrow to the grave; but that this sort of thing had to stop. As a peroration to his speech he moved a vote of want of confidence. Mr. Barnum, one of the leading members of the Third Party, seconded the motion in a speech saturated with political science; and now the fate of the Government was trembling in the balance. I told you that a man called McLean was at the head of the Government; well, he thought he would do something. He had tried to drug the leader of the Third Party, but it was no use, and so he proclaimed the undying adherence of the Government to principle, and with the ardor and earnestness of a politician he appealed from the present to the future. I don't know whether he was in earnest or not. I think I'll try and get introduced to him, and then I'll ask him.

The Speaker now ordered the Sergeant-at-arms to bring in the guillotine that the examiners use in the spring; and soon the Government were *cut off as to the head*, as our old classical master used to say. The Opposition sang the benediction, and Mr. Craig went down town to a *policy-shop* to get a policy for his Government.

I went out yesterday to make a few New Year's calls, and leave my pasteboard at the residences of sundry rural damsels. You know what that means, Jack. They said they were glad to see me, and asked me to have some New Year's cake. I didn't like to refuse. I don't feel very well now, so I think I'll stop. Wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain, yours in fraternity and a winter overcoat.

JAY HESS.

A DREAM OF ARCADIA.

Great Pan, the still immortal god
Of fields and flocks and rural joys,
Beckons me on with friendly nod
To that bright glade whose tuneful noise
Gives note of dancers' airy poise
And Bacchanalian rout.

Blue soars the sky with ne'er a cloud;
Sparkles the brook with rippling brawl,
Brilliant the birds that sing aloud,
For nature holds high festival,
And all Arcadia's woodland crowd
Are gathered here for play.

Quaff deep the sparkling Lesbian wine!
Pan pipes his merriest roundelay,
And Bacchus, sov'reign of the vine,
Calls to the sprites that own his sway,
So quickly for the magic sign
The Fauns and Satyrs come.

Shyly the Naiads outward peep
From founts refreshing cool,
Sly(ly the) Oreads from mountains steep
Glide down to Pan's sweet school,
Hamadryads from their oaken sleep
Wake to the whirling dance.

Throw care aside; despair hath died,
Come join in the mazy dance—
The water nymphs hide by the sedges' side,
The roses bloom in their coral lips;
They shake dewdrops for their finger tips,
Full mischievous is their glance.

Dance on, nor tire—a whirl of joy
Thrills Pan's weird music through;
Dance on, sweet nymphs—nought shall annoy,
Such pleasure as this will never cloy
While Myosotis still grows blue
In sweet Arcadia's bowers.

* * * * *

Where is this woodland Arcady?
Where is this grassy sunlit glen?
Oh! tell me ye Fauns, ye Satyrs, ye Nymphs;
Oh Naiads! oh Muses!—my life for a glimpse—
Alas! it is past and faded and gone;
Our lives are grown sadder if wiser than then.

PHAON.

Correspondence.

THE POLICY OF "THE VARSITY."

To the Editor of the Varsity:

SIR,—In the last issue of the fall term appeared an article over the signature of "Justice," in which the policy of THE VARSITY under my editorship is somewhat severely stigmatized. The charges there made are of a two-fold nature. First, it is said that, in regard to the matter then

under consideration, "students were refused access to the columns of THE VARSITY"; also, "it was certainly reasonable to expect that a true statement of the facts of the case, as well as of the honest convictions of the student body, should have found a place in the College paper." Secondly, "Justice" seems to imply a censure on the editor, because this topic was not dealt with in the editorial comments. In reply to these statements, I submit the following considerations:—

The first is certainly a grave charge, and one which, if substantiated, calls for very great censure on the editor. In reply thereto I wish merely to state the *facts* of the case. Access was *not* refused to the columns of THE VARSITY, except in regard to two classes of articles. First, one or two contributions were sent to the editor entirely nameless, and with no information given him as to who the authors were. These were promptly consigned to the waste-basket. The man who expects that any notice will be taken of views which he has not the courage and manliness openly to avow, and to which he is afraid to sign his name, need not be surprised that they have been treated in such a peremptory fashion. Secondly, a series of bad jokes on the *Hallowe'en* subject from time to time reached the office, and on arrival were also duly consigned to the waste-basket; for it may truly be said of jokes like these, *facilis descensus averni*. The appearance of one or two such in the columns of THE VARSITY would have destroyed its reputation for a generation to come.

With these exceptions, no articles on this question reached the editor. On being asked by one of the students what course I would take in regard to articles sent in, and especially to accounts of the mass meetings, I stated that, while I did not greatly care to deal with the question, yet my action in any case would be determined by the nature of the particular articles submitted. This is simply the rule which is applied to all reports of meetings, and indeed to all articles of a general nature that are published in THE VARSITY. If the editor is to be responsible for what appears in the columns of the paper he must certainly be given discretionary power. But to charge that I abused that power and suppressed the expression of opinion, is entirely aside from facts, for no reports of any nature reached my hands except one, and that one was published in the issue of Nov. 8th.

As regards the editorial column, my reasons for not dealing with this topic there have already been given. But, aside from this, that column is one for which the editor is particularly responsible; and it is only just to him, that he should there be given liberty to state his own convictions. I submit that the editor should not be a mere figure-head ready to voice whatever ideas anyone asks him to, but that he should regard his position seriously, as having a personal responsibility for the views advocated in his comments. This was my aim, and if I fell short of it, it was not because earnest thought and effort to do my duty were lacking.

Your correspondent's statement that THE VARSITY has been "obsequious, timid and craven-hearted," I utterly deny. Any one who looks over the editorial comments for last term will find that criticism and censure of existing institutions and customs compose the greater part of them. Moreover there are articles outside of the editorial column in a similar vein. It is true that our censure was never quite so strong as that in several of the articles which adorned the city papers during part of last term; but this, if fault it is, is a fault intentionally committed. A man's views are not necessarily of any greater weight because he loads with innumerable violent adjectives every unhappy noun to which they can by any chance be attached. The reverse is more often the case.

The ideal to which the editor of VARSITY should strive to attain cannot be better expressed than by Horace's description of the good citizen:—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

For me to imagine that last term's VARSITY attained to that ideal would be sheer presumption; but I trust that in the main it has been true to it, and that while it has avoided obsequious cringing to that *instans tyrannus*, as "Justice" may think, the College Council, it has equally avoided rash compliance with some of the students' views, which were, I believe, too hastily and injudiciously formulated, and which more thoughtful men cannot but regret.

And here this question ends, so far as I am concerned. If the course which VARSITY pursued in regard to this matter does not meet with the approval of the majority of the students, I cannot but regret that fact. But I trust that it is not so, and I have every confidence that the course pursued did find acceptance with the greater number. In any case it was the only one open to me, unless I had chosen to act contrary to my own convictions, a step which it is to be hoped no editor will ever take.

J. H. BROWN.

GLEE CLUB TRIP.

In the late Glee Club trip concerts were given in Lindsay, Belleville, Brockville, Ottawa and Peterboro'. From the opening number, "The Old Brigade" chorus, which was accorded an enthusiastic encore in Lindsay, until a lingering audience applauded the V-A-R-S-I-T-Y in Peterboro, the tour was a musical success. Never had the chorus done such good work, never had the banjos and guitars played so truly, never had the mandolins twittered with such effect. Never had the Glee Club three such painstaking and popular soloists as Mr. Knox, baritone, Mr. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. W. S. McKay, bass. It was at Ottawa that the greatest success was scored—and justly so. The Club was nervous in approaching so large a place, but the hall was crowded, and the first number received its customary encore. At the commencement of Part II. the Governor-General and his wife entered—and so well did the endeavors of the boys please royalty's representative, that at his request several numbers on the first part of the programme were repeated. Lord Aberdeen personally congratulated the Club through its President and Musical Director. The programme rendered was such as could not fail to please. From Dudley Buck's "Twilight"—the Club's most difficult production—to the plaints of Simple Simon, or the truly College "Kemo Kimo," the Glee Club rendered all its pieces in a manner most creditable to itself and its director. Whether grave or gay, the matter received full justice, and no audience failed to appreciate the poetic beauty of the Wanderers' Night Song, or to laugh heartily at the antics of Johnny Schmoker.

The stringed instruments were enthusiastically received everywhere, and every piece was encored. The "Darkies' Jubilee" was the most popular banjo and guitar production, its life, rhythm, and fun capturing the hearers. The mandolin quartette did full justice to Sousa's marches, and were always welcomed back. Mr. Royce and Mr. Smedley's guitar and mandolin duet, and Mr. Smedley's solos upon the banjo and guitar, are worthy special praise. But where all was done so well and so satisfactorily, such praise seems but to dim the real merits, and in especially mentioning all, no one receives fair commendation. Suffice it to say, on three nights every number was encored; on the other two nights, every number but one. Consider this, and remark what great work the Club is doing both for its special sphere in music and for the renown of "Varsity."

Apart from their professional duties the Club found ample time for social enjoyment, and that many opportu-

nities were afforded them for such pastime speaks highly for the hospitality of the towns and cities visited. Upon the whole the tour was one of such success and enjoyment that the "boys" already look forward to a repetition thereof next year.

CAMO.

EXCHANGES.

Several resplendent Christmas numbers are to hand. The managers of *The Argosy*, Mount Allison University, N.B., have mailed us a dainty little print in silver and gold. Mount Allison claims to be the first Canadian college that granted full rights to women; that being so, it will henceforth be a Jerusalem to the faithful here. It may be noticed, however, that VARSITY has the high title of having first called to the staff and directorate representatives from the fair. The following stanza selected from a fine poem in *The Argosy* expresses what the women of New Brunswick conceive to be their mission:

The heart of the world
Has come abroad,
It's cry has entered
The ear of God:
The age of night grows old and late
When woman stands at the mystic gate.

Queen's University Journal begins its Christmas salutations with the suggestive words: "Good morning—have you used Pears?" The editors have, but we can't answer for the freshmen. Among *Queen's* New Year resolutions are a couple to which it would not be difficult to find an analogy here:

Prof. MacNaughton—To die. (Note: This resolution was formed just after hearing his final Honor class translate some of Æschylus.)
Prof. Mowat—To sleep.

From the flowers of creation we have received some charming buds. *The Portfolio*, from Hamilton Ladies' College, prints full speeches, *pro* and *con*, on the subject of science and literature, and as an off-set to this queer business informs the public how home-sick girls sometimes are. Perhaps this is owing to too little conversation or too much chumming. At any rate, the paper scores a point in the following item, suggestive of the highest ideal of the coming feminine university:

Graduated with the degree of Mrs.

Loretto Leaflets has done well in fiction, and the *Whitby Sunbeam* continues to shine.

Among American exchanges, the *Red and Blue*, from Pennsylvania, and our old stand-by, the *Brunonian*, "excel each other." From the first we cull:

SILHOUETTES.
Lovers spark
In the dark.
Twilight dim.
Father grim.
Ugly sound,
Great big hound.
Air grows warm,
Lover's arm
Leaves her waist.
Painful haste,
"Catch him, Jack,"
(In the back)
Goes home sore,
Comes no more.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY NOTES.

The work of the term began promptly on Monday, January 8. An able member has been added to the staff of the School of Pedagogy in the person of Mr. Scott, of the Normal School. He is delivering a course of lectures on methods in Botany.

The oral and written examination on Reading will be held shortly. Prof. Mounteer expects to complete his course in ten lectures.

La grippe seized upon some of our fellow students during the Christmas vacation. The unfortunate tell pitiful stories of their sufferings.

We have to welcome some new students to our midst this term. Among the number are Mr. Ed. Srigley and Mr. Merkley.

We were pleased to see that Messrs. Keys and Ward were successful in passing the special examination held at Christmas. Mr. Ward remains at the School to take the work for the commercial specialist's certificate.

There was no meeting of the Literary Society on Friday last. Next week there will be a regular meeting, at which some very important business will be transacted. The meeting on the following Friday will take the form of a seminary for the discussion of educational questions.

A petition addressed to the Minister of Education is being circulated asking that the examination for commercial specialist's certificate be not changed from July to May, as at present intended. It is felt that candidates who have to write on two difficult examinations in the same months will not have a fair chance of passing. If the examination were kept in its present position there would be a whole month for reviewing after the close of the School of Pedagogy examination.

BOWLING COMPETITION.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the gymnasium is the bowling alley, and judging from the use that is made of it, this part of the equipment is greatly appreciated.

To encourage a feeling of friendly rivalry in the game, as well as to respond to the demand for competition, the directorate has decided to institute a series of inter-year, inter-college bowling matches, and as a result the following schedule has been drawn up:

- (1) Jan. 22nd, '96 vs. '97.
- (2) " " Wycliffe vs. Victoria.
- (3) " 23rd, S.P.S. vs. Knox.
- (4) " " '94 vs. '95.
- (5) " 24th, 1st and 2nd yr. Medicine vs. 3rd and 4th yr. Medicine.
- (6) " " Winners of (1) vs. Winners of (3),
- (7) " 25th, " (2) vs. " (4).
- (8) " " " (5) vs. " (6).
- (9) " 26th, " (7) vs. " (8).

The different years and colleges are requested to send two persons to represent them in the competition, it being understood, however, that no person who is not a member of the Athletic Association can bowl in competition.

The games will be started sharp at 4 o'clock on the days set apart.

More Eyes are Ruined

by the ignorance of the unskilled in fitting spectacles than is ever dreamed of.

You wouldn't have your hair cut by a gardener, yet how often men trust the welfare of the eye—the most delicate member of the body—to one who knows little of it.

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MORTAR BOARDS.

The library will henceforth be open till 6 p. m.

G. R. Arnold, '94, has sufficiently recovered to be able to resume his year's work.

Miss J. Ross, '91, has given up her position in the Picton High School. Reasons are obvious, they say.

We are glad to notice the face of Mr. Biggar with us again. Harry has had a rather hard wrestle with typhoid fever.

A. W. Stratton, '87, who is a fellow in John Hopkins University, is, in company with another member of the faculty there, getting out a new Greek dictionary.

At a special meeting of the Glee Club it was decided that, as an organization, the club should undertake the singing part of the Antigone, under the leadership of Mr. W. H. Robinson.

Rumor has it that H. G. Ketchum, formerly of '95, has hung up his lacrosse stick, married an Ottawa belle, and settled him down to the happy life of a benedict, which life he is passing with his bride in their snug little home in Arnprior. Accept THE VARSITY'S congratulations, Harry.

It is always a pleasure for us to have to chronicle the success of old Varsity boys. Mr. O. J. Stevenson, B A., of the class of '93, has been recently appointed to the position of Junior English Master in London Collegiate Institute at a salary of \$1,000. We must congratulate Mr. Stevenson on his rapid rise in his chosen profession.

The Modern Language Club will hold its first meeting for this term on Monday, Jan. 20th. The feature of the meeting will be a lecture by Prof. W. H. Fraser on "A Glimpse of Italy." Prof. Fraser has travelled considerably in Italy, and will thus be in a position to present his ideas in a vivid and interesting manner. The lecture will be made the more attractive by the fact that it will be illustrated by lime light views. The meeting is an open one, and will be held in the Biological building at 8 o'clock p.m.

ANTIGONE.—The dates for the presentation of Antigone have been definitely settled. They are February 15th, 16th and 17th, with a matinee on the 17th. All the performances will be given in the Academy of Music. The stage chorus held special practices on Friday and Saturday, the 5th and 6th inst. Unexpected progress is reported in this department of the work. The members of the chorus seem to have thoroughly grasped the significance of their parts. What if one of the actors does occasionally whistle "Daisy Bell," or sit on the

altar of the gods—things which the grave Theban elders were seldom known to do? Such affairs are incidental to stage rehearsals. A great deal of hard and diligent work on the part of the stage chorus will yet be required before the presentation of the play. The special actors are working at their individual parts faithfully, and we understand, very successfully. Judging from the progress made in the acting department thus far, little fear need be entertained for its future success. Much of the advance in this department is due to the efficient management of Mr. H. N. Shaw. B.A., of the Conservatory School of Elocution, in whose charge the acting part of the work has been placed. The general chorus has received a fresh impetus of late. The Glee Club, under the efficient leadership of their conductor, Mr. W. H. Robinson, have officially taken hold of the chorus. There is still room for singers, especially in the department of first tenor. The next practice will be held on Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, in room 16, west corridor.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held on Friday evening, January 12th. Several matters of business came before the meeting. The deepest gratitude of the women is due to the Library Committee for the granting of their request. An interesting report was given from the Women's Residence Committee, showing the progress of their work and the generosity of the faculty.

The Glee Club added to the enjoyment of the evening by rendering in admirable style two excellent selections under the direction of the talented leader, Miss Reynolds. The debate—an open one on the "Comparative influences of France and Germany on modern civilization"—was one of the most spirited and interesting ever given before the society. Miss Acherman, Miss Weir, Miss Miller and Miss Cawthorpe upheld the affirmative; Miss Dowd, Miss MacGregor, Miss Brown, Miss Hinch, the negative. Several others took part in the debate, but, with all due deference to the other speakers, the "freschettes" surprised every one by their logical and pointed addresses. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

A most intensely interesting summary of events in the political world was given by Miss Nellie Spence, and an original poem, dainty in thought and form, read by Miss Helliwell. A most enjoyable meeting was closed by a glee.

JESSIE ORR WHITE, Cor.-Sec.

DID SHE?

Under the mistletoe
With coy and winsome grace,
She stood with cheeks aglow.
Under the mistletoe
I wondered, if she so
On purpose took her place
Under the mistletoe
With coy and winsome grace.
—M. A. H. Q.

A MISS.

A miss is as good as a mile,
A kiss twice as good as a smile,
Not to miss any kiss,
But to kiss every miss
Will turn miles
Into smiles,
And miles into kisses
From misses
For the maiden who'll smile
Is a miss worth the while
Of your walking a mile,
But the damsel you kiss
Is worth two of the miss
Who's only as good as a mile.
—Trinity Tablet.

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Varsity

VOL. XIII. No. 12

Toronto University

TORONTO, January 24, 1894.

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PRICE, 5 Cents.

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1894.

No. 12.

Editorial Comments.



"**V**ARSITY lives up to its blue china," was the somewhat suggestive heading of an article which appeared in the editorial columns of the *World* last Thursday morning. The particular piece of blue china which it has pleased the writer to make the object of his gentle sarcasm is the proposal of the Classical Association to represent in Greek the *Antigone* of Sophocles. Adopting the Socratic dialogue system, he propounds several questions supposed to emanate from an imaginary and critical public, and from his ingenious replies we receive the following information, which will no doubt prove of interest to classical scholars, namely, that Sophocles lived twenty-three centuries ago, that he wrote over one hundred dramas, among them *Antigone*, and finally, that he would have been a trump card in the hands of a New York manager. Having unburdened himself of this load of classical lore, our down-town critic, by way of mental relaxation, has recourse to a joke or two, exercising in each case marked care to conceal the point thereof.

However, there naturally arises here the question: Will the production of the antique in Greek prove a real attraction to those who are not versed in that most interesting language? Apart from the few scholars who will be capable of appreciating "the poet's beautiful imagery and the conversation of the characters and the Attic salt that enlivens the dialogue," the spectator will find the music alone an all-sufficient treat. There are two choruses, the stage chorus being composed of fifteen, the general of fifty voices. Both these are under the training of Mr. Robinson, whose late success with the Glee Club has won for him an enviable reputation among people of musical talent. The music written by Mendelssohn for the German words has been adapted to the Greek by Prof. Wright. In view of these facts, we may reasonably expect that the musical part of the *Antigone* performance will more than compensate one for that loss of enjoyment resulting from his ignorance of the Greek language. In concluding his remarks the presiding genius of the *World* ventures the assertion that Varsity is proud, and says, *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*. Varsity is proud, and honestly proud of its Greek play, and of all those who are spending so much time and labor to ensure its success. If herein we are living up to our blue china, long may we continue in our weakness.

The Athletic Association propose circulating among

the students at an early date a petition which will not at first perhaps be received with general favor. The petition is to the College Council, asking them to undertake to impose and collect a compulsory gymnasium fee, along with the regular lecture fee. We recognize the seriousness of this step, but, after carefully considering the facts of the case, are bound to recognize its advisability. The first and most natural argument in favor of the change is that some such plan is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the gymnasium. It was thought at first that the amount of money realized from the gates charged on the new campus, together with the membership fees, would prove sufficient to defray the running expenses of the association after this year. The financial experiences of this term have, however, proven conclusively that the committee were mistaken in their calculations. A report handed in by the secretary-treasurer of the association shows that the total amount required to run the gymnasium for a year is about two thousand five hundred dollars. Such a sum not even the most sanguine of us can expect to realize from membership fees and gate receipts. In view of these facts, then, we are forced to recognize the necessity of having our gymnasium closed next year, unless some new system of management is adopted. Under the present system no committee of sane men will undertake to guide the fortunes of our Athletic Association in the future. Of course the compulsory fee can be imposed only upon arts students, as the School of Science and Medical College do not come under the jurisdiction of the College Council. The proposed plan will therefore necessitate a complete change in the Association Committee in order that the science and medical students may be placed on the same footing with those of the Arts department. Should the College Council grant the petition and impose a gymnasium fee, they will appear to many somewhat arbitrary. Those who have voluntarily joined the gymnasium, the proposed change will not affect, save that the fee, which is at present five dollars, will in consequence of the increased membership be reduced to three. As for the remainder of the students, if the fact of their having been compelled to join the gymnasium induces them to take advantage of the use of it, there is little doubt but that the benefits arising therefrom will soon reconcile them to the apparently arbitrary action of the College authorities. It is to be hoped, therefore, that every student in Arts will recognize it as his duty to support the Athletic Association in their petition.

* * * * *

Several subscribers to VARSITY have complained that their papers are extracted from the case in the Reading Room, before they have an opportunity of securing them.

We would suggest to certain non-subscribers the advisability of making a careful inquiry into the marked distinction between *meum* and *tuum*.

AMOR VINCIT OMNIA.

A little hunchback wandered slowly down a quiet country lane. The last, low echo of the solemn church bell had long since died away, and the peaceful stillness of the Sabbath morning was broken only by the chirping of crickets and the occasional lowing of cattle. A little, shining stream rippled through the meadows to the roadway, hesitated a moment, then ran boldly across the grassy lane; but growing suddenly timid again, it crept under the rustic fence and disappeared through the waving clover.

The little hunchback paused at its side and looked at his reflection in its shining depths. "So ugly, so very ugly," he murmured: "It is little wonder that everyone turns from me in horror. Ah, how I wish I could turn from myself." The great dark eyes flashed for a moment and the ugly misshapen hands were clenched together; but the light left the eyes as suddenly as it had come, and as the hands pulled the thin old cloak more carefully over the poor crooked back, his face once more relapsed into its habitual expression of resignation—or was it despair?

Following the course of the mischievous brook came an old white-haired man. His head was bent in thought and he did not see the hunchback until he was almost beside him. Then he looked at him in wonder. Could this monster be a man? The thin, shrunken legs, long arms, large, deformed hands and feet, short, wide and oh, so misshapen body, and enormous head crowned with a rough shock of bright, red hair, made up a *tout ensemble* almost too dreadful to be human! But the little hunchback had heard the steps of the new comer, and as he raised his head and turned his large, dark eyes upward, the old man's look of wonder and horror vanished. Yes, indeed, this creature was human. His soul was burning in his eyes, and seemed almost struggling to break the bonds that held it to the earth.

"Friend," said the old man, gently, "where are you going? This lane, which is private property, ends a few yards further on, and even if you were to break through the hedge which closes it, you would find only field after field of ripening grain.

The hunchback gazed at the old man in amazement for a moment, then a tear slowly trickled down his cheek as he turned again to the little stream which seemed to soften its ripples and to dash along less noisily. "So ugly," he murmured, watching the hideous reflection in the stream. "So ugly, yet he calls me friend. Long ago, ages ago—did any one ever call me friend before? Ah, I cannot think, it was so very long ago."

"How long?" asked the old man, curiously.

"Perhaps it is only years, but it seems centuries," said the hunchback sadly.

"The little children scream and run from me in affright, the rougher hoot and stone me. I am driven out from every place I go. Sometimes one kinder than the rest throws me a crust with, 'Here, hunchback, eat this and begone,' and I eat it and am thankful. Once—yes, I remember now—years ago—many, many years it must have been, but I remember it as if it were to-day, a girl so pretty and so young, so graceful and so tall, brought me soup and fruit, bidding me sit in the warm kitchen while I ate it, and she talked with me so sweetly, telling me of One who was even kinder than she and who watched over me day and night, and though I knew it was false, I blessed her for her gentle words and kind heart, for she never seemed to notice how ugly I was—how very, very ugly!" and he glanced again at the reflection and shuddered as he looked.

Suddenly the old man stepped forward, and with his stick stirred up the water, so that the little stream, affrighted, dashed madly on, and the reflection quivered, broke into a hundred pieces and was gone.

"Why did you do that?" the hunchback asked: "I like to look whenever I can and see how much uglier I grow day by day and week by week. But you asked me where I am going. I am seeking some quiet spot, where on soft, cool moss and fern I can lay me down and die in peace, where none can see or know how very ugly I am. Perhaps," he added, in a lower tone, "kind robins would cover *me* with leaves, or would they, too, fly away appalled by my ugliness?"

"Come," said the old man, "we are very much alike. I, too, desire peace and find it not. I was a chemist, but I tried to experiment, to discover, and to do things never attempted before, so the people among whom I had always lived said I was a wizard and they drove me from them. Since then I have wandered on and on. Now I live yonder, not far away. Sometimes the people threaten to drive me out, but I frighten them with hints of dreadful things which will befall them if they do, and they dare not. So come with me. Perhaps, who knows? I may be able with my knowledge to change your body into something more manlike, to lessen the hump and subdue your ugliness. Come, my friend, come." And the old man laid his hand on the hunchback's arm and led him away through the clover.

* * * * *

The sun was shining brightly, the violets and cowslips nodded a sweet good-morning to the merry, little brook running along so busily. The singing of the birds filled the fragrant air with gladness.

Through the daisies and the clover came the little hunchback slowly, his head bent, his great eyes burning with the light of a new thought. "Can it be true?" he murmured. "Can there be such a Being, who, beautiful and pure and good Himself, can yet stoop to love such an object as I?—I who am so ugly!" And he paused at the little stream's edge to look at himself again. But the kind little stream understood, and it leaped and splashed and hurried on so quickly that he could see only a vague outline, a dark shadow on its silvery, sparkling surface.

The hunchback turned away with a sigh. "Love—bah! What is it? There is no such thing as *love*, and love that would lay down life for a friend is a dream—a creation of some wild imagination! Who should love if not a mother? But *my* mother commenced to curse me and beat me almost as soon as I was born. Who should love if not a father? Yet *my* father, after he had kicked me into deformity, kicked me because I was deformed, and at last drove me altogether from his presence. Who should have love and pity if not one brother for another? *My* brother tortured and reviled me more than father and mother together could have done. And that is love! Bah! It drives me mad to think of it! There is no love. There is in this world only hatred, envy and malice."

A piece of white paper fluttered at his feet. He stooped and picked it up. It was the torn and faded fly-leaf of some old book bearing the inscription:

"Amor Vincit Omnia,"

and underneath some girlish hand traced the English

"Love Conquers All."

"Bah," muttered the hunchback: "Written by one who saw life fair and rosy at its dawn, and fondly dreamed of happiness to be found in this world. Let her wait. She will soon find out the truth!" He crushed the paper fiercely, cruelly, and threw it into the stream. It seemed to hesitate a moment—was it reproachfully?—then it floated away, down through the cowslips and the violets out of sight. As it vanished, a fair, sweet face seemed to rise before the hunchback. It was the innocent face of the

young girl who first had told him that he was not unloved and alone, but watched and cared for day by day.

The hunchback tried to banish it, but the blue eyes still looked pityingly, lovingly into his. "Her story was the same as the chemist's," he mused wonderingly. "Strange they both should think alike, and methinks their lives have not been all joy and gladness. Her face seemed sad, though filled with loving-kindness. I wonder if it can be true?" His heart seemed to thrill and beat more quickly.

Suddenly a low threatening murmur reached his ear, like the menacing rumble that rolls through the forest before a storm. He raised his head. Up the lane came a party of fierce-looking men, bearing staves in their hands. They seemed to be coming towards the chemist's shanty, at which they shook their weapons savagely.

The truth flashed upon the hunchback in an instant. The chemist had said that the people had long threatened to drive him forth, and now they were coming to fulfil that threat in very deed. The hunchback's heart beat wildly for a moment, then a thrill passed over him as he raised his lustrous eyes, soft with a new light, murmuring: "I do—I do—I love him! At last I know what love is. It is true! It is true! I do believe!"

He turned and ran towards the chemist's hut. The men saw him, and shouting to him to halt, they rushed after him. He reached the door first, and bracing himself against it, faced his pursuers. From within came a gentle click, click; the chemist, absorbed in his work, was totally oblivious to all without, deaf to any sound but the click of his pestle. The men paused, half-daunted by the resolute figure before them. The hunchback's wide, strong body covered the door completely. His eyes flashed fire, and he waved his long, sinewy arms threateningly.

"Stand aside," said one, at last. "We don't want to hurt a cripple, but that man within we must have. He is a wizard, a sorcerer. He gave my little one a posy the other day, and five minutes after a pair of runaway horses trampled her to death." "He cast his evil eye on my girl," cried another. "Whenever he came to the village he spoke to her and now she will go no more to mass. She refuses to cross herself to the Holy Father, and she will not bow to the Blessed Virgin—Holy Mother, save my soul! Everyone with whom he speaks falls under his spell. Stand aside, I say, and let us in, or take the consequences!"

Did the hunchback want to die now? The birds were singing, the sun was shining, a gentle zephyr kissed the cowslips, and caressed the daisies lovingly as it played in the meadow. The babbling of the brook sounded pleasant in his ear. Love reigned in his heart. Ah, life seemed sweet, indeed, with Death casting his dark shadow over him. Hard, hard, to die when he had just found that which made life worth living, when love made the future seem bright and joyous. Only the little click, click from within, broke the silence. The hunchback raised his head. His eye shone steadily, unflinchingly upon the lowering faces before him.

"No one enters this door," he said slowly, "save over my dead body."

A fierce growl greeted these words and his opponents dashed upon him. Weaponless he stood and beat them back. His long arms seemed like bars of steel. With oaths the men for a moment hesitated. "On!" cried the leader: "Think of all whom the wizard has bewitched—of my dead child. Are we to be driven back by this hunchback? On, on! I say—his blood, his blood!"

They rushed towards him once more, all their thirst for vengeance increasing tenfold at the man's words.

Roused at last by the tumult, the chemist suddenly opened the door. The men uttered a shriek of rage at sight of him, but the hunchback, still barricading the threshold, clutched with iron fingers the framework of the doorway and stood immovable, regardless of the blows

which were falling thick and fast upon him. "Back!" he gasped, as the chemist came close behind him. "Back—arm yourself—escape!"

As he spoke one of the men hurled a heavy missile at the chemist. The hunchback sprang to intercept it—it struck his temple and he fell.

His eyelids quivered for an instant, his lips parted, a whisper fluttered through, "Love has laid down its life for its friend." The men made a rush towards the chemist, but, swifter than they, a white figure, pushing through the crowd, threw itself before the old man.

"Touch him not!" she cried. "Father," turning to one of the fiercest of the group, "how can you? Is not the murder of one innocent one sufficient? Leave this good man in peace. Go," she cried, waving them back with an imperious gesture, "go, and may God forgive you!"

"Come," said the man whom she had called father, looking from her to the white still figure at his feet; "come, she speaks the truth, let us go. One murder is enough. May God forgive us!"

* * * * *

Gently the chemist and the girl raised the poor, lifeless body of the hunchback. Down among the violets and the cowslips they laid him to rest, and as the little stream glides past the green mound, it flows gently and sadly, leaving tiny, glistening teardrops on the small wooden cross, which bears these words:

"Greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friend."

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL, '97.

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG.

I.

The day goes down upon a life as fair
As ever looked unblinded on the sun
With eagle eyes, and bright with laurels won
Of love, renown and reverence, meet to bear.
We mourn thee not with passion of despair
As one death-stricken ere his work be done;
Thou mad'st ambition and achievement one,
The fame that is, one with the dreams that were.

Calm, steadfast sorrow doth our hearts control
For thee, in whom were grace and virtue met,
For faintless flight adown the years that roll
Beyond our sight on whom thy star hath set.
Furled are the pinions of thy stainless soul;
But spread the wings of memory and regret.
Feb. 27th, 1889.

II.

Though years have onward fled since that dark hour
When first Death's poignant word aroused our pain,
We here are met to honor thee again,
O, throned within our memory's inmost bower!
The hostile hands of Time possess no power
Thy perfect record to becloud or stain;
Thy influence echoes like some sweet refrain,
And lingers like the breathing of a flower.

The noble structure of thy life was builded
With high intent, on firm foundation fast.
Its spires still glow with heavenly light engilded—
Oblivion's outer darkness backward cast,
And still, by Love, Regret and Memory shielded
Thy shape stands clearly forth from out the past.

FREDERIC DAVIDSON.

Jan. 12th, 1894.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the Corner of Yonge and College Streets, Oddfellows' Building, Room 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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JANUARY 24, 1894.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

"That mighty pillar of our infant state," as the eloquent Reeve has aptly styled the leader of the Government, was in his place early on that memorable night, with fire in his eye and steel in his heart. Base as the schemes of the member for North Simcoe and his minions were known to be, the Premier, as he towered in might and majesty above the foul atmosphere of political corruption, was able to see beyond it all to a glorious consummation. And nerving his heart for every difficulty, in stentorian note he warned his worshipping followers that there was "a nigger on the fence," and

"Faced the foe with fearless eye,
Prepared to conquer or to die."

It need scarcely be said that on such a mighty occasion the attendance was unprecedented; and as the imaginative mind drank in the glory of it all, "Oh for a Macaulay!" was the single wish! The Opposition side of the house, especially below the gangway, where the McCart'y faction took up their quarters, was filled with a seething, raging mob, who glared furiously at the Government benches, waved shillalehs ominously in the air, and from time to time uttered savage and triumphant cheers, betraying that they thirsted for the very gore of the Government. McCart'y was calm amid the storm, and sat in front of his horde, nonchalantly twirling his moustache, while to his right sat Col. O'Brien, *alias* O'Barnum, equally unconcerned. Simon J. McLean, with the remnants of his cabinet on either hand and a few scat-

tered followers to the rear, was *vis-a-vis* to Mr. Craig, and from time to time shared with that gentleman copious draughts of water (?) from an old white jug—the little brown one being broken, so Simon says. On the Government side, half filled benches formed a cheering spectacle for Billy Pease and his colleagues, who tried their best to look brave as they huddled close under the protecting shadow of "the mighty pillar of our infant state." On the Speaker's dais, seemingly abashed by the "fierce white light which beats upon a throne," sat the Hon. G. H. Levy, Hamilton's joy and pride, second only to the mountain in the esteem of the people of the Ambitious City.

But before the fun began, Mr. R. L. McKinnon, who, I understand, intends to be a great constitutional lawyer, opened a little private debate of his own with Messrs. Lingelbach, Culbert, Barnum and Craig, respecting some question of THE VARSITY'S finances. It is possible they settled the matter between them, but I doubt it. Mr. Duncan called attention to the necessity of an acknowledgment of the Christmas greeting of the University of Aberdeen, and after all manner of suggestions had been made, Messrs. C. A. Stuart, Sissons, J. H. Brown and Gillespie were appointed a committee to draft a reply in Latin. In course of some remarks, Mr. J. H. Brown made the base insinuation that C. C. Stewart was an accomplished Latin scholar. C. C. says if such a thing ever occurs again, he will give the gentleman the choice of retracting the charge, or—revolvers at ten paces.

After weightier matters had thus been disposed of, the affairs of the country at last came in for a share of consideration. Fighting Joe Martin, the man from Winnipeg, was introduced and took his seat, wreathed in smiles. The speech from the throne was the next item on the bill of fare, whereupon Mr. H. J. Hewish, the young gentleman who was to move the address in reply, arose, took off his overcoat and got down to business. His welcome was a warm and lengthy one. He was followed by Mr. C. H. Clegg, as seconder, and it is only just to the first year to say that in Messrs. Hewish and Clegg they have a couple of very promising debaters. Mr. McLean, after the usual complimentary remarks to the mover and seconder, addressed several remarks to the Government, which were not complimentary. Hardly had he resumed his seat and seized the white jug, when McCart'y was on the floor, and all the shillalehs went up into the air, with a long, wild shout of triumph. Mc. did not think the policy of the Government worth much criticism, but he waxed indignant over the attempt of the Premier to bribe members of the Third Party by offers of high commissioner-ships, &c. Then did the Premier gnash his teeth in rage, nor was calm restored until Hon. J. D. Webster rose and made a clean breast of the move by which he had been baited with an offer of \$10,000 per year and all champagne bills paid. Mr. McCart'y concluded his harangue by moving a vote of non-confidence in the Administration. (McCarthyite cheers and sea-sickness in the Government ship.) Col. O'Brien seconded the motion with many venomous words, and was followed in turn by Solicitor-General McKinnon, whose heroic defence of "the mighty pillar of our infant State" was probably the best effort of the evening. The great constitutional lawyer wound up by intimating that at an early day he would ask for a special committee to investigate certain dreadful and blood-curdling charges against the leaders of the Third Party, which charges he read to the horror of the whole House. (Panic in the McCarthyite ranks, during which Mr. Sissons and others almost fainted.) Mr. Reeve followed the Solicitor-General, and while he was hurling an impassioned philippic across the floor of the House, the members of the late lamented Cabinet were flitting to and fro in the back benches, like birds of ill omen, using every argument to persuade the members to let the Government off light this time. It was therefore a matter of small surprise when

Mr. McLean openly advised all his followers to vote with Mr. Craig. This appeal was followed by a brief speech from the aged Premier, and then cries of "Divide!" filled the House. All was excitement and confusion. The members hurriedly filed in, and coats and clothing suffered alike in the stampede. Mr. McLean and his followers passed over to the right, and thus were the McCarthyites outflanked and defeated. Oh, base betrayal! Long will that day be remembered to be avenged!

Why need I pursue the harrowing narrative? The crisis was passed; and mean and dull, in the ears of the McCarthyites, sounded the hilarious jokes that were exchanged across the floor of the House. What though, when order was restored, the old hall fairly cracked its sides, as Carpenter, Culbert, Meighan and all the other funny men interrogated the Government; what though, I say, broad smiles suffused the faces of both Benjaminites and Simeonites—for the vanquished there was nothing but sighs and heavy hearts. Had they not lost their only chance for office? Ah! wearily they trudged their homeward way!

TIM BUCTOO.

THE YOUNG MEMORIAL.

The simple and impressive ceremony which was enacted a few days ago in the University Library naturally suggests reflections upon the question how the memory of eminent University men may be most fitly honored. Of those whose character and influence furnished the themes of that occasion the one who comes nearest to our own time, and who lives in the recollections and affections of the greatest number of us, is the unforgotten and unforgettable Prof. Young. I do not desire to add anything here to the loving and spontaneous tributes to his life and worth which made the VARSITY of March 2nd, 1889, a unique memorial issue, nor to the glowing words with which his many-sided genius and his noble moral attributes were a week ago so justly and enthusiastically eulogized from various standpoints by various men. What we think of now is not merely the record he left of a life almost ideal in its devotion to truth, duty, and the highest functions of professional work, but especially his services to our University. In the way of mental acquirements, indeed, he can hardly be held up as a model to the present race of students, at least in the way of emulation. His range of attainments was stupendous, even for the old-fashioned standard of versatile acquisition; for, while the reputation of vast accomplishments was gained by many of his contemporaries who were dilettantes, taking a sip from this and that fountain of knowledge, he by aspiration and habit sought to quench the thirst of his ardent soul by long and deep draughts from the great perennial springs of truth. So, we knew him to be equally profound and learned as a Biblical scholar, philosopher, and a mathematician. To follow him in all these adventures is for us impossible, and even the most gifted of younger men would be well advised not to attempt to rival his achievement. Not only has the field of knowledge widened since the days of his prime; but in some of his favorite subjects new methods have been introduced with more permanently productive results. It is with many a sigh of regret that we see how the old order changes, giving place to the new, but one compensation is that in that province of Revelation which we call "education," God still fulfils Himself in many ways. How then can such a great scholar, thinker, and discoverer, and such a good man as Dr. Young, be most worthily commemorated? The Young Memorial has sought to give partial answer to the question in a two-fold way. The subscribers were directed by the committee to indicate their preference between two objects—a work of art in the form of a likeness, and a scholarship in Philosophy. Responses came in so liberally in both directions as to constitute a mandate to the committee to carry out both

designs. The result has been already partly seen in the beautiful marble bust just dedicated. This will serve to remind those who knew him and were taught by him, and may give some suggestion to the successive classes of students who had not that good fortune, of his indescribable personal charm, of his benignity, his serenity, his intellectual and moral ideality, his largeness and elevation of soul; and it may thus help us all to learn to disdain and renounce that spirit of worldliness and practical materialism which invades even the innermost sanctuary of our academic service.

The other design of the Young Memorial—the establishment of a post-graduate scholarship in Philosophy—will, it is hoped, benefit the University essentially in more than one way. It should serve to keep alive, if not the letter, at least the spirit of the teaching of the great master in the most influential department of his activity. It will assist worthy students of this furthest-reaching and not most practical of the sciences in the near future and in all times of the University's history to make advances in knowledge, and to climb heights of outlook and prospect such as were not dreamed of by the inquirer and seer, who yet made the teaching of Philosophy in Toronto a marvel and its study a delight. And further, it is hoped that in this Foundation an example will be set to be followed by the institution of multiplied aids and incentives to higher intellectual work under the auspices of our own University. If Toronto is to have any great future as a seat of learned and scientific research, resulting in discoveries that shall promote the glory of God and the enriching of man's estate, that worthiest and grandest of educational ends can only be reached through the encouragement of systematic and well-directed study, prolonged beyond the limits of the four years' course, which we all recognize to be merely preparatory for independent and productive effort. In this enterprise the Young Memorial Fund is making at least a modest beginning.

J. F. McCURDY.

University College, Jan. 22, 1894.

THE PROGRESS OF OUR LITERATURE.

Here's to the land of the rock and the pine,
Here's to the land of the raft and the river,
Here's to the land where sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the north light's quiver!

Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer,
Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers,
Here's to her home of unchangeable cheer,
And the maid neath the shade of her own native bowers!

—REV. W. W. SMITH.

Every thinking Canadian must lament the lack of patriotic sentiment which allows our national literature to remain in the obscurity which has been its lot up to the present time. This cold indifference obtains most strongly among the more British part of the Canadian population, for the French Canadians have a beautiful literature of their own, and one which they truly appreciate. The sentiment expressed by Mr. Smith in two stanzas of his poem, "Here's to the Land," should find a deeper lodgment in the hearts of the Canadian people. Then would we be able to vent our enthusiasm in the song which Roberts sings:—

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done,
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate,
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn in splendor wait!
Tho' dreamers wrapt in starry visions cry:
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars. Thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home and name;
This name which yet shall grow till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand,
Loyal to our native hearth, our native land.

This necessary patriotism cannot be produced in a day nor by one person. It is from its very nature of gradual growth. But if the ground be not prepared and the

seed sown, there can be no harvest. It is to the educated classes of Canada—the graduates and undergraduates of the numerous universities and colleges scattered throughout the seven provinces of the Dominion—that the authors of to-day look for encouragement. This is the class on whom alone they can depend for a patient hearing and an equitable judgment, and whose friendly criticism will be most useful. An appreciation of our literature can only be produced by a thorough acquaintance with it, and this again can only be the result of making the youth of our country familiar with it, as they are made familiar with the more general English literature.

The critics of Canadian literature at home have declared that it is not worth the time necessary to master it. Yet the *North British Review*, speaking of Charles Heavysedge's dramatic poem, "Saul," said: "It is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written outside of Great Britain." The *New York Nation* recently remarked that "It is certain that the Canadian poets have already developed much power in describing the peculiar landscape features of their own land, and they have in a few cases struck deep human notes." These are but mild examples of the extravagant praise which Canadian poetry and fiction have received in the United States, as well as in Great Britain. In fact, the book-buying public of other nations has demanded more of our literature than we ourselves. In some cases our authors have had English and American editions issued at the same time as the Canadian edition, and—strange as it may seem—they have sometimes made their offerings only to the readers of the United States or of Great Britain, considering, perhaps justly, that the Canadian book readers were not worthy of attention. The publishers of American and English magazines have always given a prominent place to the verses of our poets, and it is said that Campbell's "The Mother," when first published in *Harper's*, received more notice than any other poem ever published under similar circumstances.

The year 1893 has been a most important one for Canadian authors and publishers, important because great progress has been made, although the total number of publications is somewhat insignificant. Some years ago, a book entitled "Geoffrey Hampstead" appeared on the Canadian market and only 25 per cent. of the edition was sold. Last year the sequel to it won a \$1,000 prize offered by a Chicago publishing firm, and thousands of copies were sold. Praise rushed in for Stinson Jarvis, but his thanks to his fellow Canadians must have been small indeed. Sara Jeanette Duncan, Gilbert Parker, Grant Allen, Bliss Carman, are among the prominent names in foreign literary circles, and all these might have been ours had we encouraged them in their youth. How many more such shall we lose? And considering that we have lost such able men and women, how can we expect the list of Canadian books to be as ample as the patriot's heart could wish? Some Canadian books have been profitable, but their name is not legion. Five or six years ago, Charles Mair wrote "Tecumseh" and it ran through a large edition. "The Daughter of St. Peter," by Mrs. Conger, sold well at the time; and last year, a miserable bit of fiction by an unknown Eastern Ontario author named Leavitt, sold extremely well. Goldwin Smith's works have always had a large sale. Other books have found a passing wave of favor, but on the whole, it will be found that when a fair-sized edition was put on the market, from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. remained unsold.

The books of 1893 deserve a better fate. The first was the "Two Knapsacks," by Cawdor Bell (Prof. Campbell of heresy fame), and it was worthy of greater popularity than it obtained. "Dr. Perdue," by Stinson Jarvis, was published in Chicago, but attracted much attention in Toronto, the former home of the author.

Among the other novels, those worth mentioning are "Blood Royal" and "The Scallawag," by Grant Allen; "The Chief Factor" and "Translation of a Savage," by Gilbert Parker; "Stories from Canadian Backwoods and other Sources," by Chas. G. D. Roberts; "Donald Grant's Development," "On the Right Track," and "Archie of Arthabasca," by J. Macdonald Oxley; and the "Simple Adventures of Memsahib," by Sara Jeanette Duncan. Of these seven brilliant prose writers, only three—Cawdor Bell, Roberts, and Oxley—are permanent residents of their native land.

The volumes of poems published this year afford ground for much encouragement and hope. Roberts' volume, "Songs of the Common Day," has added to his reputation. "The Dread Voyage," by William Wilfred Campbell, has been much praised. "In Dreamland and other Poems," by Thomas O'Hagan, has increased the circle of this writer's admirers. The volumes from new aspirants are:—"This Canada of Ours, and other Poems," by J. D. Edgar; "How I Once Felt," by Geo. C. Currie; "Canadian Melodies," by Chas. Merkeley; and "Poems Lyrical and Dramatical," by J. H. Brown, who is well-known through his publications in *The Week*. Bliss Carman has had a volume published in New York, and Duncan Campbell Scott has just issued "The Magic House," a collection of perhaps the best poems ever published in Canada.

Just here five collections may be mentioned. James Barr has published a volume on "Canadian Humor"; Hon. G. W. Ross, a collection of prose and poetry, entitled "Patriotic Recitations"; "Later Canadian Poems," by J. E. Wetherell, a handy volume, as it contains selections from a dozen Canadian poets; "Songs of the Great Dominion," being a similar compilation on a more ambitious scale, by W. D. Lighthall; and "Stories from Canadian History," a collection of prose pieces by Agnes Maule Machar and T. G. Marquis.

Under general literature a number of books may be classed, many of them of more than passing interest. "Castorologia" is a handsome volume on the Canadian beaver, by Horace T. Martin, F.Z.S.; "Georgian Bay," by J. C. Hamilton; "Sunny Manitoba," by A. O. Legge; "Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Campfires," by E. E. Young, author of "By Canoe and Dog Train," of which 50,000 volumes were sold; "Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth," by Sir William Dawson; "Butler's Rangers," by Capt. Cruikshank, author of several Monographs on Canadian History; Vol. VI. of "Kingsford's History of Canada"; "History of British Columbia," by O. H. Cagwell; "A Merchant Prince," a biography of the late Senator Macdonald; biography of the Most Rev. John Medley, of Fredericton; "History of Early Missions in Western Canada," by Rev. W. R. Harris; "Lake St. Louis," a most handsome book, written by D. Gerouard, Q.C., M.P.; "Ontario Parliament Buildings," by Frank Yeigh; "Sunday Afternoon Addresses at Queen's University"; "Afloat for Eternity," by J. B. Kennedy, of Norwich; "Lambs in the Fold," by Dr. Thomson, of Sarnia; "St. Mark's, a Souvenir of Niagara"; "Campaign Echoes," an autobiography of Mrs. Youmans; "The Need of Minstrelsy," a memorial volume of the late Dr. Stafford's Sermons; and a "History of Upper Canada College," by the Principal.

A fitting close to the year's publications will be J. B. Bourinot's book entitled, "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness." Our intellectual weakness lies undoubtedly in the fact that our schools and colleges pay so little attention to Canadian literature.

J. A. COOPER.

N.B.—We would direct our readers to the issue of November 29, where appears a list of Canadian books on sale at the Methodist Book Room.—EDITOR.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN ALMA MATER.

In happy coincidence with the arrival of our new Governor-General, there comes to the President of this University a Christmas greeting to all the students from the famous College of the old Scotch town.

When we remember the illustrious men who have carried into the world of thought and action the colors of that University; when we recollect that therefrom went forth such giants as MacIntosh and Robert Hall, the merit of the *Alma Mater* does far more to satisfy reputation than to arouse surprise. Wit, taste, and talent are finely stamped on every page. The prose is bright, national, and full of *race*: the poetry spirited and brilliant.

Upon the title page is inscribed this significant motto: *Thay Haif Said. Quhat Bay Thay. Lat Yame Say.*

In illustration thereof, observe the following paragraph extracted from an article on *Vanity Fair: University Row*:

"Then I went my ways and came next to a stall where chairs were on sale. There was but one left, for of these the supply is very small. This was in every way a desirable chair, but its crowning virtue was that it yielded £800 in sterling money every year:

"Now the offering was very brisk. One submitted to the stall-keeper an exceeding great heap of commendations from his friends to say that he was a good fellow and sure to take excellent care of the article.

"Another bought up two great volumes. Each of them was the labor of years. Then the keeper was minded to let him have it, when one came running in great haste—'Hold, good sir!' he cried, 'I have here a letter for you from the Master of the Fair to say that I should have the chair.'

"'But,' said the keeper, 'you offer nothing compared with this customer!'

"'Well, but,' replied the new comer, 'I am the son of the sister of the mother of the Master of the Fair, and he is, indeed, unwilling that such a comfortable chair should go out of the family.'

"Then the keeper was fain to give it him. But I am weary, having just come from my wayfaring."

The breadth of view of the editing staff is apparent in numerous references to America and particularly to a description of Stanford University; football, fiction, criticism, poetical *bric-a-brac*, are all to be found in this select magazine, and we can only say that its typography and general tone are equal to anything we have ever seen in college journalism, and its literary style far superior to anything we ever expect to see.

Appended is a sonnet from the pen of Sir William Geddes, Principal of the University, a distinguished Homeric scholar and author of a famous contribution to the Homeric controversy:

SCOTIE CORONA BOREALIS.

(The four Scottish Universities.)

(Tercentenary of Edinburgh, 1884.)

When from her struggle for a nation's right
Old Scotland rose exultant in renown,
Full soon flashed forth upon her noon of night
The four bright stars of her aerial crown;
First in the East appears the sacred light
Of Fair St. Andrew's rising on the morn;
Next the clear cresset of the West is born,
And Clyde's broad waters gladden at the sight;
Then northward sped the spark and shed its beams
O'er the twin streams that girdle Aberdeen;
Last in the South the youngest orb outgleams,
Edina, mid the 'quire apparent queen;
Joy, therefore, Scotia, in thy latest gem,
Which lends completeness to thy diadem.

The greeting subscribed, couched in the universal language of learning, was sent to all the great and many

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JUVENTUTI STUDIOSAE

UNIVERSITATIS APUD TORONTO

S. D. P.

UNIVERSITATIS ABERDONENSIS

STUDIOSA JUVENTUS.

Gaudio est nobis haud exiguo animadvertere, quod quidem multis ex indicibus perspexisse fas est, nuper exstitisse desiderium quoddam priscae illius sodalitatis quae inter Universitates olim intercesserat denuo instaurandae. Vinculo enim communi cuncta studia, sive austera illa scientiarum, sive haec amoeniora litterarum, per omnes terras consociantur, laetique idcirco arripere decrevimus quidquid hujus communionis sive sodalitatis erit firmandae atque augendae.

Quapropter in testimonium talis concordiae mutuae Academicæ ac tesseræ hospitalis instar, hasce Litteras missas volumus, una cum exemplari opusculi nostri academici, libelli quasi vernulae, in quo exstat Canticum quoddam in honorem studiorum hic florentium, e calamo Praefecti nostri veterani Gulielmi Duguid Geddes, Equitis, Iuris Utriusque Doctoris, prognatum. Huc accessit diverso ex genere artium, sed Lares ac Penates nostros non minus redolens, proles quaedam non calami sed penicilli, imago scilicet adolescentis Aberdonensis studiosi, coccinati, prisco vestitu suo academico ornati; quam debemus viro argutiis artis suae praeclaro, Aberdonia oriundo, Georgio Reid, Equiti, Iuris Utriusque Doctori, eidemque Academiae Scoticae Regiae Praefecto.

Haud multi labentur anni quum Universitas Aberdonensis ferias aget natalitias, quattuor seculis feliciter peractis, ceterasque sorores undique vocabit ut res festa rite celebretur. Annis dehinc tribus, anno scilicet nonagesimo sexto huius seculi appropinquante.

Grata superveniet, quae nunc sperabitur, hora,

quod quidem amicorum et fautorum ergo sic tempestive commonere volumus.

Vobis si placebit hoc concordiae ac benevolentiae testimonium comiter accipere, nobis erit cum honori tum voluptati ita comperisse, quandocumque vobis vacabit serius ocus per litteras sive alio quo modo id significare.

JOANNES EVERARD RAE, A.M.

Comitiorum Studentium Praeses.

Datum Aberdoniae, Kal. Dec. MDCCCXCIII.

N.B.—The allusions are to a patriotic glee composed in Latin for the students by Principal Geddes, and a cut by Sir George Reid of a typical Aberdeen student, resplendent in his red gown. The following verses sent with the number impress the highest student ideal:

O sic floreat usque grex togatus,
Castus moribus integer pudore,
Velox ingenio, decore felix.

More Eyes are Ruined

by the ignorance of the unskilled in fitting spectacles than is ever dreamed of.

You wouldn't have your hair cut by a gardener, yet how often men trust the welfare of the eye—the most delicate member of the body—to one who knows little of it.

We've just added to our staff an expert optician, who has made the eye a study for fifteen years, and fits spectacles on scientific lines.

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MORTAR BOARDS.

Graduates of Varsity are requested to send in to THE VARSITY office notices of any changes they may make or appointments they may receive, or indeed any items of interest affecting them.

W. M. Davidson, '93, has resigned his position on the *World*.

Alex. Mowat, '91, and W. C. P. Bremner, '91, have been appointed head master and first assistant respectively of the Meaford High School.

M. M. Hart, '93, has received an appointment in the Hamilton Ladies' College. He expresses his intention, however, of holding his *own*.

A. W. Baines, '97, is, we regret to learn, down at present with typhoid fever. He was removed to the General Hospital last Saturday morning. We hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

Suckling & Co. have recently got out a new song book. Mr. J. E. Jones, B.A., who is well known to musical Varsity, is himself the composer of several of the songs. Mr. Jones has very kindly presented our Glee Club with 75 copies of the new book.

On Wednesday, January 16th, the first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. for the term was held, with Miss Robertson in the chair. After some communications were disposed of, the meeting gave itself up to an open discussion of 1 John ii. 17-29, and a very enjoyable hour was spent. The meetings are to be held on Tuesdays instead of on Wednesdays as hitherto.

At one of the students' dining halls an interesting scene took place the other evening. The proprietor became indignant on hearing remarks stigmatizing the hitherto *untainted* reputation of the butter, and hotly insisted on a plebiscite being taken. The result was a strong majority in favor of total suppression.

It is the intention of the Residence men to stubbornly resist all attempts on the part of the authorities to enforce the new regulation, which provides "that on every morning before breakfast all the gentlemen in University Residence must and shall be taken out for a walk—as an appetizer—*tout à la mode* ladies' school, accompanied by not less than one of the University authorities."

We understand that a petition is about to be drawn up by the Athletic Association requesting the authorities to make compulsory on all undergraduates a fixed fee for the Gymnasium, such a fee as is now compulsory for the library. When drawn up, the petition will be placed in the janitor's room to be signed by the undergraduates, and will be presented to the Council at an early date.

Prof. Hutton will lecture on "Anti-gone" next Saturday in Lecture Hall, University College.

Prof. W. H. Fraser's lecture, "A Glimpse of Italy," held under the auspices of the Modern Language Club on Monday evening, in the Biological building, was the most successful ever held by the society. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and many were unable to obtain admittance. Much time and care had evidently been spent in preparing the lecture, and Prof. Fraser is to be congratulated on his descriptions, which were exceedingly terse and apt. The lecturer's characteristic vein of humor pervaded many of his remarks—ably supplemented by the gods—and made the lecture entertaining, as well as instructive. Over sixty views of Italian cities, scenery, and works of art were thrown upon the screen. Among these were, besides those with which we are more familiar, such as St Peter's, Colosseum, Pompeii Ruins, Dying Gladiator, etc., some which, although not so famous, were exceedingly beautiful and impressive. Much could be said about each one of these, but we can mention only a few that impressed us most strongly, such as Milan Cathedral, House of Corneliensis Rufus Mosaic, Amphitheatre, Dominican Monks, and a fine collection of statues. At the close of the lecture President Loudon moved a vote of thanks, to which Prof. Fraser replied in a few well chosen words. The thanks of the society are also due to the authorities of the Biological Building for their kind assistance. Next Monday evening the club will hold a popular English meeting; subject, Lady Novelists.

W. E. L.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

On last Friday afternoon, the Literary Society held its first meeting of this term. Mr. R. S. Jenkins, the president of last term, retired, and Mr. Rodgers was elected to preside over the destinies of the Society for the present term. On motion of Mr. Jenkins, a vote of thanks was tendered the Deputy Minister of Education, Mr. Millar, for his able lecture on "Written Examinations," which was delivered before the students of the School, on Thursday. It was decided to lay the matter of a school photograph before the students, on Monday morning. The programme was a very interesting one. It consisted of choruses by the Glee Club, a reading by Miss Coates, an instrumental solo by Miss Johnston, a paper by Miss Lindsay, and a discussion: "*Resolved*, that as civilization advances poetry declines." At the close of the meeting, Mr. Locke moved that the thanks

of the Society be tendered to Mr. Jenkins, for his efficient services as president during last term. In his reply, Mr. Jenkins confessed himself as being very modest, and thanked all those members who had so kindly assisted the committee in the preparation of programmes.

HUMILIATING.

She is most charming, I admit,
And hath a fund of ready wit,

But yet
She naught will say that is not truth,
And tells me I am but a youth
As yet.

When other girls will say "you men,"
She smiles most graciously, and then
Exclaims:

No youth is man unless he thrive,
And reach the age of twenty-five.

* * * * *

It pains.

L. C. L.

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VOL. XIII. No. 13

Toronto University

TORONTO, January 31, 1894.

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PRICE, 5 Cents.

THE VARSITY


A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 31, 1894.

No. 13.

Editorial Comments.

N this issue we publish a complete list of examiners for next May, as revised by the Registrar of the University. An apology should no doubt accompany such an early mention of an event which is to many fraught with painful memories of the past and equally painful forebodings of the future. Judging, however, from the anxious faces and furrowed brows that daily haunt the various institutions within the College precincts, the inference is plain that even at this early date the dread of horrors soon to come has already settled down upon the "man of many sorrows." The appointment of examiners naturally leads us to a consideration of the complaints which have arisen among last year's candidates regarding papers set by some of the members of the examining body.

As students we are often a little too backward in expressing opinions derogatory to the dignity of functionaries whom it has been the time-honored custom to regard as omniscient, and as ruling our academic destinies with an all powerful sceptre. That an examiner has it in his power to materially affect our academic standing many of us have learned from sad experience; yet, at the same time, his powers should be and are to a certain extent limited, and in over-stepping the limitations placed upon him, he abuses the trust placed in him by the College authorities.

In illustration of the complaints in question, reference may be made to papers set in three departments in Arts; although an inquiry into others would, no doubt, bring to light equal grounds for dissatisfaction. In the department of Political Science, the third-year paper in Constitutional Law was set not upon the work laid down by the curriculum, but to a great extent upon the authors specified for second and fourth year work. In addition to this fact the paper was far too long to admit of its being exhaustively dealt with by honor candidates, a defect which we regret to say characterizes the majority of the papers set by our present examiners. Again, in the department of English we would call attention especially to a third-year honor paper set by two examiners, lecturers, the one in University College, the other in Victoria. In this case an unfair distribution of work gave to the students of the latter college an undue advantage. Some of the fourth-year papers in Classics were also deserving of criticism. After faithfully attending an entire course of lectures, candidates were asked questions of minor importance taken apparently from introductions to text books, and

making no test of a student's knowledge of the subject in hand.

These are, however, instances of defects which will disappear in time, but there is one feature connected with our examination system which at present amounts only to a predisposition, but which threatens to develop into a mania, namely, the setting of papers too long for the time allowed. Is it necessary that an examination should wander throughout the length and breadth of a subject in order to find out if a student has thoroughly mastered the same? If this be the case, which we doubt, why should not candidates be allowed time proportionate to the length of the paper set? In the average examination nowadays the student who thinks and writes quickly has an immense advantage over his fellows. Too much depends upon the ability "to handle" a paper, as the saying is. To find a remedy for this growing evil is difficult. The candidates, who are the persons most materially affected, might suggest that the examiners should, before their appointment, be subjected to an examination, as a test of their qualifications for the position. Who, then, would conduct such an examination? The decision of this question we must leave for the freshmen to answer when they attain their majority.

* * * * *

The *Brunonian*, an exchange from Brown University, discusses a proposed course preparatory to the pursuit of journalism. It includes elementary and advanced courses in rhetoric, providing a thorough training in the art of composition. Of necessity the suggested course would include no practical journalistic work in college, but would merely prepare a student for entering upon such work during his college course or after graduation. The question of a special course preparatory to the journalistic profession is well worth consideration. An ever increasing number of university graduates are entering upon this profession, and as a natural consequence the standard of journalism is being raised. We are too apt to overlook the importance of this profession, and consequently the urgent need of some course of training for students who purpose making it a life pursuit. Our curriculum affords well defined courses preparatory to a study of Medicine, Law and Divinity. Why not such a course in journalistic work?

* * * * *

We regret having to announce that the number of contributions now coming in for THE VARSITY is becoming ominously smaller. Examination fever should not prevent us from contributing each a little towards the maintenance of our College paper. The editorial staff cannot be expected to furnish all the literary matter for VARSITY.

A CHAPTER FROM THE PAST.

At a time when the little band of Canadian *literateurs* are writing with a vigor and freshness hitherto unknown and are winning laurels in distant lands, it is a matter of regret that so little is known by Canadians about the earlier writers of their country, who, while not gifted with triumphant genius, were, many of them, men of considerable refinement and talent. That we are to have in our hands, here in Canada, the making of a great section of the marvellous Anglo-Saxon literature, there can scarce be a doubt. This has been the prophecy of many, and it is justified by the data to hand. Mr. Walter Blackburne Harte, whose critical essays in the American magazines are attracting wide attention, has spoken upon the matter with great distinctness. "The romantic past and the glorious future possibilities of Canada," says he, "offer a virgin field for a thousand clever pens. The heroism of the early Jesuit missionaries; the trials and dangers of the trappers and pioneers who cleared the forests, hewing down the tremendous growths of centuries; the contentions of the two great races for supremacy; the courage and despair of the Indians as they retreated before the trend of civilization; the marvellous legends that cluster round the great Ottawa River; the poetry of the inland lakes; the divine, sombre grandeur of the Rockies—all these have only been hinted at in obscure histories and ecclesiastical documents." We stand upon the threshold of a future that holds the greatest possibilities. Already some of the things which have as yet been only promises are assuming tangible form. We are in a transition state, and the chaos and dust of disorganization surround us. Under these circumstances, it is desirable that something should be preserved of the names and works of those who have gone before. It is my intention, therefore, to deal briefly with a figure, at one time prominent in the letters of our young country, but now almost unknown, except to a few of the older inhabitants of the Province, who remember him and his writings as part of a past now forever gone. I refer to William A. Stephens, the pioneer poet of Ontario; and in giving to the readers of THE VARSITY this brief sketch, I make no apology for reproducing largely from an article upon the same subject which I contributed to a Toronto periodical some three years ago.

Mr. Stephens, who was a well-known figure for years in Owen Sound, was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1809, but emigrated to Canada with his parents at an early age, so that he may be looked upon as a Canadian more than an Irishman, especially as he imbibed a strong colonial spirit, and as his writings show him to have cherished a sentiment of sturdy Canadianism.

His verse, it is true, has not gained any lasting name in literature. But in this respect it is not unlike the earnest, meritorious toil of those brave men and women who, long years ago, plunged into the depths of the Canadian forests, axes in hand, to hew away the giant growths of centuries, and make the path easier for the unborn hosts who were to follow. Their hardships and sufferings, their very names, are now passing rapidly into oblivion; and if Mr. Stephens' work is neglected and forgotten at the present day, it is but sharing the same fate as theirs, though of him it may be said as truly that he was a pioneer, smoothing and straightening the road for the writers who have to come after him.

Mr. Stephens may most fittingly be described as "an humbler poet, whose songs gushed from his heart." His career and work bear no evidence of restless ambition. He led a quiet, uneventful life, and the songs came from his lips simply because they were first in his heart. In 1840 was published his first volume, under the title of "Hamilton and Other Poems," and this little book broke the glebe of verse in Upper Canada. It was the first book of poems ever printed in the province. In the first edition

there were but 180 pages; but in the volume now lying before me, which is one of the edition of 1871, there are 410 pages, the work having been enlarged considerably by additions of verse and the insertion of two lectures delivered by the author at Owen Sound.

Mr. Stephens opens his preface to the book with the following remarks: "If I had not written this book no one else in the world would or could have written it; no one else was in a position to select all the subjects that I have chosen, and to look upon them from my standpoint. And if anyone had attempted it, no matter what his ability or experience, our books could not have been identical. No one but he who is, can be the parent of his offspring, either mental or natural." This is, of course, a common enough truth, but it is seldom one sees it so aptly put.

The first poem in the book is on a subject which breathes the very essence of early colonial life—the loss of a child (the author's infant sister) in the woods bordering on the Credit River. This distressing event occurred the 17th April, 1827, and was a fitting inspiration for what we are told was the first production the author published and one of the earliest he had written. The whole event is graphically portrayed—the anguish of the parents, the terror of the little sisters and brothers, the fruitless search by day, the weird spectacle of men beating through the forest by midnight under the glare of torches, the finding of the lost child, speechless from exposure and terror—all this is presented to the reader with great dramatic and descriptive power.

Hamilton, the main poem of the book, and the longest Mr. Stephens has written (with the exception of "The Centennial: an International Poem," published in '78), contains some admirable passages. As Bishop Strachan remarked concerning it, "There is very little of Hamilton in it;" but in this respect, as the author subsequently stated, "it resembles 'Cowper's Task.'" There is not space to make more than one extract from this poem. I have chosen what appeals to me as one of the finest passages:

O Muse! what art thou, strange mysterious sprite?
Who first invoked thee from the realms of light?
What happy bard first waked the living lyre?
Did he create thee, or didst thou inspire?
Wert thou the creature of his fancy, wrought
'To fulness by the fiat of his thought';
Or didst thou come to make thy being known
While intellectual glory round thee shone,
The lyre thy sceptre, and the mind thy throne?

Didst thou illumine in the olden time
The mind of Homer with thy light sublime,
Who roll'd in majesty the tide of song,
Bright'ning in glory as it rolls along
In heavenly harmony through distant years,
Bright and immortal as revealing spheres?
How many names were saved by Homer's lyre
From blank oblivion! His poetic fire
Enshrin'd their mem'ries and bequeath'd each name
An everlasting legacy to fame!
Well I remember, 'twas in boyhood's hours,
I read him first 'mid wild woods and wild flowers,
Tending the oxen in the hours of noon,
In brightest days of sunny May and June,
When "Buck" and "Bright" were from the yoke releas'd
To rest and on the woodland herbage feast.

There were no pasture fields. Then all was new,
But flowers and herbs in wild profusion grew;
Since then laborious, persevering toil
Has clear'd the woods and ploughshares turn'd the soil.
Upon a bank, thick strewn with wither'd leaves,
Where nature's hand the mossy carpet weaves,
I oft reclined with Iliad in hand,
By forests shaded and by soft winds fann'd;
The oxen browsing round, whose brazen bell
With noisy tongue their whereabouts would tell.

I have space for only two other selections, and it is with difficulty that I choose them. The first one, entitled "A Year Ago To-day," was very popular at one time, and

went the rounds not only of the Canadian, but also of the American and English press :—

A year ago it is to-day
Since little Ernest died ;
Between the living and the dead
There is a gulf so wide !
Short was his life, a week of years
Was all that he had seen—
The winters with their robe of white,
The summers with their green.

He never heard the wintry storm,
The summer's rustling leaf,
Nor music of the singing birds—
Our little boy was deaf.

'Twas so, our Ernest never knew
A word of human speech—
The name of anything on earth
His mind could never reach.

Sight, taste, and smell and touch were all
The avenues of thought,
By which the things of heaven and earth
Within his mind were brought.

And these were all acute ; there was
No deafness in his eyes—
How joyous often was their glance
Of pleasure or surprise.

Tho' none by name, yet all by sight,
Each one he knew full well,
And keenly felt each kindly act,
And other acts as well.

And most were kind ; a sympathy
Was felt by one and all ;
Our smiling little dummy boy
A favorite was with all.

Poor little dear ! no idle word
Against him shall arise,
When he with all that lived shall meet
The judgment of the skies !

Then some may have the bitter wish
When that dread time shall come,
Who used their speech in sin and pride,
That they too had been dumb.

He's no more deaf than all the dead
Since he has passed the bourne ;
And from the land of peace and rest
We would not say return.

He now may know what deafness means,
And what 'tis to be mute ;
How thoughts are clothed in breathing words
That each the other suit.

And he may talk in spirit's speech
To kindred spirits, who
May listen when he says, " On earth
No word I ever knew.

" I did not know my parents' name,
My country, age or race ;
I did not know the God who made
And saves me by His grace.

" I did not know that I should die,
That I was made of dust ;
Nor of a life beyond the sky,
Nor of the Christian's trust.

" But now I know my parents dear,
My brothers, sisters too,
Shall leave the world where now they live
And be like me and you."

The tenderness, sweetness and delicacy that breathe through every line of this poem, it were hard to surpass. And now only one more selection, " On Seeing in the Distance a Light in the Window of Home " :—

Yon lamps that bespangle, on high,
The glorious azure of night,
Shed their radiance around on the sky,
But I turn to a lowlier light.

Yon glimmering lamp far below
The vault of night's luminous dome
Doth it's mellowing brilliancy throw
On the humbler heaven of home.

The blaze of ambition may lead
The youthful aspirant afar,
Where nodding-plum'd warriors bleed,
Mid the struggles and triumphs of war !

He may follow its blaze thro' the storm
O'er the wide-rolling billows of foam,
But its lustre, O ! never can charm
Like the peaceful enjoyments of home.

Lo ! Byron has donn'd his bright crown,
Which he wears by the fiat of fame ;
While the loud trumpet blast of renown
The triumphs of genius proclaim !

He may gather the incense of praise,
And through visions of glory may roam,
But hark, mid the laurel and bays,
He mourns the lost pleasures of home.

Surely these are not the productions of an unworthy pen ! They are but three almost random extracts from 500 pages of verse. I have made no selection from " The Centennial."

Mr. Stephens was the author also of many impromptus, crisp and epigrammatic in their style ; and in 1848 appeared from his pen " A Poetical Geography and Rhyming Rules for Spelling." In 1853 he edited the *Owen Sound Lever*, and for years contributed both prose and verse to some of the leading Canadian and American papers, among which may be mentioned the *Niagara Gleaner*, the *Palladium*, the *Examiner* and the *Leader*, Toronto ; the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier* and the *Baptist Magazine*, Montreal. He was for a long time collector of customs at Owen Sound, and when advancing years placed him on the superannuation list, he continued in peaceful retirement until death came in the spring of '91.

Few of our younger writers have read his works ; few have even heard his name. Yet he was a man who, unfavored by circumstances, wielded his pen at one time with great ease and grace, and won for himself a more than local name. Certainly as the pioneer poet of Ontario, he deserves a much larger place in the records of our young but rising literature than he has yet been accorded.

JAS. A. TUCKER, '95.

A SONG OF COMFORT.

" Sleep, weary ones, while ye may,—
Sleep, oh, sleep !"—*Eugene Field.*

Thro' Maytime blossoms, with whisper low,
The soft wind sang to the dead below :

" Think not with regret on the springtime's song,
And the task ye left while your hands were strong ;
The song would have ceased when the spring was
past,
And the task that was joyous be weary at last."

To the wintry sky, when the nights were long,
The tree-tops tossed, with a ceaseless song :

" Do ye think with regret on the sunny days,
And the path ye left, with its untrod ways ?
'The sun might sink in a storm-cloud's frown,
And the path grow rough, when the night came
down."

In the grey twilight of the autumn eves,
It sighed, as it sang through the dying leaves :

" Ye think with regret that the world was bright,
That your path was short, and your task was light ;
The path, though short, was perhaps the best,
And the toil was sweet, that it led to rest."

M.

—Cornell and Pennsylvania have arranged for a series of joint debates, the first of which will occur at Ithaca, April 20th.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

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Toronto Medical School.

JANUARY 31, 1894.



INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.

THE lean-ribbed mice that haunt the raftered roof of Convocation Hall, in the School of Practical Science, must have wondered what was up last Friday night, as they peered from their holes and saw and heard the strange things that were happening below.

The occasion was the Literary and Scientific Society's 149th public debate, and everyone had turned out to witness the respective champions of McGill University and Toronto tilt against each other in wordy tournament. I have said everyone turned out. There was the man who had his girl along, there was the man who had some other fellow's girl along, there was the man whose girl was with "the other fellow," and there was also the man who had no girl to bring. And lastly, but not leastly, there were a few gentlemen of the first year, who impiously broke through the most sacred traditions of college life by bringing both girls and walking-sticks—to whom (I mean the freshmen, not the girls and the walking-sticks) may the immortal gods mete out direst punishment!

Prof. Mavor gracefully presided as honorary chairman, and by his side sat Mr. C. A. Stuart, B.A., the president of the society. These gentlemen, followed by the giants of oratory and essayist Langley, proceeded through the crowded hall to the platform shortly after eight o'clock, and the party made, on the whole, a picturesque procession which stirred the gentlemen in the back seats to a rich and varied assortment of whole-souled applause. Prof. Mavor opened the meeting with a brief, appropriate speech, in which he referred very pleasantly to the good-natured contests that the past has witnessed between McGill and Toronto, both on the football field and on the rostrum. He then called on the Glee Club to give the first number on the programme. "The Boys of the Old Brigade" was rendered with good effect under the leadership of the instructor, Mr. Robinson; and as the gentlemen at the rear evinced a strong determination to have some more music, the

club returned and gave a minute and interesting description of the family of "The Wild Man of Borneo," who, they informed us, had just come to town. Mr. E. F. Langley, '94, followed with an admirable but somewhat lengthy essay contrasting Shelley with Tennyson. Next came the Banjo and Guitar Club under Mr. Smedley, who gave "The Crack Regiment Patrol," with good effect. They were called back to do it some more. The only and inimitable K. D. McMillan, who appeared in the garment which Julius Cæsar is reputed to have worn when assassinated, gave a delectable, pathetic reading which brought tears to many eyes. Then Mr. Smedley treated the audience to a Spanish march, in imitation of a brass band, on the guitar, and as an encore gave a banjo selection. Thus ended the first lesson, and the great event of the evening was now proceeded with—the debate. The subject was, "Resolved, that the English Revolution of 1688 has exerted a more important influence on the national growth of civilized nations than the French Revolution." Varsity had the affirmative and was represented by Messrs. S. J. McLean and J. H. Brown; McGill upheld the negative, and was represented by Messrs. R. T. Mullin and E. E. Howard. Each side was well defended, and the speeches showed careful thought and considerable research. Mr. Brown's handling of the "Declaration of the Rights of Man" was the great feature of the debate, and certainly one of the cleverest pieces of argument ever heard on the platform of the Society. As Prof. Mavor said in summing up, Mr. Brown had practically shown that that famous document was a piece of historical plagiarism. After congratulating the other debaters on their efforts, and referring to some of the strong points brought out by the McGill men, Prof. Mavor said that, as chairman, he had to give the decision in favor of the side which was most easy of proof. Evidently the audience did not understand this way of putting it, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Stewart, the chairman explained that by this, of course, he meant the negative, the side upheld by McGill. Mr. McLean proposed three cheers for McGill, which were given with gusto, and the meeting broke up.

As to the general character of the evening's proceedings, one cannot but say that the behavior of a certain element in the hall, which we are glad to believe was an exceedingly small element, was not such as to commend itself either to the student body in general or to the public. There is a certain bound beyond which it is not right even for students to go; and when interruptions and disturbances are so totally devoid of pith and point, and indeed common sense, as some of those created by a few hair-brained disturbers last Friday night during the speeches, the only word most people will apply is "hoodlumism." That one of the McGill debaters, a guest of the society, should have to come to a dead stop in his speech while an opponent went to the back of the hall to restore order and secure for him a hearing, is a strange comment on the mental capacity and the sense of chivalry of a few of those who occupied the back seats.

TIM BUCTOO.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting on Wednesday, Jan. 17th, Mr. F. D. Roxburgh, '94, read a paper on "The Mineralogy of Hastings County," the account of a trip made through the district by a party of students last summer. He dealt particularly with the deposits of gold, iron and marble in the county, touching also on the less valuable ones as well as those interesting chiefly to collectors.

The next meeting of the Association, on Tuesday, Feb. 6th, will be an open one. Short addresses will be given by Prof. Ramsay Wright, Dr. Ellis and Mr. McKenzie. A musical programme will be furnished by members of the Association. Further details will be announced next week.
PETER W. CURRIE, Secretary.

THE WANT OF THE WORLD.

"This world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships." Sir Edwin Arnold was once seduced by his thirst for sensationalism and sententiousness to make this remark, and one of the great railway systems of America caught it up and made use of it as an advertisement heading. Strange, indeed, it seems, that a disciple of an art once thought divine should so far forget himself as to cry out against the sad monotony and smallness of this earth, when the very function of his art is to disenlral and dissipate earthly monotony and earthly misery. Yet much of the strangeness vanishes when it is considered how the prevailing tone of hopelessness and gloom is spreading among the multitude of literary and poetical confectioners, who flavor their verses with it just as candy-makers flavor their candies with lemon and vinegar. This affectation of the poets may be for the sake of piquancy, and merely a striving after individuality; it has been said that it is a premonition of the doom of poetry—the shadow of over-towering, growing science.

"There are no longer," Tennyson once sorrowfully remarked, "any children, looking out with wonder into a delightful world, but only scientific little prigs." And the same bitterness against science lingered in Keat's lyrical heart when he moaned that cold philosophy would clip an angel's wings and unweave a rainbow. Even our own Goldwin Smith, in introducing to Toronto, two years ago, the author of "The Light of Asia," could not refrain from making the conventional observation that this was an age of science, and that although there were still a few poets in existence, they were existing in a time that had grown antagonistic to poetry. This is an age of science. Every day and every hour we are greeted with the monotonous, reiterated cry; we are told that poetry cannot exist within sound of the shrieking locomotive, within sight of smoking chimneys; that the world has grown old and sober, mechanical and hum-drum, unpicturesque and unpoetic; romance has faded from off the face of the earth. The muse is smoked out of the cities and chased off the industriously plowed fields; her golden lyre is taken from her; she is dressed in a nineteenth century, tailor-made suit, and advised to turn the crank of a hand-organ or a hurdy-gurdy, if she desires to have the coppers of the new age flung down to her. And she, the fair, golden-haired goddess of many wooers, once courted by the greatest and the noblest mortals, grows mute and pensive, silently longing for the coming time when new singers will flock to her dreary, forsaken shrine, and the old-time music and song will burst forth once more as fresh and strong as the choir of the early Greeks.

And, indeed, I believe the pilgrimage has begun. I believe that at last it is beginning to be felt that poetry is not dead, and that science has not and will not kill it, but that they will go together down the years of the dawning century hand in hand. It is being felt that the more scientific an age becomes, the more it needs art, as much so as the man who labors the most requires rest and recreation the most. Because we think a certain portion of literature has become exhausted, it does not follow that the order of all things is going to be upset and that there will never be a natural and voluntary transition to other pastures, to fresher fields. As long as there is one string on the lyre that sounds the word "human," its music will be listened to, even though it be said steam-hammers are hardening into steel the souls of to-day and factories are humming our blank verse for us.

The change, said Frederick Myers, which is coming over our questionings of the universe affects the fact not less intimately, if less directly, than it affects the savant or the philosopher. The conceptions which the poet

breathes in from the intellectual atmosphere are no longer traditional, but scientific; no longer catastrophic, but evolutionary; no longer planetary, but cosmical. He may still feel that certain facts in human history have had a unique importance for man. But he must recognize that in order to understand those very facts we must endeavor to understand the universe around us.

In these days when thought is claimed to be dominated by science, the poets, it has been said, are like birds that have alighted in some vast machinery hall. They twitter dazedly and plaintively about among the flopping belts and heartless hum, with no place for their little retrospective nests, and no place for a song and nothing to sing about; tucking their mournful little bills under their weary, homeless little wings, and pining for a chance to flutter to a more congenial world.

It is true that science has dispelled many a dream long nourished in the poet's heart, but the disenchantment flies up and hides the beam when weighed with the incalculable truths (for, after all, is not truth the essence and soul of poetry?) that science has yielded the world. If science unwove a rainbow, it taught us what the true colors of the rainbow were, and moreover, it gave us what the pre-scientific age never had—enduring chemicals with which to paint that rainbow. The legend of the Seven League Boots vanishes into thin air before the reality of an express train.

The wisest of the modern poets have felt the necessity of the reconciliation of science and poetry, and have endeavored and are endeavoring to bring it about. Even the conventionally aesthetic versifier of the Arthurian Legends ventures to bring a train (apparent embodiment of prosaic, common-place mechanical thought) into his poem "Godiva." He dips into geology, and evolution, and cosmology, but with the timid dilettanteism of a delicate experimenter. Browning gives psychological lectures in verse, and even ventures so far as spiritualism, hypnotism and mesmerism.

What the brick-maker is to the builder, the scientist is to the poet. Science of late has been making a vast pile of solid bricks, and poetry is just beginning to learn how to use them. The poets are beginning to build, to cease to puddle in the mud of morbid sentimentalism and profitless pessimism. We have not yet had time to judge of the poetic possibilities that science has placed before the world. "We are too busy studying appearances to dream our way into the hearts of things," some one has said, "for it is in the hearts we shall find the poems." Poetry is more than seeing; it is the thinking that comes after the seeing. Science has been erecting and now poetry has an opportunity for her old-time creativeness.

It may be, indeed, that all this discovery and revolution on account of what we call science is not so fatal to the life of poetry; and it may be that the idea of a material blue figment dotted with star-points, and arched over a flat earth with four corners and four sides, and the thought of a sun like a revolving lantern passing along this blue figment, is more inspiring, nobler and grander and more poetic than the scientific universe of to-day; the illimitable, unbounded, star-strewn expanse of endless space; this great world of ours but an atom of a greater, nobler system, and still beyond that system, stretching through far-away, remote regions of space, countless worlds, millions and millions, rolling on and on and on, until the frail human mind falters and faints in the endeavor to even dream of their grandeur, their awfulness and their infinity—it may be that this is restricting and debasing to the imagination and the emotion, that in this, as in other things, science has outraged poetry; but I cannot and will not believe it; for ere long I hope to see

One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again.

Browning in Europe and Whitman in America both broke away from the existing conventional school of

poetry. Both are to-day condemned or ignored. Both come very far from, and yet dangerously near, being poetic revolutionists. Browning's whole personal life was one that tended to conventionalize him, yet he partly succeeded in breaking his shackles. Whitman was full of the daring and strength that constitutes a leader, but he proved to be too chaotic.

No one has followed after them. To-day the world awaits a great leading soul—one who can bring about and consummate the reconciliation of science and poetry. If Shakespeare and Dante and Milton and Goethe and Shelley were workers in what is to be a lost art, what is it all for?

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in by Saturday night.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

Antigone Chorus Practice, Room 16, 4 p.m.

Hockey Match.—Varsity *vs.* Osgoode (weather permitting).

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.

Ladies' Glee Club Practice.—Room 16, 4 p.m.

Mathematical and Physical Society.—Regular Meeting.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

Public Lecture.—“The Fall of Rome,” by Mr. Wrong, at 3 p.m.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting.—Y. M. C. A. Hall, at 3 p.m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

Modern Language Club.—French Meeting, 4 p.m., Room 12.

Natural Science Association.—

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Class '97 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Classical Association.—4 p.m., Room 3.

Engineering Society.—S. P. S., at 3 p.m.

THE ANTIGONE.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PROF. HUTTON, ON SATURDAY, JAN. 27TH.

The West Exam. Hall was filled to overflowing with the crowds who turned out on Saturday last to hear Prof. Hutton's lecture on Sophocles' “Antigone.” Undoubtedly the fact that this play is shortly to have a public representation by a number of University undergraduates lent additional interest to the subject.

In opening his lecture, Prof. Hutton remarked that he had delivered a similar lecture some twelve years ago, a short time before the former representation of the drama. He then proceeded to point out the main differences between the original and modern representations of Greek plays. The scale of the ancient representation was much greater than that of the modern. The Antigone of a Grecian representation would speak to some 20,000 persons, the nearest being 100 yards distant. This great scale necessitated also that the actors should sacrifice their personality in every way. While the modern representation has for an audience only a small circle of comparatively wealthy and leisured classes, the ancient representation spoke to all classes, for the presentation of a Greek drama was a religious observance, and also a great public function. The poor as well as the rich might attend, for the cost of admission was paid out of the public exchequer for such as could not pay anything for themselves. Thus the drama was a great educational institution, supported as such by the government. The number of actors was limited. Three actors could represent Antigone, one person taking the parts of Antigone,

Haemon, Teiresias and the first messenger. This economy in the number of actors was due to the radical defect of classical acting—the entire absence of individuality in the actor. Owing to the great scale on which the representations were carried on, little action was introduced. Thus, the Athenian Antigone must have been statuesque and calm, while the modern Antigone is apt to be full of action, emotion, gesticulation and excitement. The modern mind will wonder at the strange agility and sprightliness of the Theban elders; but they exhibited this nimbleness in the capacity of worshippers rather than senators. The Athenian chorus danced and sang. Of such dancing we know nothing; but the chorus, as arranged by Mr. Shaw, will be more prominent as a body of actors than was the chorus in the representation of 1882, and the movements, though perhaps not historically correct, will be much nearer the original.

After a brief outline of the play, Prof. Hutton remarked on the historical setting of the story, and the inherent principles which underlie the unfolding of the plot, and of which some knowledge is necessary for the proper appreciation of the drama. He spoke of the idea that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the third and fourth generation, as being a dominating one in the Greek mind. He emphasized the superstitious belief which obtained with the Greeks, that if the body of a human being were left unburied, “the spirit wandered homeless on the winds of heaven and haunted the survivors with never-flagging vengeance.” He referred to the headstrong impetuosity with which the best intentions were blended in every member of both Theban dynasties—the house of Œdipus, and the house of Creon. He clearly brought out the genuinely tragic element of the story. It is on the very fact that faults are to be found in Laius and Œdipus, as in Antigone and Creon—“faults, indeed, of manner and only skin deep”—and that at the same time they were guilty of no crimes deserving of their fate—that Sophocles constructed a true tragedy in his “Antigone.”

Then followed a detailed account of the plot, into which our limited space will not allow us to enter.

Referring to the lessons which Sophocles tried to inculcate in the play, Prof. Hutton said that there were two main morals. The first, which is common to all the philosophy of early Greece, is the surpassing value of moderation and humility. As the chorus sing when they leave the stage, “It is the high boasting of the proud which brings sorrows also to the height.” The gods of the Greeks were regarded as having like passions with mortals, and thus, though stronger than mortals, as being jealous of human greatness along whatever line.

The second moral is peculiar to Sophocles, and very much more modern. This moral teaches that even in the finest character there exists some flaw—whether in temper or manner—which may cancel all his other virtues, so far as prosperity is concerned, and bring his life to a tragic close. Thus, Antigone is warm-hearted, fearless, and unselfish; but it is not wholly these virtues which destroy her. “It is the alloy of haste, violence, and her bitterness of tongue which goads Creon to condemn her; and it is her impatience which, after her condemnation, produces suicide.”

The Professor showed here that Sophocles' conception of the highest tragedy, “the doom wrought by venial faults or intellectual defects in excellent men and women,” is a very modern conception. He pointed out that it is this conception which underlies that greatest of modern tragedies, “Middlemarch.”

“If there be any other moral,” Prof. Hutton proceeded, “which Sophocles tried to enforce in the ‘Antigone,’ it is that all startling reforms, all heroic legislation, all new ideas, are but will-o'-the-wisps—misleading lights.” This moral is the moral of Middlemarch, whose author expresses it thus: “Great feelings are or wear the aspect of errors; great faith is or wears the aspect of illusion—so

long as the world in which we live stirs in us one ideal, but is itself administered upon another."

After showing the intimate relationship between this and the first moral, the Professor closed with the statement that, like George Eliot afterwards, Sophocles asserted the supremacy of prudence over other virtues. "This moral is not only preached by the chorus as they leave the stage in the words:

'Prudence is the better part of happiness,
A lesson men shall learn when they be old';

it is also the burden of Creon's soliloquy, when his resolution fails him and he relents: 'For now the fear comes o'er me that 'tis best to round one's life in th' accustomed way.' It is the purport of Teiresias' protestations, 'How far is prudence first and best of gifts?' And, finally, it is driven home once more by the messenger's story of the suicides of Antigone and Haemon, and of Creon's despair—all alike, though not alike in degree, the outcome of rash impatience and one-eyed fanaticism."

UNIVERSITY EXAMINERS.

The following is a revised list of the examiners appointed in the various faculties for 1894:

ARTS.

Classics—J. C. Robertson, B.A., Rev. H. J. Cody, M.A., A. Carruthers, B.A., W. S. Milner, B.A., S. G. Perry, M.A., A. L. Langford, M.A., C. A. Stewart, B.A., F. B. R. Helles, B.A., N. Quance, B.A., E. W. Hagarty, B.A.

Ancient History—W. S. Milner, B.A., C. A. Stewart, B.A.

Mathematics—A. T. DeLury, B.A., R. Henderson, B.A., I. J. Birchard, M.A., Ph.D., W. J. Odell, B.A.

Physics—C. A. Chant, B.A., J. C. McLennan, B.A.

English—D. R. Keys, M.A., W. Pakenham, B.A., F. H. Sykes, M.A., W. Fick, Ph.D., M. F. Libby, B.A.

German—Eliza Balmer, B.A., L. E. Horning, M.A., Ph.D., G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D., J. P. Hubbard, B.A.

French—J. Petch, M.A., J. H. Cameron, B.A., C. Guillet, B.A., A. H. Young, B.A.

Italian and Spanish—W. H. Fraser, B.A., F. J. A. Davidson, M.A., S. B. Leacock, B.A.

History and Ethnology—Rev. G. M. Wrong, B.A., H. H. Langton, B.A.

Constitutional History and Political Economy—Jas. Mavor, J. A. McLean, B.A.

Chemistry—W. L. Miller, B.A., Ph.D., J. Munro, B.A.

Mineralogy and Geology—W. G. Miller, B.A.

Philosophy and Logic—E. J. Badgley, B.D., LL.D., J. G. Hume, M.A., Ph.D., F. Tracy, B.A., Ph.D., Rev. J. Walsh.

Oriental Languages—Rev. G. C. Workman.

JUNIOR MATRICULATION.

Classics—W. S. Milner, B.A., A. Carruthers, B.A.

Mathematics—A. C. McKay, B.A., A. T. DeLury, B.A.

English and History—W. Tytler, B.A., A. Carruthers, B.A.

French and German—L. Horning, B.A., Ph.D., A. H. Young, B.A.

Physics, Chemistry and Biology—C. A. Chant, B.A., R. R. Bensley, B.A., M.B.

ARTS AND LAW.

Roman Law, Constitutional Law, History of Law, International Law, Jurisprudence—W. R. Riddell, B.A., LL.B., J. M. McEvoy, B.A., LL.B.

LAW.

J. McG. Young, B.A., W. H. McFadden, B.A., LL.B.

ARTS AND MEDICINE.

Physiology—A. B. Macallum, B.A., M.B., Ph.D.

MEDICINE.

Anatomy—A. Primrose, M.B., H. W. Aikins, M.D., B.A.

Materia Medica and Therapeutics—A. McKinnon, M.B.

Medicine—James White, M.A., M.D.

Surgery—D. B. Fraser, M.B.

Midwifery and Gynæcology—U. Ogden, M.D.

Pathology—J. Caven, B.A., M.D.

Hygiene—W. Oldright, M.A., M.D.

Medical Jurisprudence—B. Spencer, M.D.

Medical Psychology—N. H. Beemer, M.B.

Chemistry—W. L. Miller, B.A., Ph.D.

Physics—C. A. Chant, B.A.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Willis Chipman, C.E.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

Chemistry—W. L. Miller, B.A., Ph.D.

Mineralogy—A. P. Coleman, M.A., Ph.D.

Electricity—T. R. Rosebrugh, B.A.

Astronomy, Geodesy and Least Squares—L. B. Stewart, P.L.S., D.L.S.

Steam Engineering and Hydraulics—T. R. Rosebrugh, B.A., E. B. Merrill, B.A.

Strength of Materials—C. H. C. Wright.

BOWLING COMPETITION.

Although of late hockey men have done little but sigh for ice, and curlers have been wishing for cold weather, college sport has not been altogether dead. During the past week the bowling tournament announced in VARSITY awakened quite an interest throughout the different years, and each afternoon a group of enthusiasts gathered round to see war waged against the pins. Only two of the scheduled games were unplayed, Wycliffe and the first two years in medicine defaulting. The teams representing '95 and '96 were left in for the finals, the juniors having won their matches against '94 and Victoria, while the sophomores had defeated '97, S.P. S., and the 3rd and 4th year medicals. In the final match, '96 proved themselves superior to their opponents, Mackinnon and Towers defeating Hendry and Burns by twenty-five points, and thus winning the championship of the University.

In the course of this week a team representing the Faculty will likely meet the champions, and an exciting contest may be looked for. Of course the "Sophs" expect to win, and rumor has it that they have already made arrangements for claiming the Canadian bowling championship.

W. B. H.

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MORTAR BOARDS.

Allan Burns, '93, is teaching in Bishop Ridley College.

D. A. Glassey, of the School of Pedagogy, is temporarily teaching in the Port Perry High School.

H. A. Moore, '93, is in the Peterboro' Electric Works. H. A. will be sadly missed next spring at base-ball.

R. W. W. Sheraton, '94, Natural Science, has been forced, owing to continued ill-health, to give up his year.

S. B. Woods, one of the most prominent men of '94, is now acting as Hamilton correspondent for the *Toronto Mail*.

J. L. McDougall, '93, is studying law at Ottawa in the office of O'Connor & Hogg, while J. G. Kilgour, '93, is in a law office in Guelph.

The Rev. Geo. McK. Wrong, B.A., will deliver a lecture upon "The Fall of Rome," in the Lecture Hall of University College, on Saturday, Feb. 3rd.

A. B. Cushing, '93, has taken unto himself a wife and settled down in Essex Centre. Like so many of our graduates, Mr. Cushing has chosen teaching as a profession.

A students' meeting of the Y.M.C.A. Convention for Ontario and Quebec was held in Association Hall on Sunday afternoon last. Mr. J. R. Mott, inter-collegiate secretary of the Y.M.C.A., delivered a very able and impressive address.

W. M. Govenlock, '92, and L. Norman, '93, are teaching Mathematics and Moderns, respectively, in the Ingersoll High School. As both of them played on our first eleven in Association foot-ball, it is probable that the Ingersoll High School will next year establish an enviable record.

The Gymnasium Committee have just received, through the Customs House, a number of locker doors to replace those in which the steel bands have been broken. When the company shipped the main order, a number of small fixtures were accidentally omitted. These have now been forwarded along with the doors.

Harry Pease, '97, School of Science, is again in attendance at lectures after an absence of several weeks. While playing Rugby late last fall, he received a severe kick on the leg just below the knee. The wound gradually developed into an ulcer, and for over three weeks he was unable to stir from the house.

A meeting of the Classical Association was held in class room No. 3 last Wednesday. Prof. Dale occupied the chair. D. M. Duncan, '94, read a paper on "Cleon, the Maligned Athenian Statesman," while Mr. Coutts,

'94, in another dealt with the comparison of the characters of the Emperor Tiberius and Charles I. of England. Both essays were then discussed by the meeting.

Miss Agnes Knox (Mrs. Black) gave a recital in Association Hall on Monday evening, under the patronage of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and the auspices of our College Y.M.C.A. A large number of students were present and the applause which greeted this popular elocutionist would indicate that she has established herself as a general favorite among the undergraduates of our University.

George W. Orton, '93, who holds a fellowship in Pennsylvania College, was in town for a visit during the holidays. Evidently the life at an American college is agreeing well with him, as he looked even healthier than he did when at 'Varsity. His description of University life on the other side proved quite entertaining. He considers that the American game of football is inferior to our own, but says that, as compared with them, the Canadians know simply nothing about tackling. The Pennsylvania gymnasium is neither as large nor as well equipped as is ours. "George" is anxious to have arrangements made for a baseball match between the two Universities, and says that if the Varsity men were willing to go over there he could easily secure them a good guarantee.

ATHLETIC ELECTIONS.

The annual election for the directorate of the Athletic Association will be held as follows:—

ARTS.

Monday, Feb. 5th.—3rd year; four men to be elected. J. D. Webster, returning officer.

Tuesday, Feb. 6th.—2nd year; three to be elected. D. M. Duncan, returning officer.

Tuesday, Feb. 6th.—1st year; two to be elected. W. E. Lingelbach, returning officer.

These elections will be held in the basement of the University building. Poll open from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Nominations must be signed by at least five persons and placed in the hands of the sec.-treas. before twelve o'clock Saturday, Feb. 3rd.

The elections for representatives from the S. P. S. will be held on Monday, Feb. 5th, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Nominations to be handed into A. L. McAllister before Saturday. The conducting of these elections will be in the hands of Messrs. McAllister, Shields and Blackwood, one man to be elected from each of the three years.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

The Literary Society held its regular meeting on Friday afternoon. Mr. Rogers, the new president, occupied the chair. The question of the class photograph was left over until a future meeting of the society. On motion of Mr. R. S. Stoddart, the President of the Society was unanimously chosen as representative of the school at the Knox College conversat. Miss Coates was chosen critic of the meeting. The programme, which was a very interesting one, consisted of choruses by the Glee Club; a recitation, "The Revenge," by Mr. Johnson; a discussion, "Resolved, that as civilization advances, poetry declines," led by Messrs. McDougall and MacVannel, followed by Messrs. Locke, Johnson, Stuart and the President. At the close of the discussion, Miss Coates, the critic, made a few very pointed remarks, congratulating the members who had taken part, on the excellence of the programme.

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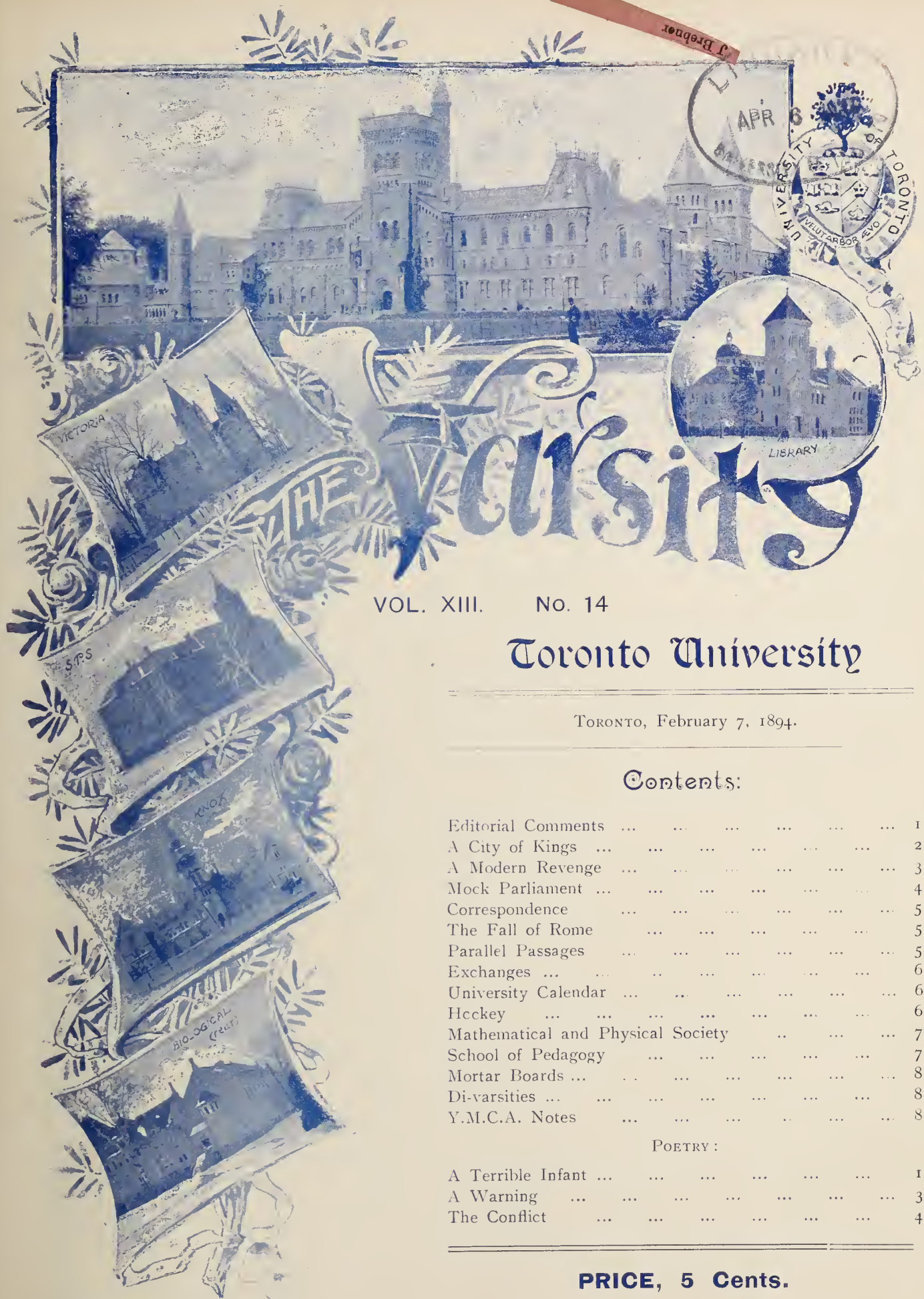
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VOL. XIII. No. 14

Toronto University

TORONTO, February 7, 1894.

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PRICE, 5 Cents.

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 7, 1894.

No. 14.

Editorial Comments.



THE class of '94 has disposed of a serious difficulty in connection with their graduation picture, namely, the question of admitting a representation of the Victoria College professors, a difficulty which every graduating class will have to face so long as Victoria College continues in affiliation with Toronto University, and is consequently on the same footing as University College. The Class Society of '94 has resolved to allow a representation of the Victoria faculty proportionate to the number of students, which will mean two and a half, if convenient, otherwise three professors, there being only fourteen Victoria men in the class. The latter claim that all their professors, seven in number, should be admitted; advancing the argument that Victoria and University Colleges stand in the same relation to Toronto University, and should, therefore, enjoy the same privileges in any matter relating to University of Toronto class societies. This argument, sound in itself, is based upon a mere technicality and should not be observed to the detriment of the majority. In the constitution of the Class Society nothing whatever is said regarding the graduating picture, but the object has always been to have it include all those professors from whom the majority of the students have, during their course, received lectures. Would it not therefore be an injustice to insert the pictures of seven professors, who are perfect strangers to the majority, in order to comply with the wishes of a very small minority? In allowing Victoria a representation of three professors, the present graduating class are doing all that can in justice be expected of them, and are establishing a worthy precedent for future years. It is to be hoped that the Victoria members of the class will regard the action of the society in this light, as their withdrawal from the picture would be a matter of sincere regret to all concerned.

Like many another time-honored feature in college life, our "students' night at the opera" is becoming a thing of the past, and more's the pity. Other customs, hazing for instance, we are content to see pass away, but that this one, which, when properly conducted, forms one of the most pleasant of our academic experiences, should share the same fate, is much to be regretted. We see nothing now of the grand old rallies which were wont to fill the "gods" of the Grand Opera House with an enthusiastic mob of students, ready to do justice alike to a Henry Irving or a Joe Murphy. Let us resurrect the good old custom and make the nights of the 15th,

16th and 17th of February, when the "Antigone" will be produced, memorable in the category of students' nights at the opera. The "Antigone" is practically taking the place of our annual conversazione or Glee Club concert, and will, therefore, be the sole exhibition of our student talent with which the public will this year be favored.

Owing to the recent improvements in THE VARSITY, the management is compelled to call upon all subscribers in arrears to remit subscriptions at once. This is a matter which should meet with the earliest consideration of all subscribers, and more especially of the undergraduates. The Directorate, and more particularly the chairman and the business manager, have expended much time and trouble upon the paper, much to its improvement, and the least that can be expected of the students is a prompt payment of subscriptions to facilitate the management.

In a previous issue we discussed the proposal of the Athletic Association to circulate a petition to the Senate, asking them to undertake the imposition of a compulsory Gymnasium fee. The scheme is meeting with unfavorable comment from many of the students, and particularly from those who are not already members of the Gymnasium. It is most advisable that the matter should be thoroughly considered before any decisive step is taken, and to effect this object, THE VARSITY invites discussion upon the question. The Gymnasium Committee entertain a natural feeling of hesitation in adopting a plan, which, if endorsed by the Senate, will materially affect the whole student body. Too often, in the case of a proposed change in University administration, the students ignorant of the influence which it is in their power to exert, look on with indifference, or at least in silence, and waken up only when the mischief has been done. If the sentiment of the student body is opposed to the idea of a compulsory Gymnasium fee, and if that sentiment carries no weight, for lack of some one to voice it in the columns of our College journal, who is to blame? If the editor upholds one side of the question, he cannot reasonably be expected to advance arguments in support of the other.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up, and kissed the pretty lass;
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, "Aha!"
When I can talk I'll tell mamma."
And that's my earliest recollection.

S. H. E.

A CITY OF KINGS.

One of my pleasantest recollections of a recent sojourn in the Motherland, is a visit paid in company with a number of other young men to that City of Kings, Winchester. Situated in the centre of a typically beautiful English county, that of Hampshire, this quaint cathedral town stands on the site of one of the earliest inhabited spots in all England; in fact, it has been said that here may have existed a village in the woods, a full thousand years before the Christian era. When the Romans came to Britain, in the "once upon a time" of long ago, they walled the city round with formidable flint and mortar, just as I saw it when I was there; and where to-day stands the grand old cathedral, they erected temples to Concord and to Apollo.

The party, of which I was one, was greeted at the Winchester railway station by a certain town councillor, Tibbs, who had very kindly promised to "show us round."

Two and two we followed our guide through the narrow streets, lined with the old wooden houses, with those strangely latticed windows and projecting joists with which we are all so familiar in pictures. Our attention was called to the fact that the streets were still lighted with coal oil lamps, the conservative old town having nothing to do with such modern innovations as gas, and as for electric light—perish the thought! Presently we came to a little stream flowing quietly through the town, and bridged by the main street on which we walked. This we were told was the River Itchen. Then our guide turned off into an enclosure, and we found ourselves in the churchyard of the cathedral. The outward appearance of the building is not impressive; it is long in comparison with its height, and is without tower or steeple. But, when one stands within its doors, and glances down its lofty nave, a feeling of humility and a hush of all boisterous sensation comes over one that must be experienced to be understood.

We were met by Dean Kitchen at the entrance, and tarrying for a moment by the door, he gave us a brief sketch of the cathedral's history. The first Christian church was destroyed during the persecution of Aurelian and rebuilt in A.D. 293. From A.D. 852-862 St. Swithen, of blessed memory in connection with wet weather, held the episcopacy. In 1070 Bishop Walkelin began the present cathedral; for the building of which, it is said, he cut down the whole of the royal forest of Hampinges in three days, much to the displeasure of William I., who had rashly promised him all the wood he could carry away in that time. This beginning was added to and altered frequently, until we have to-day the longest and one of the handsomest cathedrals in England. The Dean then drew our attention to the western window, which presented the appearance of a heterogeneous collection of fragments of colored glass. And such it is. In the days of the Commonwealth, when the Puritans waxed fat on the sacking of ecclesiastical wealth and pomp, this beautiful window, representing, then, the twelve apostles, was smashed by a party of zealots; the fragments preserved, however, were put back without any attempt at matching them, the result being that various portions of the apostles' anatomy are scattered about in the most aggravating disorder. The effect is peculiar. Proceeding eastward up the nave, we noticed the many monuments to departed worthies, who, to judge from the Latin epitaphs, possessed all heaven's virtues and none of earth's vices. Presently we stood in the choir, and were assured by the Dean that in the vari-colored boxes that rested in surrounding niches reposed the bones of many of the old time kings. Alfred the Great, and Canute of seaside fame, he said, lay in one or perhaps in several. At our feet reposed the mortal remains of William Rufus, who fell the victim of a probably purposed accident in the ad-

joining woods. Behind the choir was the spot which, at one time rich with gold and jewels, marked the last resting place of Winchester's patron, Saint Swithen. The jewels and gold were gone, taken probably by the same miscreants who broke the window, and the saint was gone too, nobody knows where. The legend was related to us as we stood reverently gazing at the place where once reposed his dust. Before the saint died he gave instructions that his body should be buried beneath the blue sky, and in no human edifice. The monks, however, after his death, made extensive preparations for a grand burial in the chancel of the minster; when, lo! there came a heavy rain on July 15th, the day appointed for the ceremony, which lasted for forty days, postponing the funeral most effectually, until the monks came to their humbled senses and determined to carry out the wishes of their lamented prelate. Then the rain ceased and the sun shone, and the saint was interred as he wished.

The relation of this pathetic legend being finished, we followed the Dean to the crypt, where some of the old Roman masonry still exists in the foundations of the building. This completed our inspection of the ancient structure, and it now being about one o'clock, the whole party adjourned for lunch.

In the afternoon, following in the wake of Councillor Tibbs, we paid a visit to Winchester public school, founded by William of Wykeham about A.D. 1387. This, to one coming, as I did, from a land where education is aided by all modern improvements, was most interesting. The bare rooms, with the long, backless forms, and wooden tables on which for many generations the English boy has carved his name (in many cases but a prophecy of a future carving of his name upon the monuments of fame and in the hearts of the people), contrasted strikingly with our Toronto school rooms. In one room the wall is decorated with pictures of a sword, a pen, and a birch rod, with a Latin inscription the exact wording of which I forget, but a free-school-boy translation was "Walk, work or be walloped." In the dining room we were surprised at the simplicity of their dinner service, consisting, as it did, of square wooden platters from which the boys eat all their food. We enquired the reason of this strange conservatism, and found that a generous lady had left provision in her will for the supply of a certain quantity of veal to the school yearly, on condition that they continued to use the wooden platters, and for the sake of the veal they dispensed with china. Here, also, we saw the celebrated picture of the "Trusty Servant," with William of Wykeham's motto, "Manners Makyth Man."

Leaving the school, our party set out for the village of St. Cross, about a mile and a half distant, the principal attraction of which was the Pilgrim's dole of bread and beer, given to all visitors. Being a teetotaler myself, I did not see the point of walking a mile and a half in the hot sun for a mug of beer which conscience would not let me drink, and a piece of bread in all probability stale and without butter. No, I had a better scheme than that; so prevailing upon a friend to go with me, I returned to the town, and soon finding a comfortable little *cafe*, we sat down to enjoy a pot of fresh tea and bread and butter and cake. This was away ahead of flat beer and stale bread. When our pilgrims returned we found that the dole of beer and bread had cost them sixpence or so, and was neither so free nor so good as advertised.

United again to our party, we set out for the town hall, where was to be seen the famous round table of King Arthur, constructed by the enchanter Merlin. It is a large oaken slab, on one side of which a royal figure is painted, and round it, in old black letters, various names or inscriptions. We will not shake any fond beliefs by expressing doubts as to the genuineness of the table or the existence of King Arthur, but leave it entirely to the judgment of the reader.

This completed our inspection of the ancient city of

Winchester, and soon we took train once more and found ourselves in smoky, busy, practical London, with another memory added to our store of pleasant recollections.

S. J. DE CLICQU, '97.

A MODERN REVENGE.

In army mess-rooms it is an undecided, but a standing question, as to whether or not there is an unwritten amendment to the Sixth Commandment. Crosby, of "L" Battery, of the Royal Horse, expressed it when he said that it was no use to say "Thou shalt not kill" to a man who has been at Cawnpore in Mutiny times.

They do not discuss these things in a theological way, but the records of that grand old regiment, the Royal Artillery, contain some opinions that have been expressed on the subject. It does not follow, because the Royal Artillery records contain them, that they are written down in the War Office; for the War Office never heard the true story of the events by which Major Cameron recorded his belief on the subject. Colonel Wilton tells the story very often, but that is excusable, for he was a subaltern in the battery Cameron commanded.

In '57, Cameron lived at a small military station near Delhi, with his wife and his six-year-old daughter. On the morning of that memorable day in May, when Hell broke loose upon India, the Sepoys at the post, headed by Singa Dar, on old sergeant, murdered the Europeans, with the exception of Cameron and his wife and child, who were reserved for tortures worse than death. All three were tied up to posts in the barrack-yard, and, through the night that followed the cries of the child were the only sounds that broke the stillness. At daybreak the brutal sergeant, regardless alike of its agonizing shrieks, and its father's curses, beat the poor child with a ramrod till she died in her bonds. There they left the limp body tied to a post; the father and mother, in the heat of another tropical day, endured untold sufferings till night, when the woman died, crazed. A rescue party saved Cameron and reverently buried the dead, but the Sepoy sergeant escaped.

Three years after, when Major Cameron took command of the 70th Battery, at an outlying station among deserted rice fields in Southern India, he was known as a careful officer and a grand-hearted Briton, and the sad circumstances of his loss were known to every man in the battery.

When they knew him well, there was no man, from senior subaltern to stable orderly, who would not have willingly carried upon his hands to the judgment seat the blood of Singa Dar.

One night two or three officers were sitting on the verandah of the bungalow which served them for quarters. Wilton, who was officer of the day, had just come in. "Do you know," said he, as he unbuckled his belt, and threw his sword and sabretache carelessly on the nearest chair, "the picket was out at the main road and brought back a chap who looks very like Cameron's friend, the sepoy; grey hair, cut on his neck—same one, evidently—they got him thieving up at Rankin's plantation."

"Well, if it's the right man, God help him," said the surgeon, "for I'm the most peaceable man in the battery, and I'd roast him alive."

When Wilton came in about midnight, after "taking the guard," he announced definitely that there was no shadow of doubt as to the identity of Singa Dar, formerly sergeant in Her Majesty's service; and he added, "By Jove, he's the worst looking blackguard I've seen in India. But, in spite of it all, I'm afraid Cameron is going to be too lenient with the brute." A little later, a message came from the commanding officer's quarters for the officer of the day; as Wilton wearily roused himself and went, he thought, "I wonder if it's to order out a firing party for to-morrow."

Early next morning, Cameron and Wilton cantered

out of the barrack gate in the direction of the deserted flats which formed the horizon on that side, for the occupants of the post, and which served the Battery as a range for target practice. Arrived at a slight eminence, in the hollow beyond was a gun of the Battery, with its six sleek bays, that tossed their heads and jingled their bits, and looked proud of themselves and of their trim riders, who sat them with that intensely military air that is born of forage caps and spurs. Strapped to the limber-box, between two stout artillerymen, sat Singa Dar; the dejection of his look could not conceal innate villainy, but he seemed reassured whenever he glanced at Cameron's kindly face. At a word from Wilton, the gunners dismounted, and unstrapping Singa Dar, set off with him in the direction of a clump of trees about eighty yards farther away from the barracks than was the spot they occupied. Meanwhile, Cameron took command of the gun.

"Action, front!"

In a trice the gun was brought into action, muzzle towards the retreating figures of the artillerymen and Singa Dar.

"With shell, load!"

"Gad," thought Wilton, "if it had been I, I'd have saved the shell."

By this time the men had rejoined the detachment, and Cameron very deliberately proceeded to lay the gun.

"Trail right! Trail right! Trail left! Halt!" and the gun was laid. In the line of the sights, tied to a tree of the clump, was the white figure of Singa Dar, now as limp as the little figure he had beaten to death on that terrible May morning three years before.

The gentle look seemed to be still on Cameron's face as he glanced around.

"No. 1 gun, Ready!"

A pause ensued, while the gunner prepared his quick-match.

"No. 1 gun, Fire!!"

Cameron stepped clear of the smoke for an instant to observe the effect of the fire; then, as he remounted his horse, he sang out:

"Rear, Limber up!!"

"Sergeant, take charge of the detachment and take them back to barracks. And," as he pointed to the clump of trees, "send two men with shovels."

The next minute the six bays and their jaunty riders were swinging in towards the barrack-gate. Cameron and Wilton trotted silently in the rear.

"Wilton," said Cameron, as they dismounted, "I sent my papers in last night."

J. McC.

A WARNING.

There's a place for lazy students down below,
Where they spend their days in misery and woe;

Where the bums who never work,
And the men who funk and shirk,

And the starved, and ploughed, and plucked are
doomed to go.

Their lot's the worst that's known to fiend or man,
They're forever writing, writing an exam.;

They're weary, jaded, scared,
For they're never quite prepared,

It's one long, eternal, everlasting cram.

They receive no credit there for what they do,
Ever reading, studying, writing—never through—

Full of trouble, fear and sorrow,
Always plugging for the morrow,

But the morrow brings no hope or rest in view.

Oh, my fellows, friends, and freshmen, heed the fate
Of the men who leave their work till far too late;

Never put off until May
Work of an October day,

Or you'll find yourself inside Gehenna's gate.

G. E. M.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

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FEBRUARY 7, 1894.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.



ULL, dry, dreary and disgusting was the session that saw the star of Sir Benjamin Craig, K.C.B., flicker and wane and die; for not even the knowledge that another great name and another great party were being wiped out of current history and assigned a place in the annals of the sad-eyed, sorrowful past, could rouse the older members from their snory snoozes on the richly cushioned benches, or restrain the younger ones from going out to see every passing dog-fight that rumor brought to the ears of the House. Such is the base and unpoetic spirit of these degenerate modern days.

'Twas but a few hours after eight o'clock when the machinery of the House got into motion. It was late in starting, and it never seemed to catch up all evening. First came Mr. Merkley with a motion to donate the small sum of \$25 to the Banjo and Guitar Club. C. C. Stewart said if anybody opposed this motion he would like to have a private interview with him on various topics after the meeting was over. S. J. McLean said Mr. Stewart needn't think because he was big that he could scare all the little fellows into voting with him. He, for one, wouldn't submit. In the present state of the finances he did not think the B. & G. Club should get a cent till more urgent claims were settled. This seemed to be the general opinion, and after an interminable discussion by Messrs. Kirkwood, Pease, McKinnon, Pease, Levi, Pease, Craig, Pease, and Pease, a motion was carried to refer the matter to the executive committee. Mr. Blythe gave notice that at the next meeting he will move for a grant of

\$25 to the Glee Club, and on the suggestion of Mr. Bragg it was decided not to hold any meeting when the Antigone comes on at the Academy. Much against his feelings of native modesty, Mr. Craig was appointed to represent Varsity at the Knox At-Home. This is the irony of circumstance. Benjamin didn't want the appointment, or at least he said he didn't; yet he got it. Now F. D. Fry told me before the meeting (confidentially of course) that he wanted it very bad; yet he didn't get it.

And now the House got down to business, and a paralysing debate began when Fighting Joe Martin, the man from Winnipeg, introduced a Government measure to establish the Gothenburg system of liquor license in Canada. The bill itself was not forthcoming, but its sponsor informed the House that it would be printed and distributed and a translation in colloquial Irish would be furnished for the benefit of the McCart'y faction. Mr. Megan replied on behalf of the Opposition, and horrified the whole House with a heart-rending description of how the Gothenburg system had been used in Sweden and Norway to draw Christian gentlemen and lady Sunday-school teachers into the liquor traffic. Mr. Gillis also unfolded a harrowing tale, to say nothing of several yards of manuscript. This caused the leader of the Government to object that the honorable gentleman was reading his speech, whereupon the said honorable gentleman explained that he was not reading his speech, but was merely using very full notes. Sir Benjamin remarked that he had no doubt the notes were full, for the speech sounded intoxicated. Several Opposition members, thereupon, showed their disapproval of the impropriety of Mr. Gillis by crossing to the Government side of the House. After speeches by Messrs. Tamblyn and Gould, the latter of whom gave a very interesting demonstration of elementary mathematics, much to the edification and enlightenment of the Government leader, who explained that unfortunately his early mathematical education had been sadly neglected—Mr. Hunt, sole surviving remnant of the McCart'yites, pommelled the Government temperance policy from the standpoint of the third party, for how were "Mister McCart'y's followers ever to git along widout a wee drop pot'een, at all, at all?" Unfortunately Mr. McCart'y, "the bushy-headed member from Tree Town," as Fighting Joe described him, was not present himself, and the House had not the pleasure, therefore, of hearing his own views on the subject. Mr. Hunt was followed by Mr. Wilson, who poured forth the vials of his wrath in a torrent of sweeping denunciation and many free and florid gestures. Then there was a brief but violent struggle on the part of a few bolters, who had to fairly fight their way through the minions of the Government to get over to the Opposition side of the House. The Speaker, trembling with excitement, his voice husky with solemn emotion, put the question. There was one long, wild shout of triumph, a few broken sobs from the Government benches, a flourish of smelling salts, and then all was over. Babylon had fallen!

TIM BUCTOO.

THE CONFLICT.

When with pain and bitter restless grieving,
Thou despair'st of thy long'd-for goal,
Trembling for the issue, and believing
All the world is leagued against thy soul:

Inward turn thine eyes in deep reflection,
Cleans'd from grime of battle, dust of mart—
Thou shalt find within the true defection,
See the real battle in thy heart.

'Tis not outward things that jeer and taunt thee,
All the world must help thy soul to win;
But yon legion'd enemies that daunt thee
Are the spectres of thy faults within.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Correspondence.

INTER-YEAR BOXING COMPETITION.

To the Editor of Varsity.

DEAR SIR,—As it is becoming more and more apparent that the supremacy of one year over another does not depend so much upon higher intellectual development, but is also affected by the prowess shown in football or the skill evidenced in bowling, would it not only be tending to a more equal criterion, but also acting as a stimulus to the “manly art of self-defence” itself, if inter-year boxing competitions were also introduced. I have no doubt but that at the bare suggestion of this many of the youth whose love is only “sweetness and light,” will at once cry “a Philistine is within our midst.” Yet who that read the interview with the Marquis of Queensbury, recorded the other day in the daily papers, can fail to see that however degrading prize-fighting may be, boxing itself has many points in its favor. What these are I shall not here lengthen this letter by detailing, but I merely throw out the suggestion that boxing competitions would form a valuable addition to the already numerous inter-year sporting competitions.

Yours truly,

CÆTUS.

THE FALL OF ROME.

It is often stated as a law, perhaps not of nature, but of political institutions, that empires must decay, that as Rome has fallen, so the fate of the English Empire is decreed. The fall of England would then be the subject of some such lecture as that delivered by Mr. Wrong last Saturday, and contrasts would be drawn between that phase of civilization and some phase yet to be evolved. Mr. Wrong showed that though all things are possible, yet the basis of the Empire of England is essentially different from that of Rome, and that the fall of the one in no way necessitates the fall of the other.

From Rome and Athens, Western Europe took its rise; and to the influence of their ideas and customs descended in large measure to us, may be traced many modern manners of thought and life. Charon's call for passengers and the banter he indulges in at their expense, with but a change of name and route, would answer exactly to the free-and-easy cabby of to-day; while the girl graduate, the *jeunesse-dorée* and the matron overwhelmed with social duties, all had their counterpart in Rome, although it is hard to realize that life in Imperial Rome so much resembled life as we know it. The vastness of affairs in the city of the seven hills, the scope of her power and the extremes to which every character seems naturally to have tended, often cause the modern to forget that still he is dealing with humanity, and humanity acted upon by much the same impulses and aspirations as now, and bound by the same restrictions. But, as the lecturer said, the vices of mankind have a strong family resemblance, and the virtues of modern society are not peculiarly her own. Yet, in more ways than one, is the power of England constituted differently from that of Rome. In regard to the governing power the difference is very striking. In Rome—for the Republic was, in reality, despotic—despotism was carried to an extreme. The Emperor was divine, and though in all probability leading a most unhappy life, could by his mere mandate make or mar the happiness of great numbers of his subjects. It is true, that as regards India, England is despotic; yet, it is a despotism carried on with moderation, patience, and a desire for the common weal, in a manner entirely unknown to the Imperialist. But, as for England herself, the fact that there the governed have also a say in the conduct of affairs, secures the protection of their interests, whereas representative institutions never seem to have

occurred to the mind of any Roman. But the most marked difference is in the position of the governed. In England, the dignity of labour, the encouragement of discussion, moderation and self-reliance, are common-places; in Rome, as results of slave industry, of the necessity of obeying the Imperial mandate of the terrible burden of Imperial taxation, servility, adoration of the Emperor, and implicit obedience were the order of the day. There were but two paths to advancement, by Court favoritism and by the Church. Thus, it may well be, though Rome fell, that England, if she solve the questions still before her, grave and difficult questions enough, may retain her supremacy owing to the hardihood of the character of her citizens, and if fall she must, it will be under burdens too great for any one nation, and in an heroic endeavor for the uplifting of mankind.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

I. “Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges, you will receive from them; and in the firm expectation that when London shall be an habitation of bitterness; when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets, of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians, I remain, etc., etc.”—*Shelly's Dedication of Peter Bell the Third*. December 1, 1819. First published, 1839.

OF ATHENS.—“And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his net in the river of ten thousand masts, her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derive their origin and over which they exercise their control.”—*Macaulay's Essay on Mitford's Greece*, 1823-1826.

OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.—“She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple at Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.”—*Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes*, 1840.

II. “During that strange period of human life, just where the brook and river meet, where childhood merges insensibly into early manhood, or womanhood, when the lengthening limbs are tortured by “growing pains,” and the enlarging heart is full of restlessness and discontent, when physical languor and drowsiness induce a proneness to reverie, a morbid sentimentality, and, at times, an apparently unfathomable melancholy, the expanding mind is found most susceptible to the mysterious charm of pathos.”

With this, compare the description of Jim Crawley in *Vanity Fair* :—

“James Crawley, when his aunt had last beheld him, was a gawky lad at that uncomfortable age when the voice varies between an unearthly treble and a preternatural bass; when the face not uncommonly blooms out with

appearances for which Rowland's Kalyder is said to act as a cure; when boys are seen to shave furtively with their sisters' scissors, and the sight of other young women produces intolerable sensations of terror in them; when the great hands and ankles protrude a long way from garments which have grown too tight for them; when their presence after dinner is at once frightful to the ladies, who are whispering in the twilight in the drawing-room, and inexpressibly odious to the gentlemen over the mahogany, who are restrained from freedom of intercourse and delightful interchange of wit by the presence of that gawky innocence; when, at the conclusion of the second glass, papa says: 'Jack, my boy, go out and see if the evening holds up,' and the youth, willing to be free, yet hurt at not being yet a man, quits the incomplete banquet."

W. P. REEVE.

EXCHANGES.

The exchange slave presents the following fruits of his scissors and brush to his masters. First of all, an extract from an admirable article on "Greek Dress," from *Vanderbilt University Review*. The fair damsels of the Greek play, after perusing this, may perhaps understand somewhat, at least, the arrangement of their locks. "As to the manner of dressing the hair, the women of those old times are models even to-day, the 'Psyche knot' and 'Grecian coil' of the present day being almost exact copies of the natural and graceful styles in use two thousand years ago. They will always be admired, because they conform to the shape of the head, and lend distinction to most faces. Single-pronged hairpins were used to fasten the coils in place, made of ivory and bone, often ornamented with gold. The early Athenians wore their hair tied in a large, loose knot over the forehead, as seen in the well-known statues of Apollo and Artemis. A favorite ornament for the hair at this time was a pin shaped like a grasshopper, symbolizing the claim of the Athenians, that they sprang from the soil. The fillet, in one shape or another, was universally worn. Sometimes it was a simple ribbon binding the head, and helping to support the weight of the hair; or gold and jewelled bands, fashioned like diadems. Perhaps the most beautiful of the methods for dressing the hair was the use of wreaths and garlands of flowers, or ivy leaves. From the crowns of bay-leaves bestowed upon the winners at the Olympian Games, the world has derived its custom of decking the brows of poets and kings, in sculpture and especially upon coins, with this ideal ornament."

The second course will be a piece of fiction from the *Stanford Sequoia*, after the manner of the paragraph stories produced at that institution:

BY CHANCE A HERO.

In a few moments I became aware that there was something on me that was attracting the attention of several passengers on the other side of the street car. I glanced casually down at my vest—it was not unbuttoned; then down towards my feet—the shoe-laces were tied and the stockings were not showing. Then I wondered if it could be the Stanford pin that they were interested in. No, I had left it on another coat. Was my necktie awry? Slowly and thoughtfully I brushed my hand across my chin, and then made a pass at my tie. It was arranged properly.

"Well, stare away, if it does you any good," I thought.

"Evening papers: *Post*, *Bulletin* and *Report*. All about the frightful accident on the Oakland boat."

"Any way, I'll buy a paper," I thought to myself, "and it will screen me from this continual staring." I began to read on the first page. The leading headlines were: "Accident on the Oakland boat. Three ladies and

a child overboard. Heroic action of an unknown young man." Then, as I read down the column and got the description of the young fellow who had jumped overboard and saved several lives, I saw at once why my fellow passengers had laid down their papers and stared at me. The description tallied exactly with my appearance. Then I could excuse their staring. To them I was the modest, unassuming hero of the hour.

A. B. R.

And the entertainment will be fitly rounded with some soulful lines from the *Pennsylvania Red and Blue*.

WHAT IS IT?

What, pray! is white as foam of moonlit wave,
As soft as down, a model to entrance,
A Phidias, trailing now in dust perchance,
Yet fit to adorn the Parthenon's pure nave?

Terpsichore, famed muse of grace, would crave
Its grace, did she come back and see it dance.
So formed, no art its contour could enhance.
At such fair altars do men kneel and rave.

It steps so light, it might some fairy be,
As soft, as light, as faded petals fall;
Yet bears a hundred weight alternately
With one. 'Tis lithe, 'tis elegant, 'tis small!
Herein an understanding soul will see
An understanding with a soul, that's all.

E. M. J.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in by Saturday night.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

Class '97.—Social Evening. Y.M.C.A. Hall at 8 p.m.
Antigone Chorus Practice, Room 16, 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club Practice.—4 p.m.
Ladies' Literary Society.—Room 9, at 7.30 sharp.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

Public Lecture.—"Pascal," by Prof. John Squair, at 3 p.m.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting.—Y. M. C. A. Hall, at 3 p.m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

Modern Language Club.—German Meeting, Room 12, 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

Class '97, Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

Engineering Society.—S. P. S., at 3 p.m.

Y. W. C. A. Meeting.—Y. M. C. A. Parlors, at 5 p.m.

HOCKEY.

When next Varsity meets Osgoode they have to win by six goals, and Capt. W. A. Gilmour thinks they can do it. And if the team practises hard there is little doubt they can. It was lack of condition and inability to last that defeated our boys last Thursday night; besides a practice lasting until midnight the night before had left the forwards very stale. The score, 11-6, shows fairly the relative strength of the teams. Osgoode scored six times in the first half and Varsity six times in the second while five were being scored against them. Varsity's great weakness lay in the utter absence of combination; not once did their forwards go down the ice in a line passing. Their rushes were all individual. Osgoode, on the contrary, played together every time, and the puck was passed from Smellie to Cunningham and Anderson again and again, and then shot. "Doc" Culbert played a beautiful game in goal, and besides stopping time and time again, cleared to the sides without fail. In his diffi-

cult position he missed only one shot that he ought to have stopped, a most enviable record considering the amount of work he was called upon to do. At point, Wilson was always cool, and checked the Legallites' rushes frequently. His lifting of the puck and his many dashes down the rink, whenever he saw an opening, were a feature of the match. And at cover, W. A. Gilmour played as good a game as he has ever put up. He checked, and lifted, and saved the goal constantly, and filled his difficult position well. But the whole defence of the boys in blue was weakened by the fact that not once did the forwards fall back to save. They lacked speed and dash, and Osgoode's attacks usually found only the three defence men to oppose them. But, on the other hand, the black and white were everywhere, and when Bradley or Sheppard brought down the puck, the whole seven would be found ready to save. Kerr and Boys also put up such a magnificent defence game that Martin, who was expected to prove weak, had very little to do. Smellie played the best game by far on the ice, especially in the first half, when he was everywhere. Cunningham and Anderson seconded him most ably, while Patterson's speed showed itself every little while in brilliant dashes. So it may be seen that what won was combination and saving the goal—that the lack of these lost—and both defences were equally strong. The game requires little description. Varsity looked very well in their new royal blue jerseys and stockings. Across the jersey is V—A—R—S—I—T—Y in white. Osgoode started off with a dash and vim that seemed as if it could not last. In quick succession they scored three times, and, playing our boys to a standstill, tallied three more before half time. Next half Varsity woke up, and for a while reduced the lead to 3 goals; but by a series of scrimmages and a little luck in two shots that hit the post and glanced through, Osgoode went ahead again. Bradley was a disappointment to those who expected great things of him. But he was sadly out of condition, and found the rink small. Some of his rushes were indeed magnificent, and some bits of his play splendid. When our team learns combination he will be the most valuable man on the ice. Meanwhile, "Shep's" dodging and quickness make him as useful on our small rink. "Jack" Gilmour and "Biddy" Barr can play much better than they did.

Individually Varsity is as strong as Osgoode, and should win next time. The crowd, which was large, and amongst whom were many undergrads, was strongly with Varsity.

II. VARSITY.

The second team is in two series—the junior series of the O. H. A. and in the Toronto Hockey League. Having played three matches, so far they have won all, and Victoria II., Osgoode II. and Upper Canada College have been their victims. The victory over U. C. C. puts our team in the finals of the T. H. L., where they meet the Granite Colts shortly. This team put in a magnificent game against Osgoode, winning in the second half, having played an uphill game throughout. The defence is especially strong, Scott at point and Allen at cover being first class. Culbert played goal until called on by the first, and now McMaster fills the place. The forwards have a combination which is gradually being perfected and the boys are most enthusiastic. Their next game is with Victoria Colts, in the O. H. A. series on Tuesday night.

—The Harvard and Pennsylvania foot-ball teams will almost certainly play next year in suits, the upper section of which will be made of moleskin, and the breeches of light leather. They will cost about \$35 per suit, and the design will be patented. Armour plate will be next in order.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The Mathematical and Physical Society held its regular meeting on February 2nd, in Room 16, at 4 p.m.

Mr. J. McGowan, of S. P. S., formerly fellow in Mathematics, gave an excellent paper on "Hyperbolic Functions," showing their similarity to the more familiar functions of ordinary trigonometry, and illustrating their use in the solution of certain problems.

The problems for the meeting were solved by Messrs. J. H. Frost and A. M. Scott.

Next meeting, February 16th, Room 16, 4 p.m.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

The regular meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday afternoon. Mr. Rogers, the president, occupied the chair. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, the programme was proceeded with. It was one which proved very interesting and instructive, consisting of a piano solo by Miss Maguire, a vocal solo by Miss Martin, both of which were rendered in a highly artistic manner. A discussion took place on "Nineteenth Century Culture, and the Individual," led by Messrs. Beckett and Stuart. Mr. Beckett contended that the scientific utilitarian, and competitive spirit of the age, had disastrous effects on culture, and on the true development of the individual. Mr. Stuart followed, his remarks being chiefly confined to the contention that scientific culture was the highest form of culture, and that a scientific education was the true basis of individual development. The discussion was continued by Miss Coates and Messrs. MacVannel and McDougall. After a few remarks by the president, the meeting adjourned.

A branch of the Y. M. C. A. has been organized in connection with the School of Pedagogy and the Normal School. On Friday afternoon, the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. Johnson; vice-president, Mr. Currie; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Stevenson; councillors, Messrs. Burke, McDougall, Lane and Williams. As there was a large attendance at the organization meeting, it is thought that the meetings of the Association will be a success, and the membership large.

—No college in all England publishes a college paper.

—The Kansas State University has one woman in the law department. She is called sister-in-law.

—All athletic sports have been forbidden to the students of Kentucky University, on account of the alleged gambling connected with them.

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MORTAR BOARDS.

The secretaries of the various societies and associations about the College are requested to send in reports of meetings, etc., not later than Saturday night.

K. W. McKenzie, '93, is studying law in Calgary.

A. W. Baines, who has been in the General Hospital for some time, is improving.

Owing to ill-health, Prof. Fraser will be unable to lecture next Saturday afternoon on "Michael Angelo." Prof. Squair has consented, however, to deliver his lecture on "Pascal" on that day, instead of on March 24th, as announced. The lecture will commence at 3 p.m., in the West Exam. Hall, University College.

Why were all the scholarship men in such a flutter a few days ago, and why were they continually hovering around the bulletin board? Surely it was not on account of that clipping from the *Telegram* which appeared on the board, and in which the young lady who was advertising for an escort to the Patti concert stated that "none but gentlemen of good standing need apply."

A freshman, the stringency of whose monetary resources is proverbial, was seen at the Osgoode hall. A paternally smiling soph. was surprised thereat, and approaching, asked the freshman for an explanation of how he could afford to take in a two-dollar affair, and take a girl to it too. His astonishment seemed utterly uncalled for when that verdant youth explained, "Why, you see, the tickets were two dollars and a half for outsiders, but only two dollars for students. So I bought two tickets and made a half a dollar on each. Great scheme."

It is the cause of considerable complaint that certain students take their books down to the reading-room to study there. Such is not the purpose for which the room is intended, and the use of it for this purpose betrays great selfishness on the part of those who are guilty of such misappropriation. Their studying there prevents others from reading magazines which they themselves are not using, and which are placed there for the accommodation of the whole undergraduate body. If a sense of gentlemanliness or of justice will not influence these students to do their studying in their rooms or in the library, perhaps the house committee of the Literary Society might decide on some measures which would have the desired effect.

Antigone practices are the order of the day at present. Last week some members attended no less than nine practices, four being stage chorus and four general chorus practices. On Wednesday afternoon there was a gen-

eral rehearsal in costume of the whole drama. The costumes are very beautiful, and, we understand, thoroughly Grecian. The general chorus practices on Saturday evenings at the College of Music, and is accompanied by Prof. Torrington's orchestra of forty pieces, under the immediate leadership of the professor. Under the able management of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Robinson, and Prof. Torrington, both acting and singing are rapidly being brought to such a stage of finish, that, with some hard work in the interval, a representation will be produced on the 15th, 16th and 17th, which will undoubtedly be of immense profit and delight to the audiences at the four performances. Visitors are coming from all over the province to hear and see this modern representation of the ancient stage. The fashionable success of the series of entertainments is a certainty, and the subscribers' list at Suckling's bids fair for the financial success of the venture.

DI-VARSITIES.

Some men in the Lit. are whales to spout.

Sue Plees—Oh! dear me! this is omelette.

Min Spy—Well, my dear girl, isn't that what you ordered?

Sue Plees—Yes, that's why I'm surprised.

Some men settle down to work late in the Easter term; others don't settle down at all. The only difference in the results is, that the former generally come out in the *sup*, the latter in the *soup*.

Jugs (to proprietor)—This bread, sir, is nothing short of a gross form of imposition.

Mugs—And, sir, this butter is a *grocer* form of imposition.

This was last week. There are two boarders at that hash-house now, Jugs and Mugs.

The winds have wafted to us a good story of a student in our own medical college. He had heard two different solutions to the conundrum: "Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible?" Nehemiah (kneehighmia); and Bildad the Shuhite (shoeheight). To a company one evening he proposed his crack conundrum for solution. No one being able to fathom it, he explained—"Why, the shortest man in the Bible is Bildad the *Nehite*. Don't you see?"

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Last Sabbath afternoon an address was delivered to the students by Rev. Dr. McTavish of this city. The remarks made by Mr. McTavish were very earnest and impressive, and were

based on Numbers x. 29: "Come thou with us and we will do thee good." Next Sabbath afternoon Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Q.C., will address the students of University College. These Sabbath meetings are held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall at 3 p.m., and every undergraduate in University College is cordially invited.

The General Secretary, C. R. Williamson, B.A., is continuing his series of lessons on the life of Christ. Any student who can attend these meetings will be heartily welcomed, and, we are sure, will be immensely profited by this continuous study of Christ's life.

The executive of the Y.M.C.A. wish to have all fees paid by the end of this week. Members who have not yet paid will kindly see the treasurer at once.

On Sunday, January 28th, John R. Mott, intercollegiate secretary of the Y.M.C.A., addressed a large gathering of students in Association Hall. As on his former visit, every one who heard him was delighted. On Monday afternoon, a large number of students turned out to hear him in our own Y.M.C.A. Hall.

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VOL. XIII. No. 15

Toronto University

Toronto, February 14, 1894.

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PRICE, 5 Cents.

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1894.

No. 15.

Editorial Comments.



EVER in the history of our University has any undertaking in the way of a public entertainment aroused such general interest as is at present being manifested in the presentation of the *Antigone*, not only throughout the student body, but also among graduates and friends of the University. Including conductors, managers, cast, stage and general choruses and "soups," considerably over one hundred people are taking an active part in the play, none sparing either time or trouble to make himself perfect in his part.

It is just a year since the question of a Greek play first came up before the Classical Association. After the proposal had been thoroughly considered by that body, a public meeting was held of all those interested, at which were present many who took part in the former production of the *Antigone*. It was decided that the play should be presented under the auspices of the Classical Association, the College of Music, and the University Glee Club. With Prof. Hutton originated the idea of a second production of *Antigone*, and to him belongs the credit of having exercised over the work of preparation that general supervision necessary for its successful issue. There have been, of course, the two departments of work connected with the play, namely, the music and the acting. The former, including the orchestra and choruses, is under the control of Prof. Torrington. The task of training the voices has been in the hands of Mr. Robinson, the efficiency of whose work will go far towards ensuring the general success of the musical part of the performance. Mr. Shaw, Principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution, is responsible for the acting of the cast, and the somewhat sprightly movements of the Theban elders.

The cast of characters is as follows :

King Creon.....	Mr. K. D. MacMillan, '94
Haemon	Mr. W. P. Reeve, '95
Prophet	Mr. P. J. Robinson, '96
Guard	Mr. H. J. Sissons, '94.
First Messenger	Mr. C. P. Megan, '95.
Second Messenger	Mr. Coates, '96.
Corypheus	Mr. F. E. Bigelow, '94.
Antigone	Miss Hunter, '95.
Ismene.....	Miss Durand, '95.
Queen Eurydice	Miss Steen, '96.
Maids of Honor	{ Miss Neelands, '96. Miss Burnham, '96.
King's Guards	{ Mr. G. H. Levy, '94. Mr. W. M. Boulton, '94. Mr. D. James, '94. Mr. J. Dodds, '96.
Prophet Boy	Mr. D. R. Grant, '96.

The stage chorus is made up of a first and second part, of which Messrs. Knox and Blythe are respectively the soloists. Messrs. Bigelow (Corypheus), Dockray, Knox, and Roxborough constitute the quartette of the stage chorus. The remainder of the chorus are Messrs. Merkley, '95, Goodwillie, '94, Fielding, '95, Murray, '95, Currie, '94, Pearce, '96, Nichols, '97, Young, '97, Howell, '94, Macdonald, '95. Lack of space prevents our giving the names of the prominent members of the general chorus.

* * * * *

There has recently been published a metrical translation, by Goldwin Smith, of many of the finest passages from the works of Æschylus, Euripedes and Sophocles. As few, perhaps, of our readers have as yet seen this new work, we take the liberty of quoting one or two extracts from the *Antigone*.

The first extract is taken from the dialogue between *Antigone* and *Creon*, after the former had been caught by the guard paying funeral rights to the corpse of *Polynices*, and brought into the presence of the king.

ANTIGONE.

The proclamation went not forth from Leus,
Or Justice, partner of the gods below,
Who had ordained these canons for mankind ;
Nor deemed I proclamations had such power
That thereby mortal man could contravene
Heaven's law unwritten and unchangeable.
That law was not the child of yesterday,
Nor knoweth man the source from which it came.
I was not minded for what men might say
To break that law and brave the wrath Divine.
That death would come I know, as come it must
Without thy proclamation, and to die
Before my hour I count it so much gain.
For when a life is full of wretchedness,
As mine has been, is it not gain to die ?
Little I care if I such doom must meet ;
But I care much not unintended to leave
His corpse that was of the same mother born.
One pains me sore, the other pains me not ;
And if to thee I seem to play the fool,
To me it seems that to a fool I play it.

CHORUS.

She shows the savage spirit of her sire,
And to misfortune is untaught to bend.

CREON.

Know that the most self-willed most often fall.
Iron that hath been tempered by the fire
To a surpassing hardness, when it breaks,
We often see shattered most thoroughly ;
And a small bit suffices to subdue
The fiery steed. High thoughts become not those
Who owe subjection to another's will.
This maid before displayed her insolence
In overstepping what the laws ordained ;
And now again displays it, glorying
And laughing in our face over her crimes.
It is not I that am the man, but she,
If she can thus usurp and go unscathed.
Be she my sister's child or child of one
Nearer in blood than all around our hearth,
She shall not the last penalty escape,
Nor shall her sister.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN LOVE AND FILIAL DUTY.

(Lines 631-700.)

CREON.

Be this, my son, implanted within thy breast,
 Still to thy father's judgment to defer.
 This is the reason for which men desire
 To rear obedient offspring in their homes,
 Who may confront their father's enemy,
 And with him render service to his friends.
 The father of unprofitable sons—
 What does he else but for himself beget
 Trouble, and exultation for his foes?
 Never, my Haeman, for a woman's love
 Let go thy better judgment. Thou must know
 That cold and comfortless is the embrace
 Of a bad partner in the marriage bed.
 What sore is worse than ill-requited love?
 Then cast away this maiden from thy heart,
 And let her nuptial bower in Hades be,
 Since I have openly convicted her
 Of breaking law, by all beside obeyed.
 My public act I will not falsify,
 The maid shall die; howe'er she may descant
 On sacred kinship. If at home I give
 Disorder license, where will order reign?
 Whoever governs his own house aright
 Will be a worthy member of the State.
 The bold transgressor that defies the law,
 Or thinks to override authority,
 Need look for no encouragement from me.
 The lawful ruler's word must be obeyed,
 Just or unjust, in great things and in small.
 Who does this, I will warrant him a man
 Fit to command alike and to obey,
 And one who in the battle's storm will stand
 Bravely and staunchly at his comrade's side.
 There is no greater curse than anarchy;
 It works the overthrow of commonwealths,
 Lays homes in ruin, in the battle-field
 Puts armies to the rout, while victory
 And safety are the meed of discipline.
 So must we stand by that which is decreed,
 And not to an usurping woman yield.
 Fall, if we must, a man shall deal the blow;
 'Twere shame to think a woman vanquished us.

THE POWER OF LOVE (LINES 781-800).

CHORUS.

Unconquered love, against whose might
 Wealth's golden mansion hath no ward,
 That in the maiden's dimpled cheek by night
 Kepest thy guard;
 The ocean wave to bear thy tread is taught;
 The rural homestead, gods, and men are brought
 Alike thy power to own; who feels it is distraught.
 'Tis thou that upright hearts and pure dost lead
 From virtue's ways to ways of sin.
 'Tis thou whose influence in our Thebes does breed
 Strife among kin.
 O'er all prevails the charm of beauty's eyes,
 Charm that with Law Supreme in empire vies.
 For Aphrodite's power all rebel force defies.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

One of the most interesting and successful meetings of the Literary Society was held on Friday afternoon last. The president, Mr. Rogers, occupied the chair. Mr. McKellar was appointed musical director in the place of Mr. Crosby, resigned. Mr. Johnson was appointed critic. After a selection by the Glee Club, which was rendered in an excellent manner, the literary programme was proceeded with. The subject, "Pedagogy," was discussed in the manner of a symposium. The papers, whose authors were unknown, were read by four of the ladies. The first number was "A Mood," read by Miss C. J. McCutcheon; the second, "A Reverie of the Year Nineteen Hundred," by Miss A. Lindsay, B.A. The next number, an amusing "pen picture" of the staff of the School, was read by Miss Helen Coates. The last paper, justly the longest considering the dignity of the subject, was a charming character-sketch of the typical pedagogue, read by Miss Stanton. The symposium was voted by all a decided success.

"THE REPROOF OF CHANCE."

Morris quickened his steps when his eyes caught the gleam of a shaft of light streaming from the house that had been pointed out to him as the village teacher's, and as he trudged along the narrow path and crunched the hard snow, crisp as charcoal, he could not resist the depressing influence of the lonely little place, standing out darkly in the dim twilight of the northern winter night. "Poor devil," he thought, as he drew nearer the rough dwelling; "he is as good as buried—what a piece of humanity he must be to exist here—and they said he was young, too—ah, poor devil!" Morris knocked loudly at the outside wooden door, and then opened it. Through a keyhole in the inner door came a strong odor of bacon in process of cooking, and though Morris had never liked bacon, the odor seemed strangely fragrant and appetizing. He heard the sound as of a stove-door being slammed shut, and in a moment the door was opened and a sudden flood of light blinded his eyes. He heard the genial young voice say, "Come in; come in"; and when he had entered, he stood there blinking and accustoming his eyes, which the frost and the darkness had half blinded, to the light. The man carefully closed both doors, and laughed and said it was a sharp night outside.

"Indeed, it is cold," said Morris; and then remembering himself, he said, "My name is Morris, and as I heard you were a young man, and from the East, I could not miss the opportunity of coming over to see you. You are Mr. —?"

"Allin, sir; John Allin. Glad to see you, Mr. Morris. Yes, indeed; glad to see anybody these days. Let me help you off with your coat," and the young fellow smiled good-naturedly and gave Morris' gloved hand a warm shake. As he helped him off with his furred overcoat he noticed that his visitor was well and fashionably dressed, far more so than anyone he had seen since he had come west. He saw at a glance that Morris looked like a man who had not passed his life in the unsettled West, and that his rather pale face and regular, clear-cut features were refined, though slightly cynical and lifeless. At the same time Morris noted the young teacher's square, ruddy face, covered with a thick growth of short, rough hair, as if he had forgotten to shave for several weeks, his rather short, thick-set figure, and a certain air of sturdy energy and determination, which he had so often remarked in these northern men.

When Morris had taken off his overcoat and wraps, he stood with his back to the large box stove on which the young bachelor seemed to be cooking a meal, and explained how the afternoon train of the Canadian Pacific Railway had stuck fast in the snow-drifts one mile west of the little village, and that they were waiting for another engine. He had grown tired of sitting in the Pullman, and had resolved to endure a night in a village hotel rather than stay cooped up in the close stuffy car. But his spirit of adventure was considerably dampened when he beheld the "Canadian Pacific Hotel." It was small and dirty, and reeking with rum and tobacco smoke. All its rooms had been let at an exorbitantly high price to a doubtfully fortunate number of passengers of the blockaded express. He had learned that there was a young teacher living a little south of the village, whom the hotel-keeper had described as "smarter 'n blue lightnin'," so he had determined to hunt up this greatly eulogized young man. He had a curiosity to see this young fellow who had come from the East and buried himself in this far-away western town.

Morris was not a naturally talkative man, but the grateful heat and a desire to remove any awkwardness which the difference in their social life might cause, led him to loosen his reserved tongue; and he was a little surprised when he found himself seated and eating bacon, potatoes and toast with his rough-looking companion. In

one way, it tickled his vanity. He wondered what his New York friends would say if they saw the conventional Hardington Morris eating bacon with a three-tined fork. When the supper was over Allin put away the dishes and made up the fire. Then both drew their chairs near the hearth. Each regarded the other with that interest felt for something from a sphere outside one's own in life. They talked away like old friends. Allin brought out his corncob pipes, but when Morris threw out half-a-dozen Havana cigars, he joyfully put the pipes away. The young teacher took a cigar, and thought of the number of good cigars he had smoked at college, and what good times those half-forgotten college days were. But to tell the truth he had never smoked many Havanas; he had always been too poor at college, and had worked too hard to smoke much—and then after all, he thought he liked his old corncob pipe better than any cigar. "What a treat I have given the poor devil," Morris was thinking, "I wonder if he ever smoked a cigar before," and he handled his very deftly in his long, slender fingers. Then they fell to talking about themselves and their lives, as young men do when made dreamy by cigar smoke and a warm fire. Morris quite forgot that he was talking to an unpolished, rural school teacher, whose life was made up of drumming the elements of arithmetic and the alphabet into children's heads, and it passed out of Allin's mind that his companion was a wealthy New York society man whose only trouble in life was the dragging of time, now that about every possible real or imagined pleasure of life had been exhausted.

"Oh, no," said Allin in reply to a question from Morris, "I haven't always lived here—came from the East, as you can see by those books" (waving his cigar toward a shelf of heavy-looking volumes). "I am a medical student. The fact is, we had hard luck at home and I couldn't go on with my course; so I came out West to make money; I get six hundred and fifty dollars a year for teaching, and make another hundred working on the farms in summer. Living doesn't cost me much here, so you see I have scraped together enough to put me through for my degree and give me a start in practice."

"And where do you intend to study?" asked Morris, with a strange feeling, half envy, half admiration, towards the man.

"Oh, I'll go back to New York. I think I can graduate with a good standing in a year. You see, I do a little reading by myself up here." He did not say that many and many a winter's night he had toiled over those huge volumes until his head throbbed.

"And then, what?" Morris asked, and at the same time wondered if anything would ever happen that he should have to work for a living.

"Well, you know," said Allin, reddening, "if everything goes right I intend to settle down and—well—to marry." It was not often that Allin had revealed to anyone as much of his private life and secret hopes, but it was very seldom he had a visitor who was as pleasant and sociable as this stranger from New York, and before the cigars were burnt out Allin had taken down a photograph of a girl from above his study, and after an affectionate gaze on the rather dull-looking face, had shown it to Morris and explained that this was the woman he was going to marry when he went back to the East. Morris examined the picture and politely admired it, but he did not allow the cynical lines in his face to deepen, or drop a word that would reveal how the plain-looking face really jarred on his feelings. His thoughts involuntarily flew to the miniature in his own breast-pocket, and he remembered he had not looked at it since the day he was so strongly tempted to pitch it out of the car window. At first he thought he would bring it out and let Allin see a face that was as far above his stupid-looking photograph in beauty as the sky above the earth, but his better sense, and a magnanimous compassion for the man's blind love checked him, and he drew his hand away from his breast-pocket feeling a little

ashamed. The hard lines of his thin, refined face deepened for a small, inward voice was asking him why this uncultured man, who, apparently, had so little refinement in his nature, and certainly none in his present life, could cause him to feel a mysterious dissatisfaction with himself, and his life, and the world. But he did not try to answer the question. As he lighted another cigar and looked at the glowing hearth of the rough box stove, he said to himself that he might have had his ambitions and his ideals if he had been born poor, but he had not been, and for a moment he thought he was cursed with his wealth. But his eyes fell on his companion's rough boot that rested on the stove hearth, and he saw a rough woollen sock sticking out from a hole in the toe. He looked at his own well-booted feet and thought that after all his riches were a very comfortable sort of curse. "No," thought Morris, "it is not any real weakness in my nature that makes me what I am, it is force of circumstances." And erring men of centuries long forgotten have ere now grown grey and died saying the same thing, cursed as man still is with the passion to hide his weakness from his own eyes.

It was late in the night when Morris rose to go. A lull had come in the conversation. Allin had suddenly thought that he had been too confidential with his unknown visitor, and he felt sorry he had ever shown him the photograph. But Morris himself sat there for awhile with his hands clasped over his knee and his eyes on the glow of the fire, dreaming idle, listless, pleasant dreams. His thoughts wandered back to his surroundings, and he felt it was time for him to take his leave. In his good-bye he told Allin he hoped to see him in New York. When they shook hands both expressed the hope of meeting again. Yet each felt that they never would. Allin took the lamp to the door and held it above his head, so that Morris could find the narrow road-bed in the snow. Then he went in and closed both doors. And so the two men parted. Allin was tired and sleepy, so he did not read any that night. He put an immense stick in the box-stove, said his prayers, and curled up under his blankets to keep warm. Before he dropped off to sleep the thought wandered into his musings that Morris was a lucky devil with his easy life and his wealth; but these thoughts soon melted into deep slumber.

Morris walked slowly back through the unbroken stillness of the snow-clad earth. It had begun to snow, and the temperature had risen. And as he went along, the snow-flakes falling on his face soft as a woman's kiss, he fell to dreaming his old, idle dreams again. He thought that the cloaked figure of a woman came through the falling snow-flakes, and from under the cloak gleamed a soft, white face that was strangely familiar. And the woman touched his arm gently, and said, "If you love me, not for my sake, but for your's, go!" and she pointed across a wide, bleak expanse of snowy waste. And he thought he said, "I shall go, but not till the storm ceases." And he waited. But as he looked across the stormy wilderness of snow he thought he saw a sturdy figure disappearing in the hazy distance of the plain, and, as he looked, he saw the man turn his face to him. The face looked like the face of Allin. Then the dream ended. Morris laughed and thought what a fool he was getting to be. But there rose the old smouldering dissatisfaction and disgust with himself that could not be laughed down, and he asked if life was really worth living. And like all of those who have ever lingered to ask that mysterious question, whose asking is its own reply, he said it was not. Then he thought it was, but his heart could not tell him why. But he wondered what it all meant.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

—Football in every form has been prohibited at the University of Heidelberg, Germany. They draw the line at duelling, and will allow nothing more dangerous.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the Corner of Yonge and College Streets, Oddfellows' Building, Room 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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FEBRUARY 14, 1894.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



AS it the Knox College at home, the literary evening at Victoria, or the sweat-producing spectre of May already haunting the student fireside, that was responsible for the emaciated attendance at the Lit. last Friday night? Some said it was one, some said it was the other; but whatever be the cause, certain it is, that if the Society cannot turn out a better force than the corporal's guard that mustered on Friday evening, they will soon have to close their doors. For a long time it looked very much as if there would not be even a quorum, and G. H. Levy's little heart went pit-a-pat for fear the meeting would fall through. G. H. was at the helm and he didn't want to see the ship go aground.

The first event of the evening was the presentation of a report from the executive, recommending that the remaining meetings of the term be disposed as follows:—Feb. 23, Literary Meeting; March 2, Constitution Night! March 9, Nomination Night!! March 16, Election Night!!! The committee also reported a recommendation that owing to scarcity of funds, the usual grant to the Glee Club be foregone this year; but that any expenses contracted by the club on behalf of the Society, be paid. As might be expected, this latter recommendation was to the members of the Glee Club present like a red rag to a bull. There was a great deal of pawing and snorting, and kicking of dust and lowering of heads, but it did no good. The Society sustained the report on the principle that they could not give what they

did not first have. An essay on Warren Hastings was read by Mr. Clute, '96, and this was followed by an open debate in which Messrs. McKinnon and Hunt were to have been leaders of the affirmative and the negative respectively. Mr. Hunt could not be found, his heart having failed him, no doubt, at the last moment. However, Mr. Biggar volunteered to take his place, and succeeded in rebutting a number of his opponent's too reckless statements. Then came the funniest event of the evening. Vice-president Levy gave a decision in favor of the affirmative. Somebody appealed from this decision, and the meeting sustained the appeal. So, amid roars of laughter, Mr. W. H. Moore moved, and Mr. McKinnon seconded, that the decision be given in favor of the negative. But the motion was defeated, and now Mac is willing to give \$5 to find out whether he lost or won that debate. Mr. Moore was appointed to represent the Society at the approaching conversazione at McGill, and with the self-satisfied feeling of one who has done his duty, the Society put on its rubbers, took the other man's umbrella, and went out into the darkness and slush.

JAKE.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding the violent storm of Friday, Feb. 9, a fair number of the Women's Literary Society were present at the meeting held in historic Room Sixteen. The Glee Club, although greatly reduced in numbers, bravely opened the evening's programme. Miss T. C. M. Robertson's literary report for December was then read, after which Miss Lick of '97 sang so sweetly of Fairyland that the audience fairly clamored for more, but clamored in vain. Everyone regretted the absence of Miss Ryckman, B.A., who was political reporter for the evening, as heretofore the political reports have been one of the most interesting numbers of an always interesting programme. Miss Graham, '96, gave a lively account of the literary events of January, and Miss Fraser read an amusing satire on the *fin de siècle* girl, a satire all the more amusing because every one present felt it to be impersonal. Then the audience settled themselves comfortably and gave close attention to the debate: Resolved, that the ultimate aims of Nihilism, if carried into effect, would be beneficial to Russia.

The leader of the negative failing to appear, Miss Hillock, her "colleague," opposed the cause of Nihilism single-handed, against Miss M. L. Robertson and Miss Elsie Darling, its defenders. The Nihilists won the day, but Miss Hillock's valiant stand will long be remembered.

Audience and Glee Club now joined in singing Auld Lang Syne, and thus the meeting adjourned.

THE AFTERTHOUGHTS.

The mind's clear picture of the scene that's past,
The true remembrance of the living words we sow,
Have each a part, as long as memories last,
In feeding that great fount, whose streamlets flow
With subtle afterthoughts.

Oft have we sat at weary close of day
When twilight shades were dim and yet would dimmer grow;
And quite as oft allowed our minds to stray
O'er memory's fields, whose thorns and blossoms blow
And call forth afterthoughts.

We meet the blossom and we must the thorn,
Though we would gladly 'scape the things that give us pain;
Our hearts greet one, but o'er the other mourn:
Emotions rise and fall beneath the strain
Of varied afterthoughts.

Deep is the gloom and dark is sorrow's shade
 When to our fellow-being we have done a wrong;
 Apology may call and be obeyed,
 But yet will come the well-deserved throng
 Of bitter afterthoughts.

Yes, though the wronged one freely pardons all,
 And greets us with a smile as sweetly as before,
 The bitter drop will leave its taint of gall,
 And long-repented hearts will still grow sore
 With painful afterthoughts.

The mind's scenes change as other scenes do change;
 Not always thorns, but sometimes blossoms come to
 view,
 And at such times, in all their brightness range
 Those fonder memories, which cannot but sue
 For pleasant afterthoughts.

Sweet is the peace and calm the heart's repose
 When we have with our strength a weak one's burden
 eased;
 The kindly deed, which out of pure love flows,
 Will cause our truest natures to be pleased
 With joyous afterthoughts.

Then will our gladsome hearts bound forth anew,
 And answering pulses throb with measures plain and
 strong;
 Emotions deep will stir us through and through,
 And all combined would fain delay the throng
 Of happy afterthoughts.

But there is joy far greater e'en than this,
 And we have oft been carried towards its lofty height
 By sitting at the feet—in perfect bliss—
 Of Him, who knows to tune our hearts aright
 For sacred afterthoughts.

Oh, as the woman of Samaria stood
 And listened to the Saviour's gentle touching tones,
 She gathered to her soul life-giving food,
 Which filled her quiet moments, not with moans,
 But Christ-like afterthoughts.

So, too, may each of us with Him commune
 And have the Christ-like nature made our very own,
 When we have first of all—and ne'er too soon—
 Heard His low voice, and yielded to its tone!
 Oh! blessed afterthoughts!

CLARE READE, '97.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Varsity.

DEAR SIR,—That was a singularly ungraceful act of the Literary Society in refusing to grant the Glee Club \$25 on Friday last. The blame rests primarily with the General Committee, who refused to recommend the grant, but instead, advised that the Club's expenses for the Society should be paid. Still, the committee had to consider the danger of a deficit, and wrongly considered that money paid in on election night belonged to their successors, whereas the present committee retain power until next October. The most important point brought out was that last year, when the Lit. was in debt, the Glee Club voluntarily paid back one-half of the \$50 granted to it by the Lit. This act merited a more grateful recognition than it received.

The principle on which this grant should be dealt with seems to be a business one. At two public debates each year the Glee Club furnishes the main part of the Literary Society's musical programme. If the Glee Club did not sing, other talent would have to be hired. Then it is only fair that the Glee Club should be in effect paid for their services, but it is put in the form of a grant, for if the charge was one for payment the Club could ask for more than it does. It is such services rendered by the Club that make a grant to it different from grants to the football clubs and other societies, which are now a mere matter of history.

But it was fortunate that such a small meeting as that of Friday last did not vote away any of the society's money, especially against the recommendation of the General Committee. However a pledge should be given to the Glee Club that if a sufficient surplus lies in the treasury after the annual meeting in March—and of the sufficiency we can trust the General Committee to judge—that a grant of \$25 should be made. Let the committee recommend this at the next meeting, and the acceptance of the recommendation would be authority for the payment of the money on the committee's subsequent order. Next year it might be wise for the Glee Club to ask its grant early in the Michaelmas term, when the coffers of the society are usually fuller than in the Easter months.

C. A. Moss.

EXCHANGES.

There is a pleasant little custom at Victoria of presenting to the public a minute and moving description of the various tiros who enter that institution. From the following extracts some idea may be obtained of these gentlemen, and also by a process of inference of the individuals whose heavy brains weigh down the college paper:—

"NOTTAWASAGA INGRAM VERNON (not Verdant, though near it) was born, not made. This young wiseacre is the son of an honest farmer, who, perceiving latent ability and momentous eloquence in his son, called his neighbors together and said to them: Let us saddle the ass and take him to the seat of great understanding.

"HABAKKUK JEHOSEPHAT FAIRHEAD is a modest strippling who made his appearance in the halls of Old Victoria, October, 1893. Having been brought up under proper home influences and being fed plenty of milk and peanuts, he brought with him an uncontaminated mind and a peach complexion.

"MALONEY W. GALLOWAY.—It is scarcely necessary to observe that this youth is an essential component of the Freshman class, although in some respects he is constructed on a somewhat different plan from that adopted at present by that horrible species of bi-peds. Judging from appearances, we should say he comes either from the highlands of Scotland, or else from the city of the mountain and gore, but being a Freshie we can overlook his high-waters at present. When playing alley his contortions resemble those of a whirling Dervish in the Desert of Sahara. It is rumored that he is the protegee of a prominent Methodist minister in the city, and therefore we predict for him a career full of variety. Struggle on! Only a few short years and you will be able to drive in a nailer. Only a few years more and that helpless look of blooming infancy will fade away."

In a recent number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* an able writer discusses the story that Marshal Ney served in the American Revolution, and subsequent to his supposed execution returned thither and taught school in South Carolina till his death in 1846. Very strong evidence is advanced in favor of the latter theory, and it is to be hoped that so interesting a point will not be allowed to drop.

Subjoined is a specimen of current college verse :

Airy, fairy,
Light, contrary,
Gay and festive summer girl.
Blessings on the day I met you,
Never more can I forget you,
Summer girl.

Old and musty,
Dry and dusty,
Staid and sombre college books.
Now that I again have met you,
All too quickly I forget you,
College books.

BLAISE PASCAL.

It is possible to regard the lives of great men in two entirely different ways. From one point of view encouragement may be gained, for it is felt that the glory of one member is reflected upon the whole race; from the other, the contrast between ourselves and the great man forces upon us the thought of our own shortcomings, the thought being embittered when we remember that where we have failed another has succeeded. For instance, when we read that Pascal as a child was given geometry as a recreation, and that he produced a treatise upon acoustics before he was twelve, our own depraved tastes cannot but be the cause of lamentation, while we also remember that not acoustics, but the laws of motion, force and gravity, as exemplified in the game of marbles, were our favorite study at the age of twelve.

Pascal was born in 1623, in Auvergne, but was early taken to Paris, where great care was taken with his education by his father, who seems to have been a man of marked ability and learning. From the circle of friends around M. Pascal sprang the Academie des Sciences, and it was in this atmosphere of science and thought that the powers of young Pascal were brought out. His curiosity was phenomenal, nothing short of complete knowledge would satisfy him. It is stated that from a simple definition of geometry given him by his father he built up for himself the first thirty-two propositions, inventing terms and axioms as he needed them. To perfect his education, and knowing the fascination that mathematics possessed for him, his father insisted upon his studying classics, so that it is probable he became a competent scholar of languages. But his bent was too pronounced, and physics and mathematics soon re-engaged his attention, with the result that before long he was leading his age in these branches of study. He invented a calculating machine and the hydraulic press, besides giving forth numerous works upon his favorite subjects.

The family of Pascal, though hitherto well known for piety and charitable works, nevertheless had been able to take pleasure in what they now came to consider as the vanities of the world. The change was wrought through the sister of Pascal, who came into close relations with the solitaires of Port Royal. These latter correspond very closely in the Catholic world to the Puritans of Protestantism; they were a revolt within the Church against the laxity of morals and spiritual degeneracy of the clergy, above all of the Jesuits. Naturally they provoked violent opposition, but the struggle was long, owing to the influence and numbers of the Jansenists, as they were called.

In 1651, M. Pascal, who had always opposed the formation of a closer intimacy with the Port Royalists, died, and the sister of Blaise Pascal entered the convent, while Pascal himself, though not taking orders, became more closely associated with the solitaires. He now regarded it as sinful to indulge in those studies in which he had previously distinguished himself. It had not been suspected up to this time, even by Pascal himself, that he was possessed of any literary ability; but the trial of

Amand, the head of the sect, before the Sarbonne, called forth a series of letters called "Lettres Provinciales," from Pascal, in defence of his superior, eighteen in number. The earlier letters are taken up with the refutation of the charges against Amand; but soon the tables were changed, and a vigorous attack made upon the Jesuits. From a tedious, uninteresting theological controversy, materials were drawn for a brilliant and cutting satire upon the Jesuits. From an outside standpoint, Pascal is not always fair, but he evidently thought that he had granted his opponents all that could in fairness be demanded. The quotations he employed are generally from the manuals for the confessional, setting forth the minimum upon which a confessor could grant absolution; but in Pascal's eyes they embodied the ordinary morality of the Jesuits.

The letters were, however, unsuccessful, and the little colony of devotees was ultimately dispersed.

After his great work, Pascal intended to write a defence of Christianity, but ill-health prevented him, and we have only a sketch of his projected work in the "Pensees." His early studies, aggravated by the asceticism of his later life, had ruined his constitution. He died in 1662, at the early age of thirty-nine.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE NOTES.

The next regular meeting of the Engineering Society will be held on Wednesday afternoon, February 14th. As the term of the present office-holders has nearly expired, speculation is rife as to who will be the candidates at the election of officers for next year. For the office of president especially it would be a hard matter at present to choose the successful candidate, as several good men have about equal chances of winning. Of the probable candidates so far mentioned, all are about equal both in ability and popularity, and the affairs of the society will rest in good hands, no matter who is elected.

The election of representatives for the Athletic Association took place on Tuesday afternoon, and caused a great deal of excitement, especially in the first and second years. L. L. Brown will represent the third year, and A. Sifton will uphold the honor of the second year.

A stranger happening into the draughting rooms during draughting hours just now would suppose that S. P. A. men were the most industrious creatures living. It is certainly rather apt to prove trying to one's nerves to see men at work fifteen minutes before the regular time, while to hear a man ask Graham to leave the gas burning just a minute longer is almost enough to take one's breath away. But don't be afraid, exams are coming, and the boys have got their annual scare on.

The second year civils finished work in practical physics last week, which means four extra hours a week to be used in cramming. Second year war-cry—None but the righteous shall be saved. Ra-tata-ta-tata-ta-ta.

A MACAULAY IN EMBRYO.

A small boy in one of the Germantown Public Schools wrote a composition on King Henry VIII. last week. It read as follows: "King Henry 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Annie Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and afterwards executed, and the second was revoked. Henry 8 was succeeded on the thrown by his great-grandmother the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots sometimes called the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The open meeting held a week ago last night was a grand success. Before the commencement of the programme the lecture room was packed and many had to turn away.

"Steller's Sea-cow" was the subject of Professor Wright's address. For illustration he used the stereopticon and the sea-cow skeleton lately procured for the museum through the kindness of Mr. Dawson, of the late Behring Sea Commission. Mr. Steller, the German naturalist who accompanied Behring in his voyage of 1741, wrote a very full account of the habits of this animal. The animal was used for meat by the explorers on this voyage. Its popularity as food caused its extinction about 1766, when the last animal was seen. The museum is, therefore, greatly favored in the possession of a thing so rare as this skeleton.

Mr. J. J. McKenzie gave a very entertaining account of the bacteria in the city water. He described how to make a culture of these organisms; how to count the number present in any sample of water; also how the dangerous typhoid germ can, if present, be detected.

Dr. Ellis, in his address on "Animated Molecules," delighted every one with his account of Professor Von Schlaupkopff's effort to make his chemistry lectures interesting. Amid the entrancing music of the court orchestra, seated at little tables drinking freely Bavarian beer, the students watched the characters representing the atoms of the different elements appear on the stage. As his deft pencil rapidly sketched the different characters, their happy choice, and the humorous way of introducing them kept the audience in convulsive roars of laughter.

The excellence of the musical part of the programme was on a par with that of the addresses. The N. S. Association are to be congratulated upon the marked success of their open meeting.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in by Saturday night.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

"Antigone."—Academy of Music. First performance.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

"Antigone."—Academy of Music. Second performance.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.

Ladies' Glee Club Practice.—4 p.m.

Mathematical and Physical Society. Regular meeting.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

"Antigone."—Academy of Music. Third performance.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting.—Y. M. C. A. Hall, at 3 p.m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

Modern Language Club.—English Meeting, Room 12, 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

Class '97, Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.

Natural Science Association. Regular meeting.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

Classical Association.—Room 3, at 4 p.m.

Y. W. C. A. Regular Meeting.—Y. M. C. A. Parlors, at 5 p.m.

HOCKEY.

Varsity's second victory over Trinity again recalled forcibly the refrain:

"Will Trinity win, when
Marbles come in?
You must ask of the
Man in the moon."

The ice was sloppy and the play was slow. Combination was lacking on both sides, while even brilliant individual work was absent. Varsity won easily, never being pressed, and the score does not indicate what they could have done. Bradley and Sheppard showed up well in pretty runs and good occasional saving work; but the forwards did not attempt any united attacks. The ice was in great measure to blame for this, but the boys should, at least, have tried combination. Wilson was missed at point, although Peaker's game was all that was required. Since Tuesday there has been absolutely no chance for practice, and the combination is still so faulty, or rather, altogether lacking, that one feels tempted to despair of success against Osgoode. A Varsity team always depends on being able to beat opponents, who would otherwise be stronger by extra and more enthusiastic practice, and our team has been sadly handicapped this year by the winter's strange pranks. There is one thing about Trinity, they have been beaten so often that the *rouge et noir* can put up as plucky a losing game as is ever seen.

The second team lost on Tuesday night to the Victoria Seconds. Our boys had all the best of the play, and at half-time were confident of success. The score was 5-3 against them, but in the second half Victorias scored one more and the match ended 6-3. Scott and Allen played their usual strong defence game, but while the forward combination was good, and their play on both wings first-class, it was the inability to score from a centre that lost them the match. A score of times the puck was brought down one wing or the other, and centered, only to be lost. This defeat puts the team out of the O. H. A. series; but they still remain in the finals of the Toronto League, where they meet the Granite Colts some day this week.

SQUIBS.

Hope on, my soul, for better things,
We know not what the morrow brings,
But may it dawn in joy and gladness,
And not in sorrow and in sadness,
And may its light refresh the eye,
And clouds be absent from the sky.

—J. M. M.

—For fifty years no smoker has graduated from Harvard with the honors of his class.

—Student self-government will be tried at Cornell for a year.

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MORTAR BOARDS.

Antigone.

Reports have come from the students' boarding houses that by a singular irony, fish was served on *Hash* Wednesday.

For sale, nine first tenor voices after *Antigone*.

Notice.—Tenders will be received up to Feb. 17th for a series of repairs to be made on the photographic apparatus at H. E. Simpson's, College street, until after the sittings of the fourth year.

Antigone.

The Modern Language Club notices on the bulletin board are attracting considerable attention. They are very tastefully executed indeed, and reflect credit on the secretary, W. G. Braun, '95.

Owing to the fact that *Antigone* is to be presented next Saturday afternoon, there will be no public lecture until the 24th inst.

An awfully smart man said an awfully smart thing the other day. He said he thought some more residence men were *fired*. I asked him what made him think so. He said, "Because they were smoking," and then doubled me up with a jab in the ribs.

Antigone.

Dr. Sheraton has resumed his Bible-class in Wycliffe, on Sunday afternoons, at 4.15 o'clock, after his illness of the past few weeks.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—On Monday, Feb. 5th, a French meeting of the Club was held. After an original essay in French, by E. Gillis, '94, essays were read by three members of the senior year. These essays were; "Comparison of *Les Misérables* with *La Débâcle*," by Miss Wilson; "Comparison of the Satires of Voltaire with the Meditations of Lamartine," by G. L. Cram; and "Comparison of *Paul et Virginie* with *Stella*," by Miss Lye. Next Monday evening, at 4 p.m., a very attractive programme will be carried out. The meeting is an English one, and the essayists are W. P. Reeve, '95; S. J. McLean, '94; W. M. Boulton, '94, and A. J. Stringer, '96.

Antigone.

On Saturday evening, 3rd inst., class '95 assembled in the Y.M.C.A. parlors for their second social evening. The entertainment proved the most successful in the history of the class. An innovation in class meetings was introduced on this occasion in the form of a conversation programme. Ten topics, such as "How to spend a social evening," "Qui n'a beau dit, qui sabot dit, nid a beau dit-elle?" and "Dulce Do-num," were arranged by the committee and printed on neat programme

cards. These topics were discussed—or rather, were supposed to be discussed—for seven minutes each. The primary part of the programme, which was heartily applauded, consisted of two male quartettes, a reading by Mr. Braun, and a poem by Mr. Reeve, the class poet. Altogether, the evening was a decided success, and the committee are to be congratulated.

Owing to continued illness, Prof. Fraser was unable to lecture during last week.

DI-VARSITIES.

A well bred man never loafs.

A freshman returning from a rehearsal of the "Antigone" stage chorus, one day last week, was heard to evolve the following conundrum:—

"What is the difference between the dance in the 'Black Crook' and that of the 'Antigone' stage chorus?" Answer.—"The one is a front kick while the other is a back kick" (Bacchic).

(Scene—In a down-town music store.)

Anxious Enquirer—Have you the music for "Antigone," by Mendelssohn?

Clerk (after diligent search)—No, we haven't any by Mendelssohn, but here's some by a man called *Soph-ok-els*.

Prof.—Mr. F., translate into Spanish the sentence, "I am prepared to do this."

Student (eau fuerza)—I'm not prepared, sir.

He (discussing Latin with a Freshette)—How do you like *amor*?

She—Oh, very well, but it's so hard to decline.

Y.M.C.A.

Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Q.C., was to have delivered an address last Sabbath in Y.M.C.A. Hall. Instead of that, however, the students were favored with an address from Dr. W. C. Grenfel, of the mission to deep sea fishermen. The address was an interesting account of the extent and purpose of the Deep Sea Mission, and of the work accomplished by it. The work began in 1881 when the "Ensign" with 12 men (including Dr. Grenfel, himself a capital seaman) sailed from England for the North Seas. The object was to attend to the physical and spiritual necessities of the fishermen in those northern regions. A large quantity of tobacco was taken aboard for distribution amongst the sailors. This had the happy result of undermining the disastrous influence which the grog-shops had hitherto exerted over them. From the outset, the roughest sea fishers showed great respect for the "missionary bloke" (Dr. Grenfel), and great reverence for the mission. A great work began to be done. The

converted sailors became earnest whole-souled Christians. Their heartiness was very evident in their singing. Gradually the work of the mission grew till, in 1890, there were 11 mission ships among the North Sea fishing fleets; while at first, the temporal and spiritual wants of twenty thousand fishermen were ministered to by twelve individuals. At first the mission was confined to British deep-sea fishermen. But two years ago it was extended to include the fishermen along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador; and there Dr. Grenfel has been laboring as missionary since this extension. He is making a trip across Canada at the present time, and, with such earnest, impressive addresses as he delivered in Y.M.C.A. Hall last Sabbath, is doubtless interesting Canadians everywhere to aid in this very important mission to the rough, but brave and worthy, seamen who have hitherto been so neglected in this regard.

An account of the Tuesday evening meeting, at which Dr. A. T. Pierson and Hermann Warszawiak delivered addresses, will be given in the next issue of VARSITY.

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VOL. XIII. No. 16

Toronto University

Toronto, February 21, 1894.

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PRICE, 5 Cents.

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 21, 1894.

No. 16.

Editorial Comments.



THE ANTIGONE.

οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε καλὸς ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ποτε
Ζῇ τὰντα.

Not of to-day nor yesterday is this,
But lives forever.

How appropriately might these words, although used by their author in another connection, be applied to the masterpiece of Sophocles, to express the undying fame that attaches to his name. That a tragedy written nearly three thousand years ago by one enjoying none of the advantages afforded writers of our days,

should hold spell-bound an audience of two thousand people for two full hours, and that without a drop of the curtain, is a phenomenon calculated to startle even those of us who are most archaic in our tendencies. However, that such a phenomenon is a reality last week's performances at the Academy of Music afford ample proof. The success which attended this the second presentation of the *Antigone* by the students of Toronto University, was well merited, in view of the almost insurmountable obstacles which confronted the management when the scheme was first taken in hand. It is not our intention to enter into the details of our late triumph in the histrionic art. The full and very able reports given by



MISS HUNTER, AS ANTIGONE.

the *Mail* and *Globe* render such a step superfluous. THE VARSITY desires to air its spirit of pride, justifiable pride, in all those who took part in the Greek play, whether in the capacity of actors or as members of the chorus. Many comparisons have been made of the late rendering of the *Antigone* and that of 1882. Although the chorus in the first production was larger than the present one, the music was much inferior, as the Glee Club had not then been organized, but grew out of the first *Antigone* organization. The comparison can hardly be extended to the acting, as an important innovation was made in the late cast, namely, the admission of the ladies. This step,

although not strictly in accordance with Greek art, yet renders the play much more attractive and realistic to the

modern theatre-goer. In view of the correct and pleasing rendering by the ladies of their respective parts, we are easily reconciled to having our sense of propriety outraged.

Mr. MacMillan, with his stately stride and commanding appearance, made an admirable king. It might be objected that his speaking was too fast, but that very feature seemed to add force to his acting. Even the celebrated Wilson Barrett is open to this charge. The *Antigone* of Miss Hunter was a



MISS DURAND, AS ISMENE.

surprise to many, presenting as it did a character gentler, perhaps, than was that of her prototype. Whether or not hers was the proper conception of the part, Miss Hunter certainly acted up to it in such a manner as to win the sympathy of the entire audience. Closely connected with the role of *Antigone* comes that of her sister, *Ismene*, in disposition no less loving, but less impetuous. Miss Durand, as *Ismene*, apart from her elocution, displayed marked talent in acting. Mr. Reeve did himself great credit in the role of *Haemon*, his pronunciation of the Greek being particularly distinct. One of the finest features of the play was the acting of Mr. Robinson as *Teiresias*, the Prophet. His curse brought down the house as well as half the stage chorus. The Guard introduces into the play the little comedy



MR. K. D. M'MILLAN, AS CREON.

which it contains; and he is, in short, the clown. The saying goes that it takes a wise man to play the fool, in

which case we must congratulate Mr. Sissons on being a veritable Solomon. Miss Steen's silent expression of grief while listening to the messenger's account of Haemon's death was very fine. The Maids of Honor, Miss Burnham and Miss Neelands, looked their part to perfection. The Messengers, Messrs. Megan and Coates, acquitted themselves most creditably. On Saturday, Prof. Hutton took the part of the Guard in the afternoon, and that of the Prophet in the evening. The admirable manner in which this was done reminds one of the versatility



H. J. SISSONS, AS THE WATCHMAN.

of the Greek actors, one of whom would represent three or four characters in the same play. We regret our inability to criticise the music of the *Antigone*, for, to a great extent, it was Greek to our editorial ear. The numerous choruses, together with the evolutions of the stage chorus, called forth much applause. Mr. Bigelow discharged his duty as Coryphaeus most admirably.

And now *Antigone*, the event of the season, is past, and the obstinate Creon, the impetuous *Antigone*, the gentle Ismene,

the queenly Eurydice, the

fair Maids of Honor, the luckless Haemon, the rustic guard, the trusty messengers and the sprightly elders of Thebes, all these have discarded the mask which they wore to their great credit, and returned to the prosaic duties of this work-a-day world. And what has it all been for? To bring increased fame to our *Alma Mater*.

* * * * *

Among the many questions which are forcing themselves upon the public attention, at the present time, the most important is the question of the unemployed. The severity of the past business year among our American neighbors is shown most conclusively by the fact that there are said to be more unemployed laborers in the large cities of the Republic than at any time since the great panic of 1873. We, on this side of the line, fortunately escaped the full blast of the storm; but even in Toronto, those competent to judge tell us that the number of men out of work is greater this winter than ever before.

In the city of New York, a recent police census of the unemployed, the results of which have been classified by Prof. Mayo-Smith, of Columbia College, discloses a serious condition of affairs, which is thus described in the report: "The police found 48,681 families, comprising 206,701 individuals, who reported that one or more members of the household were out of work. In these 48,681 families, 78,023 persons are usually employed, and of these 67,280 (88 per cent.) were out of work," whilst "39,311 families (80 per cent.) reported that they were in need of assist-

ance." In connection with this report, it gives us the greatest pleasure to observe among the names of those whom Prof. Mayo-Smith mentions as contributing to the success of the work, that of an old University man, J. A. McLean, a graduate of '92, and an ex-editor of *Varsity*. *Varsity* takes very great pleasure in congratulating Mr. McLean on this honorable mention, which is only one among the many indications of his success in his post-graduate career.

In the January and February numbers of the *Review of Reviews* will be found an interesting sketch of the special measures by which the American cities are endeavoring to meet this season of special hardship. These accounts come from cities large and small all over the Union; and, aside from the value of their suggestions as to the methods by which such exceptional crises should be met, of themselves indicate the wide-spread interest on this question which is the result of the wide-spread need to be provided for.

But the primary question for us is not the situation abroad, but that which lies at our own doors. In some of the cities referred to there is a body in the nature of a Permanent Central Relief Committee, under which all charitable enterprises find their place, and the whole field thus kept under supervision. In Toronto, so far as we can learn, there is nothing of the kind. Such an organization would be peculiarly valuable at a time like the present when there is the greater need on account of the greater number of unemployed. The large meeting held in St. Andrew's Hall on the night of the 15th instant bears convincing testimony to this fact.

And the report of the work done under Prof. Mayo Smith in New York by his students in Political Science seems to suggest a step that might easily be taken. The first move toward effective organization of relief would be a knowledge of the existing means to this end. Perhaps no original research that our Political Science students could undertake would be found so helpful in its educative training or so beneficial in its practical results as an effort on their part to carry out an investigation of this nature. Questions of Political Science are pre-eminently valuable when studied with a constant view to practical life: and an examination such as this unites both elements in the best possible way.

But aside from this, it is part of our duty as citizens to take a part in such questions of public interest. One cannot but feel very often that university life is a sphere by itself, cut off from the occupations and the interests of the great work-a-day world outside its precincts. The tendency is to concentrate attention too exclusively on our own peculiar interests, which, large as they seem when isolated, are really only small when placed in juxtaposition with the great questions of the world in which as educated men and women we must play our part. The best answer that could be made to the charge, too often justly brought, that higher education does not give us that broad outlook over the political and social world which an educated man should have, and must have if he is to exercise a helpful influence over the opinions of others who look to him for guidance on such topics, would be made if our political science students within whose domain this question of the

relief of the unemployed, considered theoretically, more immediately falls, were to take steps toward making some such an investigation as that above mentioned. Such a work, besides furnishing a valuable training to those who would undertake it, would be the first step toward such a centralization and supervision of the relief system of the city as would enable those interested in charities, whether organized or private, to have an outlook over the whole field of need, and thus apply their force where it would be most efficacious; whilst in times of special difficulty, such as the present, an organized system would prevent much of the hardship which results not from the lack, but from the unskilful application of the means of relief. In fine, when we look at the report in regard to this question in the city of New York from the Professor and students of Political Science in Columbia, we feel like saying to our political science men, in the words of the old command, "Go ye and do likewise."

EXCHANGES.

The exchange column of *The Dalhousie Gazette* contains, among other interesting items, the following:

"*Varsity*, unlike its more humble brethren, is keeping its Christmas dress on on ordinary days. We are not sure, but think that the *Varsity* is wrong in its assertion of being the first to call the fair sex to its staff. Give dates, please, and we will do the same, and then the question will be settled."

Varsity is keeping on its Christmas dress, and in so doing is giving some slight indication of a season of great prosperity. As to the question of having women on the staff, let us, in order that we may not be drawn into the field of ancient history, concede the point that to *The Gazette* belongs the honor of having first recognized the journalistic propensities of the fair sex. If this be true, is it not surprising that the presence of a woman on its staff has not led to the adoption of a somewhat more tasty cover than that which at present adorns the so-styled humble *Gazette*?

In the *College Student* appears an interesting article on literary societies:

"They serve the important purpose of giving a practical coat to the facts, theories and principles of science, philosophy and literature pondered over in the study, and elucidated in the class-room; and what amounts to more than all else in any system of education, they enable the student to put his knowledge into circulation, without which it produces mental torpor, and familiarize him with the effective use of his facilities. They form the true connecting link between liberal culture and practical life; . . . No one can find fault with the student who gains such a complete mastery of his mental faculties, and such a perfect command of his facts, as will enable him to use both with skill and promptness on all proper occasions. Truth only becomes clear and real to the individual when he is able to give it logical expression in grammatical language; and that ability, as a rule, only comes after assiduous practice in composition and extemporaneous speaking, for which these societies afford the best opportunity."

"It is a costly mistake when a student acts on the theory that it is unnecessary for him to join a literary society, or that it is better for him to devote that time to athletics or to something else. There is not a word to be said against athletics when indulged in within reasonable limits; the health and normal development of the body demand physical training; but the exercises of a well-managed literary society bear the same relation to a healthy activity of the mind as those of a gymnasium bear to that of the body. In fact neither of these important accessories of a

well-regulated college can take the place of the other, for both are essential to a sound education."

We would call the attention of the junior years to an innovation at McGill. The *Fortnightly*, among the science jottings, says: "The third year have taken in hand the annual dinner to the graduating class. They hope to be well backed up by the other two years."

THE HOPE OF MY HEART.

"Delicta juventutis et ignorantias ejus, quæsumus ne memineris, Domine."

I left, to earth, a little maiden fair,
With locks of gold, and eyes that shamed the light;
I prayed that God might have her in His care
And sight.

Earth's love was false; her voice, a siren's song;
(Sweet mother-earth was but a lying name.)
The path she showed was but the path of wrong
And shame.

"Cast her not out!" I cry. God's kind words come—
"Her future is with Me, as was her past;
It shall be my good will to bring her home
At last."

M.

A VALENTINE DAY'S LAMENT.

I bought a shilling valentine
And sent it to a friend of mine—
A female friend. I did not read
The verse to see if it agreed
With what I felt; but since, I've learn'd
It stated that the sender yearn'd
For love—for married life, in fine—
And wound up: "Pray will you be mine?"

That was but one short year ago—
Quite long enough to turn to woe
My little friendly act. You see
She took the language seriously;
And I, though young, and poor to boot,
Must stand a breach of promise suit.

MORAL.

Therefore take my advice, young friend—
If you a valentine would send,
And do not want a bomb to burst,
Be sure and read the verses first.

TIM BUCTOO.

A LOVE KNOT.

A lacing of a ladye's shoe
Once loosed itself, as lacings doe,
And tyeing it, in gallantrie,
A youthful lover bent his knee.

But soon once more it came untied,
And then the ladye showed with pryde
How she herself a knot could tye
Which would both tyme and chance defye;

Long years since then have passed away;
The hair of both has turned to gray;
A ladye's shoe is loose again,
A man, now old, stoops down as then.

He tyes it as in days of yore
A ladye taught him, years before;
And looking in her eyes he sees
Sad tears for ancient memories.

—Ex.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

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FEBRUARY 21, 1894.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Varsity.

DEAR SIR,—Being one of those who voted against the grant to the Glee Club last Friday night, I wish to make a brief reply to some statements contained in Mr. Moss' letter of this week, in which he censures the action then taken.

He says it was "a singularly ungraceful act." But why so? Is it singularly ungraceful to act honestly? If the society had made the grant, it would have granted money which it did not have, and which it was not sure of ever having. If the vote had been passed, the proceeding might well have been termed ungraceful—nay, rather, dishonest. But, for other reasons, the society acted properly. The funds belonging to the society are subscriptions, which are intended for the purposes of a Literary Society. To make gifts to a musical club or any other club is certainly not a distinctive office of a literary organization. If the funds are too extensive for the needs of the society, two legitimate ways are open for avoiding the difficulty: either lower the annual subscription, or make the undertakings of the society more successful. The VARSITY might be made a more pretentious journal; the usefulness of the reading-room might be increased. But, even supposing that two-thirds of the usual number of members who attend the meetings of the Literary Society have a perfect right to vote the moneys of the society to any person they choose, whether it be to assist a musical club, or encourage a military company, or what not, surely

eighteen members do not possess such a right; but yet that is the number who were present last Friday evening.

After stating that the blame primarily rests on the General Committee for pursuing the only course they could with decency, the writer states they did so, wrongly considering the money paid in on election night as belonging to their successors. But the Committee, according to their report, and the statement of some of the members, neither rightly nor wrongly considered such a thing. What they did consider was, that they did not have the funds, and that the prospect of an election was doubtful, and that it would not be honest either to themselves, the society, or the Glee Club to speculate on the future. Instead of blame, the action of the committee deserves the hearty support of the society.

Again, what is termed "the most important point" brought out in the discussion, namely, that the Glee Club last year handed back one-half of the grant made to it by the society, I claim to be of least importance. Surely the refund was made as freely and cheerfully as the original grant had been, and without any condition or expectation of repayment. If it was a loan from the Glee Club, it certainly should be repaid; if it was an out and out gift to the Literary Society, as the grant to the Glee Club had been, then nothing more should be said about it. A person who makes presents, and afterwards wishes to found claims of recompense on them, is certainly not a very desirable friend.

It is claimed that this grant is different from the grants made to foot-ball clubs and other societies, which have become a mere matter of history, inasmuch as the Glee Club furnish the main part of the musical programme at the public debates. But when we appeal to facts, and I have the programmes of the last two public debates before me, we find that, on each occasion this year, the Glee Club contributed but one number out of three musical selections. The Banjo and Guitar Club furnished quite as much and are equally entitled to a grant. Nor have the other grants become a mere matter of history. At the previous meeting a grant was proposed to the Banjo and Guitar Club, and who knows but that even yet the usual members of the Literary Society may be suddenly increased some evening by a worthy deputation from either or both of the foot-ball clubs, entertaining a different opinion from that of Mr. Moss in regard to the historical position of these grants. Such things have happened not so long ago—perhaps not last year, but certainly the year before. If the grant to the Glee Club were the only one, perhaps it would not be worth while noticing it, but it is not the only one. It has become customary for any and every club, which thinks it can do so with success, to make a demand on the funds of the Literary Society; and each time the society yields to the importunity, the greater is the temptation to make these demands.

Mr. Moss states that the matter is dealt with "in the form of a grant, for if the charge was one for payment the Club could ask for more than it does." This, Mr. Editor, is a gross insinuation against the character of the Literary Society. Does the society contract debts and then, in order to escape paying the amount honestly due, rush through the grant of a smaller sum in the hope that their creditors, out of charity or some other virtue, will accept it instead of payment in full? This is the logical inference from the statement, but is it true? The reason it is put in the form of a grant or gift, I maintain, is that the spirit of students would tolerate no other proceeding. Fancy one student asking or taking remuneration from another student, or one body of students from another body of students, for assisting in entertaining mutual friends. No student would for a moment agree to such a thing. It is entirely opposed to their nature. To their credit, both the Glee Club and the Banjo and Guitar Club, through their representatives, expressed their resentment of such a proposal. But, notwithstanding this fact, the letter in ques-

tion states that "the principle on which the grant should be dealt with seems to be a business one;" that the Glee Club should be paid for their services since, if they did not assist, foreign talent would have to be hired. This would place the Glee Club on the same level with an ordinary professional musical organization. But such an organization I do not consider the Glee Club, and I hope it may never be necessary to consider it as such. Its conduct in assisting the Classical Society in the representation of "Antigone" surely does not tally with what we would expect from such an organization.

Laying aside the question of grants, the Literary Society has always been friendly to the Glee Club. When the club holds its concerts the meetings of the society are postponed. What moral support it can give, the society never withholds; and further than mutual encouragement what can be expected between the two organizations? But since the Glee Club seems to have felt positive of receiving the grant, although without any reason, and have shown a disposition to resent the action of the society through their representatives,—again I must think without any reason, I for one would be quite willing to have the grant continued for still another year if funds come into the treasurer's hands. This was practically what was decided upon last Friday night. But to ask the society to pledge itself to pay money which it perhaps may never possess is unreasonable.

Feb. 17, '94.

R. S. McKINNON.

THE EMPIRE.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has determined to devote the remaining years of his life to literary work, and should he continue to publish books at this present rate, doubtless many volumes will be before long the fruit of his gifted pen. In his last volume are contained eight essays, of which two concern Canada rather intimately, while the others affect her only in a general way. "The Empire" and "Prohibition in Canada and the United States," will doubtless be read with great interest by all Canadians, while the essays on "The Social Revolution," "Woman Suffrage," "The Jewish Question," "The Irish Question," and "The Political Crisis in England," will appeal more or less to students of political science; only "The Question of Disestablishment" is of less interest to us, except in the fact that the benefits of it are shown by appeals to the experience of Canada and the United States.

In his essay on "The Empire," Mr. Goldwin Smith follows out his usual plan of praising as little as possible, and blaming as much as possible. He, no doubt, feels that there are men enough to brag about the prestige of empire; but few can be found who are willing to criticize, in a rational manner, the Imperial policy in regard to the colonies. He first considers the Imperial rule in India.

This rule he finds to be equitable, rational and elevating, and no moral compunction need be felt in retaining it, for France, had she been able, would have conquered the peninsula, and her colonizing policy has not been anywhere as successful as has that of England. There was also no settled policy of aggrandizement; but most of the conquests have been forced upon England by the aggression and misgovernment of the outside native dynasties. Nor has any national feeling been trampled upon, for religion and not politics has been the main motive in Indian life, and of the religions, as we know, there are several types.

England has given unbroken trade to India for forty years, with the exception of the mutiny in 1857, and in that time many advances have been made. The Government fosters every kind of education from the highest to the lowest. In Bengal the Government spends £400,000 on schools, and yet the attendance is at present only

twelve in every thousand of the population. The education of women is receiving great attention, but in the line of female doctors it has signally failed; for though the pupils were promising, the inhabitants refused to employ them, for in the East women do not enjoy that consideration which a learned calling requires.

A political education in self-government is being tried in the municipalities, in order to prepare the people for the greater duty of national self-government. In the larger cities a certain amount of interest is shown, but at a recent election in Lucknow only seven votes were recorded. The Oriental people take to the exercise of governmental functions very slowly, but still, with increasing intelligence, greater fruits must be the result. That an advance is being made is seen in the increased demand for postal service, which undoubtedly shows an awakening of national life.

That the natives do not dislike British rule is seen by the fact that there is little emigration to the native States, English rule is and ever must be that of the stronger, but as education progresses the natives will gradually recognize the fact that England is performing her work in a most noble, equitable and worthy manner.

The sinister foreboding of Mr. Goldwin Smith as to the future of India seems to have some foundation in fact. Those who have read the "Cœruleans" of Mr. Cunningham will realize the force of the following passage: "A greater danger, and one far more imminent than Russian invasion or Hindu insurrection, is British democracy, if it meddles with Indian government, as meddle with Indian government it almost certainly will, indeed is already beginning to do; while Hindu politicians are joining hands with it by presenting themselves as candidates for radical constituencies in England." The fact that India is a conquest must remain, whatever system of government holds, and to rule the land on demagogue principles is certainly incompatible with the steady, equitable, yet firm control which the rule of such a vast extent of territory made up of various elements, undoubtedly demands.

Egypt is only important as controlling the present access to India, but this control is maintained against the jealousy of France, who deems that the interests of her people upheld her in claiming a right to it. Malta and Gibraltar are held for military purposes and their occupation should alone be regulated by the military and naval authorities. In the case of the latter fortress, however, a few facts may be noted. It is held at the price of the enmity of Spain, and since it does not now command the strait, it serves no purpose not equally as well served by Malta. At some not far distant day in the future it will probably be given up.

Canada has ceased to be of use to the empire in the manner which Adam Smith declared colonies should be. She has only once furnished a small military force, and she has never contributed any revenue to the cost of the empire. On the other hand she has often and still continues to discriminate against the Mother Country in her tariff on British goods. This Mr. Goldwin Smith finds "almost humiliating," and it must be confessed that the benefits formerly received from colonies in the state of monopoly of the manufactured trade and of the carrying trade are very great compared with the benefits received at the present time. The returns of trade show that during 1886-90 the imports from the colonies were only 22.9 per cent. of her total imports, and this included India, while the trade of foreign countries averaged 77.1 per cent. These figures place the idea of an Imperial Zollverein in the very dim and distant future. The colony is not filling up very fast when 152,000 immigrants went to the United States and only 27,000 came here.

On the next point, as to whether dependence really does give protection, we must differ from Mr. Smith. He maintains that the extent of Canada weakens Great Britain in her dealings with the United States, while really

the dependence of Canada does not give Canada any protection. But it may well be asked, where would our fishing rights be? How would we have come out in the Behring Sea matter had we not had the strong arm of England at our back? Canadians do not appreciate the fact that this great protection is paid for in the small sum we grant to the Governor-General. This is all we contribute to the expenses of the Empire, and yet we get a great return in the protection and care of the Mother Country.

With Mr. Goldwin Smith's further views on Canada it is unnecessary here to deal. They are well known to all readers of his "Canada and the Canadian Question." They simply amount to this, that Canada is of no use to England, but it is rather a weakness, while the true future for Canada points to annexation with the United States. The West India Islands are also viewed by the author as useless dependencies, and in a naval war would be a real burden to her.

On the whole it may be said that the essay on "The Empire" is essentially a negative one in the main, for it finds fault with everything except the retention of India. Part of this is perhaps due to the spirit of the author, which possesses no tendency to flattery, but partly also to the fact that there is a good deal of truth in the negative criticism. Prestige is undoubtedly of benefit to England, and it must be confessed that the loss of a dependency is apt to exert a detrimental influence upon that prestige. Yet prestige has its limits where the interests of the colony begin. Mr. Smith's essay will be of benefit in bringing men to take a rational view of the Empire, which is possible by allowing a little for the writer's tendency to cynicism.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT.

On Friday the Governor-General, who had come to the city for the purpose of attending Antigone, visited the College. About 11.30 the undergraduates gathered, many of them in cap and gown, and formed a lane from the main entrance to the west hall. Punctually at 12 Lord and Lady Aberdeen arrived, accompanied by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and as they passed along the lane they were received with shouts and cheers and vociferous singing of "God Save the Queen." The vice-regal party proceeded first to the west hall, where His Excellency received an address from the faculty, setting forth the history of the university, while the men gathered in the east hall and whiled away the time by a little vigorous physical exercise. The proceedings in the other hall over, His Excellency appeared and was introduced by the president with the remark that the thing of which the students were most fond was a speech. To prove the truth of this assertion the students took up the next five minutes with such tremendous cheering that they deafened their own and the Governor's ears for five minutes more.

Lord Aberdeen thanked the men for their enthusiastic reception. On this occasion he was himself a student, for on this his third visit to Toronto he had come more especially for the purpose of studying the Canadian educational system. He desired to compliment Prof. Hutton and all concerned on the excellence of Antigone. When Prof. Hutton, in his speech after the performance, had complained of overwork, he had felt conscience-stricken, for the professor had been corresponding with him since July. Some people were afraid lest university education should unfit a man for practical life. On that point he wished to quote Mr. Gladstone: "Education is not intended to lift men out of labor, but to fit them for labor." On occasions like the present two temptations assailed one, to urge the students to make good use of their years at college, and to refer to one's own experience to prove the point. He would impress upon the students how important were those years, and how much more im-

portant was the training of the mind than the training of the muscles. He hoped that they would not do what he feared he had done, care more for the college boat than the college class-list.

His honor, the Lieut. Governor, was then called upon. He reiterated His Excellency's advice, and urged the students to be true to their Alma Mater. In his capacity as visitor of the college he then introduced a distinguished visitor—Hon. H. G. Joly.

As Mr. Joly stepped upon the platform he was received with cheers and singing, "He's a jolly good fellow."

M. Joly thanked the boys for setting his mind at rest on so important a point. He was glad to be assured that he was a "jolly good fellow." They could not understand the feelings with which he looked forward to seeing Antigone. It would be for him a restoration to the dream-land in which he had spent his boyhood. For students in France in his college days had no light literature except the Odyssey and Greek and Roman history; for the modern French novel they were bound in honor not to read. Consequently in thought they lived 3,000 years back, in a beautiful and unsubstantial world, created by their own imaginations. He was fond of comparing Greek characters with Shakespearian, but he ventured to say that Shakespeare never created so fine a specimen of womankind as Antigone.

The boys then shouted for a speech from Lady Aberdeen, but his Lordship excused her. The party then left the room, the boys treating them to a lesson on the spelling of Varsity.

After this refreshments were partaken of in the president's room, and the visit terminated by the boys taking the horses out of their Excellencies' carriage and dragging them up to Victoria—much to the amusement of Lady Aberdeen.

LADY ABERDEEN AND THE LADY UNDERGRADS.

Friday was a gala day at the College. Lectures were suspended. Everyone was on the *qui vive*. Suppressed excitement was as visible on the face of the staidest senior as on that of the most youthful freshman. Professors and lecturers were also seen about the corridors adorned with red or ermine hoods, and benign smiles. The platform of the west hall was gaily covered with red carpet; not a speck of dust was to be seen anywhere, while even the old wooden chairs seemed to hold their stiff backs still more erect in anticipation of something important about to happen. Nor were the ladies less interested. The usually bare east walls of their reading-room was heavy with rich blue curtains, which were tastefully draped with white at the top. In the front of this was a small platform covered with white bearskin, a large portion of the floor being covered with a carpet borrowed for the occasion, a few small tables on which were placed beautiful plants, several large palms set at intervals about the room, some chairs taken from the Senate chamber (O tell it not in Gath!), the Union Jack draped over the door-way completed the decorations, which now gave the room an inviting and artistic appearance which it never before had.

All this excitement, smiles, scarlet and ermine hoods, and decorations could herald only a great event, which was nothing less than a visit from Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

After the speeches to the College Council and the students in general, the vice-regal party, conducted by President Loudon, made their way to the Ladies' Reading Room, where they were heartily welcomed. After a short introduction by the President, Lady Aberdeen made an eloquent and friendly speech (already familiar to all through the press), which was frequently interrupted by applause. This ended, a motion of thanks was moved by

Miss Lawson, Pres. W.L.S., to Lady Aberdeen, for the honor she had done them in visiting and addressing them. This was received amid great applause, and amid the strains of "For she's a jolly good fellow," in which his lordship enthusiastically joined. A beautiful basket of flowers, composed of lilies of the valley and some forget-me-nots, representing the College colors, was presented to her ladyship by little Miss Isabel Loudon, whose shyness added charm to her presentation. To Mrs. Kirkpatrick she also presented a bunch of white roses fastened with blue ribbon. The Governor-General having been adorned with sprigs of blue and white flowers by Lady Aberdeen, thanked the students for their cordial reception, flowers and "little song sung in her honor," in a neat speech. After a few presentations to Lady Aberdeen, and a little conversation, the party left amid great applause and the strains of "Var-si tee," etc.

Y. M. C. A.

On Tuesday evening of last week the Y.M.C.A. Hall parlors and reading room were crowded with students who assembled to hear that eminent preacher and author, Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, who was then in the city attending the Foreign Missions Convention. The noted Jew preacher, Herman Wauzawaith, was to have been present, but was delayed by the storm. Dr. Pierson is probably one of the most powerful, active and zealous workers for the cause of Missions that ever interested themselves therein. His lecture was to be especially directed towards mission work. But on introducing it the speaker said impressively: "There is something in which I am interested far more than in foreign missions—I am interested in *you*. The great question is not how many of you will go to the foreign field, but how many of you are ready to be fitted into the place God has designed for you."

The keynote of the discourse was, "The fulness of time has come for a great awakening." All great events have been brought forth in the fulness of the time appointed. The birth of Christ, the Reformation, the revival under Knox, furnish striking examples. History is full of plan and design. The times are again portentous. Why are we so dull in reading the signs? We are living in an age of unprecedented privilege. Gladstone has stated that the last fifty years are marked by greater progress than the preceding five thousand. Young men and women of to-day have greater possibilities ahead of them in the next thirty years than any man before Christ could have had in 300 years. Life is not measured by length, but by accomplishment. We can live more in a year than Methuselah did in 959 years. It took 959 years in those days to live at all.

The possibilities of life are great; the world is ready for a great use for them. Two great English speaking nations dominate the world. The steam engine and electric motor have annihilated distance and made transport easy. The telephone and telegraph have annihilated time, and, together with the printing press, have put the whole world into responsive touch.

The world has been supplied, as it were, with a nervous system. International trade has broken down the senseless barriers of misunderstanding, and initiated a world-wide sympathy. The age is, moreover, one of organization. We have learned in every department of life to increase the impact of forces by uniting them, the weak beside the strong become sturdy, and the timid beside the brave grow courageous. Verily the world is ready. God's signals are flashing up like Borealis' lights all round the horizon. Awake! Awake! Read the signs of the times, and gird ye for the toil! The speaker gave a soul moving account of William Carey, the poor shoemaker who originated the foreign mission movement, showed the marvelous things that missions had since accomplished, and pointed

out the immense amount of ground still to be covered. Truly "The fields are white unto the harvest." Prepare to cast in the sickle.

Last Sabbath afternoon, Mr. F. B. Tracy, B.A., addressed the students on a question which, he stated, had worked on his mind for the past ten years. It was the very difficult problem of the respective places in our true development of head culture and heart culture—of knowledge and faith. The speaker clearly showed that no system—philosophical, philanthropic or otherwise—was ever successfully worked out, and no great work was ever brought to a successful issue, unless such a system or such a work were characterized by a combination of reasonableness and implicit trust, and unless the originators and promoters exhibited a marked blending of head culture and heart culture, and displayed these combined qualities in the inception and the carrying out of the system, or of the work. Faith is useless without knowledge; knowledge is equally ineffective without faith. The danger of students is in the latter regard. They are apt to develop the intellect at the expense of the heart. Before closing, Mr. Tracy quoted a sentence of Lady Aberdeen's in her address to the lady undergraduates a few days ago. She said, "My sisters, do not deceive yourself into the supposition that intellect is greater than heart." The warning is even more necessary to the male undergraduates, for their sphere in after years will be in environments whose conditions tend to crush and warp the heart faculties to a greater extent than that in which the lady undergraduates will probably be placed

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in by Saturday night.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

Class '96 Social Evening.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, at 7.30.
Glee Club Practice.—Room 16, at 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

Literary and Scientific Society. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
Women's Glee Club Practice at 4 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

Public Lecture.—"The Anatomy of the Brain," by Dr. Primrose, at 3 p.m.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

Y. M. C. A.—An Address to the Students at 3 p.m.,
Y. M. C. A. Hall.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

Modern Language Club.—French Meeting, Room 12, 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

Class '97, Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

Engineering Society.—S.P.S. at 3 p.m.
Y. W. C. A. Meeting.—Y. M. C. A. Parlors, at 5 p.m.

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MORTAR BOARDS.

A. W. Baines, '97, is ill with typhoid fever.

Several students had their ears frozen last week.

Constitution night, March 2nd!! Remember to bring in your amendments this Friday evening.

M. G. V. Gould, '96, is home in Oshawa, suffering from an attack of measles. He hopes to be back this week.

We are glad to learn that Mr. H. A. Semple, '94, has recovered from his severe illness. Unfortunately he has been forbidden to study, and so will be unable to take his year.

The annual meeting of the Varsity Association Foot-Ball Club will be held in Room 2, next Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. The treasurer's report will be received and the election of officers for the coming year will take place.

The Hon. Mr. Joly was highly pleased with the performance of "Antigone." When coming out of the Academy on Friday evening, he declared that the whole city should be proud of it, for in no other place on the whole Continent was there sufficient ability to produce so perfect a representation. The accomplished classical scholarship of the Hon. Mr. Joly makes his criticism as valuable as it is pleasing.

There have been numerous complaints of late that professors have been neglecting their lectures without any apparent reason and without giving any notice. Last Friday, for instance, lectures were suspended till 2 p.m., and several lecturers seemed to consider this a sufficient excuse for their not giving any lectures during the whole afternoon. The political science men have been suffering more particularly.

Several of the lecturers in modern languages have been enquiring as to the origin of certain circles and other mysterious lines which have made their appearance on several of the seminary tables. A political science man explains that whenever a professor skips a lecture they are made use of to play a game which resembles curling, save that coppers are used instead of stones. Several of the Theologs are noted for skill at the game.

The sixty or more graduates of Toronto University who live in Ottawa, held a meeting recently for the purpose of organizing themselves into a society. The society intends to give a dinner sometime during the approaching session of Parliament, at which it is hoped all the Varsity graduates who write M.P. after their name will be present. The idea of forming local graduate societies is a good one, and if generally carried out, would add

much to both the welfare and the influence of the University.

The many recent graduates of Toronto University will learn with deep regret of the death at Embro, Ont., of Mr. Donald McKay, B. A., Ph. D. Mr. McKay graduated at the same time as did Prof. Hume, and they studied together first at John Hopkins and then in Germany. He was offered an appointment on the professional staff, but failing health compelled him to give it up at the opening of last session. He was threatened with paralysis of the brain, caused by over study, and this has now cut short a career which had promised to be exceptionally brilliant.

A certain Theolog. is behind with his work, and has begun to study on Sundays. The report spread abroad, as such things will, and finally came to the ears of one of the most earnest of the brethren. Naturally he was greatly shocked, and determined to remonstrate. Next Sunday he called on the culprit and found him in his room surrounded by books. With mild persuasiveness he rebuked the erring one, and quoted Scripture that he might make clear to him the enormity of his sin. But the other remained perverse, and quoted Scripture in turn. The Bible taught, so he argued, that when an ass fell into a pit it was no sin to help him out on the Sabbath; and if it was no sin to help the ass out, why should it be any sin for the ass to help himself out. The earnest brother left shortly afterwards.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The German meeting held on Monday afternoon, Feb. 12th, was one of the most interesting and successful of the entire term. President Lingelbach occupied the chair, and opened the programme with an admirable essay on the "Life and Works of Heine." The remaining essays were written in German, Mr. Langley following with a treatise on Wildenbruch's Novellen. Mr. W. Weidenhammer gave a synopsis of Storm's beautiful "Immensee," after which Mr. F. Weidenhammer read an original essay, having taken as his subject "Germans in America," and treating it in a splendid style—original, certainly, and at times humorous as well. The essayists, without exception, are to be complimented on the success of the programme which they rendered.

Next Monday, Feb. 26th, the last meeting of the year will be held, and as at the close of the programme the election of officers for next year will be held, it is especially desirable to have a full attendance.

Some forty or fifty Varsity men, in the role of "supes," ably seconded Henry Irving in "Becket" on Mon-

day night. The ease with which the boys assumed the characters of monks, soldiers, aldermen, judges and citizens, speaks highly for their histrionic attainments.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Dust may make thirst,
And man is made of dust;
Night and day
Then drink man always must.
—Ex.

The miner split the rock in two,
Then to its fragments spoke.
Said he to it: "Have you no gold?"
"Nay," said the rock, "I'm broke."
—Ex.

—It is reported that a certain Residence man went to church last Sunday, and upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman, said: "Well, I think he's somewhat of a plagiarist, you know. His *sermon* was very good, but the prayer beginning with 'Our Father' I think he stole it entire. I know I have heard something that it was strangely like."

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Varsity

VOL. XIII. No. 17

Toronto University

TORONTO, February 28, 1894.

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THE VARSITY


A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 28, 1894.

No. 17.

Editorial Comments.

 BEFORE this issue of VARSITY appears, there will have been submitted to the consideration of the fourth year an important proposition. The question of the functions of the class societies, and the limitations thereon, was discussed in a prior number of VARSITY; and in the editorial in which these remarks were contained it was stated that the class organization might be utilized for the formation of scholarships or prizes in commemoration of the different classes. Since then the matter has received some consideration, and the upshot of it is that a meeting was held on Tuesday of this week to consider the proposition.

As the matter was submitted to the class, the plan outlined was the present formation of a book prize of the value of some fifteen or twenty dollars. Allied to this was the idea that in time, as the financial position of the members of the class became more favorable, the goal to be aimed at was the founding of a scholarship of larger amount. It is not necessary for us to consider the details of the scheme, or the way in which it is proposed to apply the prize in question, if established, for that is a matter for the class of ninety-four to work out.

We do not possess sufficient prophetic prescience to predict whether or not this matter will meet with a favorable reception, but most assuredly, whatever the minor defects, the scheme has intrinsic merits that warrant its adoption. It might perhaps be objected that it is unfair to expect undergraduates, whose pockets are exhausted by the financial strain of four years of undergraduate life, to contribute to any such scheme. But then it must be remembered that the small amount which it is desired to raise annually, will, when distributed over the members of the class, be a burden not too heavy or inequitable. The strain will be distributed over a term of years, and once the capital sum necessary was obtained, the interest thereon will automatically yield the required amount.

It might be claimed that the fourth year, in considering this matter, are urged forward merely by class pride and vanity, and that the sole argument to be advanced in order to induce them to embark on such a scheme is a desire to see figuring in the class and prize lists, "Class of 94 Prize." Such view, however, is unwarranted and biased, for there is a wider outlook. It has been stated before that it is the intention to utilize the class society for this purpose: it is one main object of the class society organization, as continued after graduation, to keep up to a high level the interest of graduates in old Varsity. Now in what more tangible way could the interest of graduates be manifested than by the establishment of a scholarship or

book prize? It is not the amount involved, whether small or great, which has to be considered; it is the spirit that actuates those who propose to establish such a gift.

Any one who has closely looked at the relations existing between the graduates of Toronto and the University itself, must have been struck by the fact that the graduates are not so keenly and directly interested in the welfare of the University as they might be. True it is that in times of dire trial, as in the spring of 1890, their sympathy is apparent and practical. It would undoubtedly be too much to expect the sympathy and interest to be kept up to the same standard; but it is certainly not too much to endeavor to keep the standard somewhat higher than it has been in recent times. The fact that a scholarship or some similar memento is endowed by the members of a class serves to keep more vivid their interest in the University of which they are proud to be graduates. Not only the sympathy, but the pecuniary aid of the graduates is thus enlisted, and there ensues a more true communion of feeling, a greater feeling of akinness between graduates and undergraduates. It is not necessary to seek for precedents to substantiate this statement, but if it were the signal success which has attended the efforts of the American class societies in kindred lines of usefulness in their own colleges, would be more than sufficient. Our beginnings may be small, but they will grow. Whether the proposal will be acceptable at once or not, we know not; but most assuredly it deserves to be well thought of, and to form a seed-thought.

* * * * *

Every institution, whether of learning or otherwise, has its shibboleth, and it is not, therefore, to be expected that Toronto University would be destitute of such a watchword and rallying cry. It is interesting to note, how, in nearly every society and institution that exists, there is put forward in the foreground some statement or proposition which is given as the *raison d'être*. It matters not how far different this ostensible aim is from the real aim, none the less is it the rallying cry for the squadrons.

We, in Toronto University, have also our shibboleth, our test word for the modern Philistine. And what is our shibboleth? Nothing less than *original research*. In the high places of our university, as well as in the low, do we hear of original research. As we look through the university buildings, and see room after room devoted to seminary purposes, see telephones and bells and all the paraphernalia that modern science has brought into existence in order to make the work of original research more easy of approach, surely we are justified in exclaiming that Original Research is with us! Surely we are not of the *profanum vulgus*, the Philistines, who can only, as it were,

touch the hem of the garment of the great goddess; surely *we* are in living and vital converse with her!

And yet, after all the pseudo-opportunities afforded for this process of original investigation, how do we set to work? Why, of course, we have to write an essay. And how do we get up our essay? Why, of course, by looking up several authorities and writing down what they have to say on the question in dispute? And then we come before our companions and read our little scrap-book, and we are commended; and then we depart with our head in the seventh heaven of contentment, thinking that we are in communion with the spirits of the mighty dead who have immortalized themselves by their achievements in the field of original research. But, perchance some captious cynic may ask, in what way does the preparation of the essays in question give opportunity of original research? To such purblind babbler, what more appropriate answer than "Why, we *search* the index of the books for the topics contained, and then *research* the books themselves."

We do not quarrel with the system, simply with the name under which it is masquerading. Our work in the university is, in immense degree, preparatory; our original research begins in actual life. *Here* we are laying a foundation; in actual life we shall search more for ourselves. To the graduate, all time should be spent as in one immense laboratory; but the undergraduate first learns to handle the test tubes. Why, then, should we blind ourselves to the fact that as we are preparing ourselves for a wider struggle, why lose sight of the fact that all our work here is preparatory? It may seem less attractive to appreciate the temporary nature of our work. But would not such a course of procedure be more honest?

AMONG THE SLAIN.

"Yonge!" bawled the conductor, and the Belt Line car slowed up to let out three of the four muffled and taciturn individuals who occupied the dimly-lighted interior. The big clock of St. James was just then sounding drearily the strokes of eleven, and, barely waiting for the three strange looking bundles of fur and humanity to reach the pavement in safety and for the tall man waiting there in the snow to climb aboard, the conductor again jerked the bell-rope and the car went trundling westward into the teeth of the gale that swept the snow-piled streets. 'Twas a bitter night, and a warm bed was a better place for humanity than the rear platform of a trolley. So thought the conductor of No. 46, and as he was on his last trip for the night, he was determined not to lose any more sleep over it than was necessary.

The new passenger, on boarding the car, at once took up a position as near to the heater as possible. For a wonder there was a good fire on, and, very sensibly, he seemed bent on making the most of it. Taking off his gloves, he busied himself warming his fingers in the grateful glow. He was a tall, erect, and well-formed man, apparently of about thirty, and a frank, inquisitive, restless pair of eyes looked out from beneath his broad soft hat. Evidently he was a person who believed in investigating his surroundings. On the opposite side of the heater sat a short, rather stout man, his hands resting before him on his walking-stick. He was quite oblivious to the presence of any other human being in the car, and sat motionless, never taking his eyes from the point on the other side of the car where he had fixed them. But the new-comer was hardly settled in his seat before he cast a couple of keen,

swift glances at his companion. He looked half-surprised and half-puzzled, as if he thought he recognized him, but was not quite sure. Then, after a couple of hesitating movements, he leaned forward and said:—

"Pardon me, but are you not Mr. Watters?"

The other turned deliberately round and looking him square in the face replied: "Yes, that is my name. Have I had the pleasure of your acquaintance?"

"I believe so," answered the tall man. "Don't you know me?"

His companion looked at him for a moment, then brightened up a bit. "Why, you're not Jack Grantham, are you?"

"Ha, ha, so you hardly knew me!" laughed Grantham as they stood to shake hands. "Have I changed so much, then?"

"Well, you *have* changed—pardon me, but you look so much older. Where have you have been, anyway, all these years?"

"Oh, it would take an hour to tell you all about it. I suppose you are still in the broking?"

"Yes, still at it." Then, after a pause, "Are you married yet?"

"No," replied Grantham, and looked out of the frosty window pane in silence. Watters said nothing either, till his companion turned and began talking again on a different line, with the remark that he was in the city merely for a couple of days, en route to Montreal for England. Watters expressed his surprise, and then began insisting that his friend should come the next day and have dinner with him at his home on St. George street. Grantham at first hesitated. To tell the truth he had very good reasons for not wishing to dine at Mr. Watters'; but because he had no other engagement to plead as an excuse, he was forced into accepting, though his very heart rebelled within him. Just then the car reached the Arlington, and Grantham bade a hasty good-night to his companion and stepped out.

"Don't forget to-morrow evening!" was the last words he heard as he left the car.

Jack Grantham graduated from college in the class of '8—. He had been regarded as one of the most promising men in his year. Versatile and sociable, he had shown a good deal of easy-going ability in many lines of college life, and had been popular with his fellow-students in all. A restless, and to some extent reckless, fellow, he had, as a rule, been identified with any movement that offered as a reward to those who joined it, some novel excitement or some untried pleasure; and if identified with a movement Jack was pretty sure to be among its leaders. The same elements of character that made his college career a success would, no doubt, have given him wealth and renown if he had entered the profession of law, as had at one time been his intention. And it was in this direction, pointing as it did to the field of politics, that his friends had encouraged and urged him to strive. Imagine, then, their disappointment when his post-collegiate career had proved devoid of distinction of any kind, and belied so utterly the predictions of earlier years. The great world had never heard his name, and even his own old comrades remembered it but with regret. Nor were his friends the only ones who looked upon his career as a failure. For often in his own heart he thought of what might have been and sighed. He would sometimes recall that balmy spring night years before, when he had that foolish, but memorable quarrel with Margery Wilson, about some remark that Margery had made in his presence to Max Watters, the broker's son. He had thought a good deal of Margery and he had some small reason to believe that Margery had cared a wee bit for him. But she was a hot-headed little bundle of sweetness—a rose that would prick you if you dared interfere with her. She not say what she liked! She brook any interference with the prerogatives that girls enjoy by divine

right! She would like to see the day. Besides, she liked Max, and if she chose to be kind to him, who should say her nay? But Jack was proud and would not bend, and so they had quarreled. He remembered how unhappy he had felt, and how tiresome and dull the Commencement had been, for Margery was to have been there to see him receive his degree, but she was not. He remembered that he felt cut when he could not find her face in all the crowd, for he did not think she was really so angry as all that. All the other fellows had fathers or mothers or sisters or brothers or sweethearts present on that proud occasion, but he had no father or mother, and it had seemed that there was no one in all the wide world to take any interest in him; and thus bitter thoughts had crowded into his heart and spoiled his whole day. So he had gone out west. His mind was made up all in a hurry. He did not think of saying good-bye to Margery before he left, for he was sorely piqued. The next important event in his life came a couple of years later. It was in a San Francisco hotel. He had been debating the advisability of returning east. But that scheme was knocked on the head by chance, for happening to pick up a Toronto paper he saw an account of the brilliant wedding of Mr. Maxwell Watters and Miss Margery Wilson. Well, things had been different since then; and now he was back once more among the old familiar scenes, and his chance meeting with his old-time rival brought back all the pain of the past with a rush.

It was with many misgivings, therefore, and only after smoking a number of cigars over the matter, that Grantham finally dressed and set out for the Watters mansion. The house was a large one, and apparently money had not been spared in its building; but Grantham could not help remarking that the ornamentation and general style spoke rather of wealth that lavishes than of taste that discriminates. And as he remembered what excellent artistic taste Margery had always had, he could not check a wicked little uncharitable thought about the vulgarity that he used to remark in a certain person of his acquaintance. But just then the bell was answered, and Grantham was the guest of the man he had always half-despised and the woman he might have married.

He had scarcely known what to expect or how to take things; but he found Mr. Watters a very agreeable host. That gentleman did his best to make his friend feel quite at home. Nor did Grantham find anything so embarrassing as he had anticipated in meeting Mrs. Watters, whom he was so anxious and yet so fearful to see. She was gay and gracious, as in old days; and though she looked somewhat older, and perhaps a little more careworn than he had expected to find her, he did not dream of attributing the change to anything but the wear and tear of time. She received him, of course, just as if there had never been any unpleasantness between them, chatted about his doings since he had left college, and referred frequently, though only casually, to the old days. He told her of all he had done in the intervening years—how, on first going out west, he had accepted a clerkship in a government land office, but, tiring of that, had united his fortunes with a newspaper just starting in San Francisco; and how, when that concern failed, he had been reduced to peddling books through the coast cities; and then how he had joined a dramatic company and gone on the road; and, finally, how he had enlisted in the North-West Mounted Police, but he had tired of that life too, and, having now resigned his lieutenantcy, was going to England to try his luck at something there. He wanted to see the world, and why should he not do so? The opportunities which youth affords would pass away soon enough; and as he had no ties, he might just as well be moving about and seeing something anyway. Mr. Watters agreed with him on this point, but Mrs. Watters dissented. It was the best thing in her opinion for men to settle early in life. But just then the

conversation was interrupted, for little five-year-old Jeffrey came running in looking for "mamma." He was a bright little fellow, and Grantham saw with approving eye that he had the blue eyes and golden hair of his mother.

Quickly and smoothly the evening passed, and though the thoughts that were stirred in Grantham's heart were not joyous ones, there was certainly nothing of the old half-resentful bitterness remaining when he rose to go. He told them that he left for Montreal the following day and sailed on the "Parisian" the next day after. They wished him *bon voyage*, and hoped fortune might smile upon him in the old land. Then there was the last shaking of hands, the big hall door closed behind him, and Grantham walked down the broad flags between the rows of mournful-voiced evergreens and turned into the street.

Max Watters and his wife Margery heard nothing further of their guest for nearly a year. One morning last fall, as Mr. Watters was sipping his coffee over his morning paper, a familiar name caught his eye—yes, it was the name of John Grantham. He hastily read the item. It was a despatch from Cape Town, recounting a skirmish in the Metabele war, which had resulted rather disastrously for the English. Thirteen of the company's regular troops, besides a number of their native soldiers, had fallen, and first among the list of killed was "John Grantham, ensign, formerly lieutenant of Mounted Police, Canada." Mr. Watters said nothing, but folded the paper and handed it across the table to his wife.

Last week a parcel came to Mrs. Watters from South Africa, together with a note from an officer in the South Africa forces. The parcel contained a gold watch inscribed with the name of John Grantham, a small bundle of unpublished poems and sketches, a blood-stone ring, and a gold locket containing a miniature of a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose name of yore was Margery Wilson. The letter stated that these were all the personal belongings of Ensign Grantham, and that he had asked the writer to forward them.

When Mr. Watters came home from his office that night his wife showed him these scanty relics of a life that was once so full of promise; and Mr. Watters' eyes were not dry, for he is not an unkindly man.

But he does not know about the little locket. When his wife opened it that day, it was with tears that she did so. She had not forgotten it in all those years. And she took it and locked it away in a drawer where lie some letters and a spray of withered roses.

JAS. A. TUCKER, '95.

ZU MEINEM KATZCHEN.

Ach, mein Katzchen,
Kleines Schatzchen!—
Nun in dem winter,
Dem ofen ninter,
Umschlagend milch,
Ich werde dich
Nicht wieder sehen,—
"Katzchen musz gehen,
Oder erkrankt es im wasser."
Dieses redete mein vater,
Sein wort hat gefangen,
Und du bist gegangen!
Das Herz nicht mir,
Du bist nicht hier!
Geliebte Liebchen,
Mein eigenes schatzchen,
Kleines Katzchen—

—M. MACL. HELLIWELL.

—Next year the Columbia A. C., of Washington, D.C., expect to have King, of Princeton, and Butterworth, of Yale, on their team.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the Corner of Yonge and College Streets, Oddfellows' Building, Room 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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FEBRUARY 28, 1894.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
The juniors have triumphed—the country is safe!"
—Shakespeare.



HAT doesn't sound exactly correct, but it is the nearest I can get to the passage, for my heart is full of wild emotions mingled with boarding-house hash and fried potatoes, and under the baneful influence of these potent factors my memory fails me and my think-tank reels. But is it, is it any wonder that wild ecstasies of glee should shake the foundations of my intellect, and that the scalding tear of joy should stain this page as I write? Know ye, all peoples, nations and languages, that I am of that most august and noble year, '95; and hath not '95 gloriously triumphed over the freshmen? Verily a thousand Philistines have been slain, nor was it by the jaw of an ass! But more of this anon.

The first business of importance came under the head of notices of motion. It is getting dangerously near election day, and everybody is looking for the straws which show the way the wind is blowing. So when President Stuart called this order of business the Society pricked up its ears and began to look interested. Mr. S. J. McLean was the first on his feet and thus started the ball rolling. The notices given are as follows:

Mr. McLean—That clause 27 of the rules of order be amended by the addition of the following: "And no money so voted shall be paid over until at least one regular meet-

ing of the society shall have elapsed after the date on which said money was granted."

Mr. Hendry—(I.) Article I, sec. 1, sub-sec. (a). That the words "or at the School of Practical Science" be struck out; and that in sub-sec. (b) the words "Medicine and Law" be struck out, the section to read: "Male graduates or undergraduates of the University of Toronto, in the Faculty of Arts."

(II.) Art. I., sec. 3. That sub-sec. (b) be struck out.

(III.) Art. III., sec. 1. That sub-sec. (a) read as follows:

"The officers of the society shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, a Curator, a Corresponding Secretary, an Historical Secretary, a Secretary of Committees, a fourth year Councillor, a third year Councillor, and a second year Councillor, all of whom shall constitute the General Committee;" and that in sub-sec. (b) the words "two councillors" be replaced by "one councillor."

Mr. Boulton.—To add the following article, which shall be known as Article III, sec. 13.

"Every officer of the Society whose election has been contested at the annual elections shall subscribe to the following statement before entering on the duties of his office:—

"I have not, directly or indirectly, in this election, paid the fees of any other member of this Society, or loaned money for any such purpose; nor will I indemnify anyone who may have done so; and I have taken all reasonable means to prevent personation and the payment of members' fees by persons other than themselves.

"The above statement when signed shall be filed with the secretary, who shall read it at, and make it a minute of, the next regular meeting after its receipt by him. Refusal or neglect by any officer to comply with this article before the second regular meeting following the election, shall render vacant the office which he holds."

Mr. Craig—(I.) To change Article III., sec. 2, sub-sec. (b) to read as follows: "The president, recording secretary, and treasurer shall conduct the polling. Scrutineers may be present on behalf of any four or more candidates, but no scrutineer or other person present shall, while in the polling booth, pay the fees of any voter or lend him money for that purpose, and any one so offending shall be dismissed from the room by the president. In the case of disputed ballots the decision of the president shall be final."

(II.) Article IV., sec. 1. To omit the last clause, beginning "and shall."

(III.) Art. V. sec. 1.—To change last sentence to read: "These meetings shall begin at eight o'clock every Friday evening during the continuance of lectures."

(IV.) Art. VII., sec. 2.—To omit the last clause beginning: "As well as."

(V.) In Rules of Order, sec. 1.—To place the Literary Programme last in the order of business.

Mr. McKinnon—(I.) To make Article VII. read as Art. VIII. and to insert as Art. VII.: "The constitution of the College Journal shall be considered part of the constitution of the Literary Society."

(II.) To add as Art. III., sec. 8, of constitution of the College Journal: "The business manager shall, under the direction of the directorate, superintend the financial affairs of THE VARSITY, and as moneys are paid into him he shall hand them over to the treasurer of the Literary Society."

(III.) To add as Art. VI., sec. 2. of Constitution of the Literary Society.—"The revenue of the Society, derived from subscriptions, THE VARSITY, and all other sources, shall form a single fund, subject to various changes in the following order:—A. The rent, lighting, heating, caretaking of the building of the Society, expenses in connection with the reading-room, cost of sending and entertaining delegates or representatives, the printing of the Society, and any charges in connection with THE VARSITY shall form the first charge on this fund. B. A sum not to

exceed \$50 shall be annually set apart to form two prizes to be offered in competition in public speaking among the members of the Society, such competition to be under the control of the General Committee; and this sum shall be the second charge on the fund. C. A sum not to exceed \$50 shall annually be set apart to form two prizes for the two best articles in prose contributed to THE VARSITY, the prizes to be under the control of the General Committee, and this sum shall be the third charge on the fund. D. A sum of \$75 shall each year be set aside to form a reserve fund, to be used only in case, and to the extent that, the revenue of the Society for any year be not sufficient to liquidate the first charge. But the interest on the reserve fund may be used for either of the first three charges after the amount has reached \$1,000."

Mr. J. H. Brown.—That Art. III., sec. 2, sub-sec. (b) be amended by adding thereto the following words: "Every member of the society shall have free access to the polling booth after the hour when the president declares the poll opened, and no other member or members shall hinder him in the free exercise of such right of access."

Mr. Kirkwood.—Article V., sec. 1. That at the annual meeting the poll shall be open from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. for those who can vote for president only, to cast their votes.

Well, these were all the amendments offered, and the society looked so disappointed. Couldn't somebody have invented just one more? No, there were no others forthcoming, and everybody felt relieved when Mr. Staebler of '97 went forward to "play a toon," and make us forget our disappointment. In fact we enjoyed the "toon" so much that we made Mr. Staebler play it over again. Then Mr. S. J. McLean, cruelly and with malice aforethought, moved to return to order of business (d). So we wearily retraced our steps, and listened to a lot of nominations for the nominating committee annually appointed to elect the officers of THE VARSITY. The following names were proposed:—Messrs. Duncan, Lingelbach, Fry, Boulton, Hendry, Brown (J. H.), Webster, Craig, McLean, Biggar, Reeve and Gillis. Later in the evening the scrutineers, Messrs. Watt and Culbert, reported that the first nine had been elected. Mr. Lingelbach announced that at next meeting a new constitution for the college journal will be presented for ratification.

And now came the great and memorable debate between '97 and '95 on the abolition of the House of Lords. Messrs. Gibson and Nichol, for the freshmen, attacked the existence of that ancient body, and for the juniors Messrs. Reeve and Greenwood eloquently defended their blooming lordships. Both sides were well argued, and we should not be surprised if "Labby" were to send for these argumentative gentlemen of the first year to reinforce the debating strength of the English radicals, or if Lord Salisbury, hearing of Messrs. Reeve and Greenwood, should bring influence to bear to have those gentlemen raised to the peerage, in order to prove what an able body the latter is. Long and fiercely was the combat waged, but all in vain for '97. The Lords are not to be abolished, and the honor of '95 has been maintained.

TIM BUCTOO.

ANATOMY OF THE BRAIN.

An unusually large audience assembled in the Biological Department on Saturday to hear Prof. Primrose lecture on the nervous system. President Loudon, in introducing the speaker, stated this to be the first occasion on which the extension movement had been assisted by the Medical Faculty, and expressed the hope that more aid would be forthcoming in future.

The lecturer sketched rapidly early ideas with reference to the brain. Plato held that it was globular and that the skull was to protect it from heat and cold. Galen

did the earliest important work in displaying the anatomy of spinal and cranial nerves. About the fifteenth century the idea of nervous centres was foreshadowed. During the seventeenth and eighteenth the functions of the cord as the seat of sensation and motion were discovered. Since then many centres have been definitely located.

In the simplest animals, such as the amoeba, which is merely a single cell, the protoplasm of which it consists carries out all the functions of the complex nervous system of more highly organized forms. In the hydra, which is multicellular, processes of the cells pass to the muscles and act as nerves. In the medusæ these processes more nearly resemble nerves, and in the cray-fish the place of the processes is taken by a double chain of small ganglia united by nerve cords. The largest pair of ganglia are situated in the head, and if these are separated from the chains all power of independent movement is lost. In vertebrates which more nearly resemble man, the chains of ganglia are replaced by the brain and spinal cord, while the cell processes are united in bundles to form nerves. The cells from which the processes arise are the grey matter of the brain, cord, and ganglia, while the white matter of these parts has the same structure as nerves. The extreme minuteness and great number of processes required to make up a nerve can be shown in the case of the optic nerve, which is one eighth of an inch in diameter, and is made up of half a million of these nerve fibres.

The nervous system may be well compared to the telephone. The brain is the great central office with which all the fibres in the body are either directly connected or indirectly through the branch offices—the nerve cells in the spinal cord and ganglia. Along these fibres, as along the electric wire, messages in the shape of impulses are continually being sent to and from the central office, some of the impulses being modified in the branch offices. So, if the hand be placed on a hot kettle, news is transmitted to the brain at the enormous rate of one hundred feet a second, and back goes the despatch to remove it.

In the embryo the brain and cord appear first as a simple tube of nerve cells. The anterior end enlarges into three pouches, the front one becoming very large and passing back to cover the others. This largest dilatation becomes the cerebrum, and from the others the various parts of the brain are developed, the cavities persisting as the ventricles. The brain now grows more rapidly than its bony case, and is hence thrown into folds, so forming the convolutions and fissures. The whole surface of the organ is covered with grey matter, and it is easily seen how greatly the surface for this grey matter is increased by this folding as it extends down into fissures. It is calculated that two-thirds of the grey matter is in the fissures.

The upper part of the cord is expanded into the bulb which contains those centres controlling the heart and lungs. Sixteen times a minute impulses pass to the respiratory mechanism, thus producing the rhythmical movement. The power of the will over this centre and the limitation of that power are shown by the fact that one can stop breathing for a short time. With the heart centre the will cannot interfere, hence its action is purely automatic.

The cerebellum or little brain, situated in the lower and back part of the cranium beneath the cerebrum, presents on section a very beautiful arrangement. It shows a tree-like structure of white matter covered with a uniform layer of grey, hence its name—*arbor-vitæ*.

Many areas of brain can be located; among these are the ones governing sight and hearing. If a sense is lost the centre governing it becomes atrophied, hence the method of determining such areas. The mole, when young, sees and has well developed sight centre; the old mole has lost both.

The speech centre is on the left side of the brain. A similar dormant area on the right side is accredited with assuming the speech function if the left is injured.

The situation of the centres in the monkey closely resemble those in man. The best known portion of the brain is along the fissure of Roland, which extends from the summit to near the base of the brain, midway between its anterior and posterior extremities. Here are the centres controlling many muscular movements.

Mental capacity depends on amount of grey matter in the convolutions. Gambetta had the speech area very largely developed. Many centres are as yet not located, and the science of the brain is one of the unsolved problems.

Professor Primrose was followed with the closest attention throughout. He had prepared excellent drawings of all the parts described, which not only added to the interest of his hearers, but also showed the immense care he had taken in the preparation of his subject.

THE SONG THAT FAILED.

Futile! futile! futile!

A robin fluted through the twilight dim,
And sunset breezes bore the low, faint note
Across the golden dusk, along the lawns,
To where a muser with an idle lyre
Stood lingering in the west, with soul afire,
To sing of love thro' hours till morning dawns;
But only the old, hopeless discords float
From tongue and string, while clearly over him
A bird lilts, futile! futile! futile!

The clear, low carol of melodious tune,
The mellow luting like a twilight bell,
From that soft, ruby throat, far star-ward strewn,
Upon the poet like a sorrow fell.

He felt all men have known both love and pain,
And earth grows old with sad and joyous song;
His music seemed an ancient, wild refrain,
As old as love, and old as ancient wrong.

Of old all men have idly sung of love,
Some yearn, yet fail; and some have sung so well
That seeming fruitless later efforts prove;
And so a sadness o'er the poet fell.

Futile! futile! futile!

The same forlorn, sad, bird-born melody,
Remote and almost lost within the night,
Once more upon his saddened bearing stole.
He raised his fallen lyre, for he had heard
A deeper note resounding from the bird;
And then with lips that loosed his inmost soul,
He sang, how words could never say aright,
The joy of love, or love's infinity.

Then ceased, the bird flutes, futile! futile! futile!

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

CONSTITUTION OF VARSITY.

At the next meeting of the Society I will move that the following be incorporated into the Constitution of the Society:—

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO JOURNAL

Article I.

1. The journal shall be called THE VARSITY, and shall be published weekly.

2. The subscription shall be one dollar per annum.

Article II.

1. On or before the last Friday, in February, of each year, the Society shall choose by ballot, if necessary, a nominating committee of not more than members, to be nominated separately.

2. The duty of the nominating committee shall be to appoint, subject to the approval of the Society at the next meeting, the Society representatives for the Editorial and Business Boards of THE VARSITY.

3. The Editorial Board shall be appointed according to the following schedule:

From Arts: Two representatives from the 3rd year and one representative from the 2nd and 1st.

From Medicine: One representative from each school.

From the S. P. S.: One representative.

From the Ladies: One representative.

From Victoria: One representative.

4. The Business Board shall consist of (a) two representatives from the Faculty of Arts to be chosen from the 1st and 3rd years respectively; (b) two from the Faculty of Medicine, one from each school; (c) one from S. P. S.; (d) one from the women.

Article III.

1. Within two weeks after their election the Editorial Board shall meet and appoint one of their number editor-in-chief, who shall also act as Chairman of the Board.

2. The Editorial Board shall have full control of the literary part of the paper.

3. The representative of the 3rd year in the Faculty of Arts shall be the Chairman of the Business Board and the Business Manager for the Arts Faculty.

4. The representative of the Old School in Medicine shall be the Business Manager for the Medical Faculty.

5. The Business Board shall appoint a secretary, who shall keep a record of all meetings and proceedings of the board, and shall publish a financial statement of the business of the year in the second issue of the succeeding year.

6. The chairman of the Business Board shall have charge of all monies.

7. Vacancies in either of the boards shall be filled by the society controlling the particular office.

8. The members of the boards shall be directly responsible for the discharge of their duties to the respective societies which they represent.

9. Any surplus funds after the setting apart of the sum of \$100 for improvements, and \$50 for the succeeding year, shall be left at the disposal of the Business Board.

From the above it will be seen that the object is to place the paper on an entirely new and what is certainly a more representative basis. Under the proposed system THE VARSITY will be under the control of an Editorial and a Business Board, both of which will be thoroughly representative, not of the Literary and Scientific Society, as has been the case hitherto, but also of the societies representing the Faculty of Medicine, the School of Science and the women undergraduates.

The new arrangement is based upon the constitution of various journals upon our exchange list, and everyone who knows anything about the affairs of THE VARSITY cannot but feel that our paper lacks that general University spirit—as opposed to College—which marks these journals. It is a matter of regret that the undergraduates of the different faculties have not been more united in their support of the paper; but under the present system it could scarce be otherwise. The Literary and Scientific Society has the sole control of THE VARSITY, while the other bodies, whose interest in the paper should be equally great, have no voice whatever in the management. Under such circumstances, it is hardly to be wondered at that during the past year there has not been a single subscriber from the medicals. Nevertheless, their society has given us repeated assurances that if we give them a voice in the management, and a share in the responsibility connected therewith, they will take hold of the paper.

During the week, the nominating committee will endeavor to see the various societies interested, in order to be able to give the Society as accurate a report as possible

of the feeling among the undergraduates of the different Faculties.

W. E. LINGELBACH.

HOCKEY.

THE JUNIOR FINALS.

Saturday afternoon our boys lost the Toronto Junior championship by one goal. The game was a little rough and our boys had all the best of it. They scored the first 3 goals, and at half time led by 4 to 3. Ten minutes before full time Varsity II. was still ahead, but then Granites scored twice, and the game ended 8-7 against the blue. The match was both fast and exciting and a worthy exhibition of hockey. It was hard luck we lost, but Varsity teams have had to put up with a deal of hard luck lately, and perhaps such rebuffs by fortune will give our teams a training that will stand them in stead in future.

At cover point Allen (Capt.) put up the best game for Varsity. He checked well and hard, and no one could skate past him. Besides this, he is cool, and keeps his team well in hand, getting all there is out of them. Scott, at point, lifted well, and checked well. In goal, Brown, late of Osgoode, was by no means as strong as McMaster. He has a bad habit of getting on his knees, and was ruled off for this at one time. However, he played for all there was in him, and it is only when compared with Mac, who had to play last week with our first, and so was disqualified, that Brown seems a little weak. The forward line had a good combination, Moss and Walters on the wings being especially strong. The former player uses his stick well, but seems sometimes over-anxious to get rid of the puck, not having enough confidence in himself. The latter plays in first-class style, is fast, and a clever skater. At times, however, he lags behind the line, and so misses passes, being not in the best condition. Poussette plays always in his place, and is invaluable in saving. Burbidge at centre is brilliant at times, but his play lacks consistency, while his shooting is weak.

The cup is lost, but every member of the team will be back next year, and although Walters will doubtless graduate to the first, the team ought to be strong enough to give any other junior club a good run.

SENIOR TEAM.

On Thursday last the seniors surprised themselves by beating their old opponents, Osgoode Hall, by 10 goals to 4. Varsity was minus Wilson and Bradley, while Osgoode lacked Boys. Scott and Walters, of the second, played, and both put up exceptionally good games. Billy Gilmour, who this year has surpassed himself, discounting his last year's game one hundred per cent., played well, and the forwards combination was superb. Osgoode played hard, and were chagrined at defeat. If Varsity had played such a game as this a little earlier, we might have had a crack at Queen's.

The team is considering offers from both Kingston and Stratford for a game, and will probably take a trip to one of these places.

The second will also go to Hamilton or Peterboro for a game, as a wind-up to their season.

Shep. played for Granite against Osgoode on the big Mutual Street Rink, Saturday. His skating and dodging came in well, and he put up a very pretty game.

—On Thursday, Feb. 29th, the Class Society of '96 held the last social evening of the term. The programme consisted of music, artist's sketch, oration and conversation. Refreshments were served during the evening. Altogether it was probably the most enjoyable meeting the class has had.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Complete returns for the Athletic Association elections recently held are at length to hand, and we now give to our readers a list of those on whose shoulders will rest, next year, the responsibility of controlling the gymnasium and looking after our athletic interests:—

ARTS.—4th Year (incoming)—M. R. Chapman, D. B. Macdonald, E. Gillis, W. B. Hendry. 3rd Year—J. G. Merrick, C. C. Bell, J. R. Perry. 2nd Year—G. E. Bray, T. Gibson.

MEDICINE.—4th Year—W. D. Keith. 3rd Year—D. K. Smith. 2nd Year—D. Campbell, W. S. McKay.

S. P. S.—3rd Year—L. L. Brown. 2nd Year—E. J. Sifton.

The new directorate met last week for the purpose of electing a president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, and the following were chosen by acclamation:—President, E. Gillis; Vice-President, D. B. Macdonald; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Hendry.

The officers elect do not enter upon their duties until next October, until which time the old directorate continues in power.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in by Saturday night.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1.

Women's Glee Club Practice.—Room 16, at 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

Mathematical and Physical Society.—Open Meeting; Room 16, at 4 p.m.

Literary and Scientific Society.—Constitution Night.—Y. M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.

Women's Literary Society.—Room 10.—Nomination of Officers.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

Public Lecture by Mr. Cameron at 3 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4.

Y. M. C. A.—An Address to the Students in the Hall at 3 p.m.

Dr. Sheraton's Class at Wycliff at 4.15 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6.

Natural Science Association—Regular Meeting.

Class '97, Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7.

Y. W. C. A. Meeting.—Y. M. C. A. Hall at 5 p.m.

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MORTAR BOARDS.

This issue is in charge of Mr. S. J. McLean.

N. W. Hoyles, Q.C., will speak in University Y.M.C.A. hall next Sabbath at 3 p.m.

A special meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was called for Tuesday evening, February 20th, to discuss the question of sending delegates to the Detroit Convention. As the society funds were rather low, a subscription was asked for, to which the girls responded most heartily. On Wednesday, at the regular meeting, final arrangements were made, and our representatives are Miss Chase, '95, and Miss Riddell, '96. The society then had the pleasure of listening to an address from Miss Mackintosh on her sister's mission in China. The lady read a most interesting letter lately received from her sister.

Some fault has been found because we left ten years off the age of Methuselah in the Y.M.C.A. report of last week. We might explain that we put in as much of his age as the paper would hold.

There will be an open meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society on Friday, March 2nd, at which Mr. W. J. Loudon will lecture on "Optical Illusions." Students and friends are cordially invited to attend.

A special meeting of the Rugby Committee was held last Friday. Mr. Muloch, the vice-chancellor, has presented to the club a handsome forty-dollar silver cup to be competed for by the different years, and the chief business before the committee was the arrangement of the inter-year matches. It was decided that there should be seven teams, 4 in Arts, 2 in Medicine, and 1 in the School of Science. The Medicals and School of Science men will each be given a representative on the general committee, and it will settle all disputes. The secretary of the committee had written to the Athletic Association stating that the club considered one-third of the gate receipts to be too great a share to be given to the association, especially as the Rugby Union demanded a percentage, and part of the expenses of the club had to be paid. A reply was received offering to charge the share of the association to one-fifth of the receipts, on the condition that the association should not be asked to pay any of the expenses. This reply was considered satisfactory and was adopted.

The annual meeting of the University Association Football Club was held in Room 2, University College, on Friday, February 23rd, at 4 p.m., with President Wm. McDonald in the chair.

The minutes being read and approved, Capt. W. E. Lingelbach gave

his valedictory. He deplored the loss of the city championship so often held, but claimed that it was merely a nominal loss, as was evidenced by the team's victory over the Scots, the nominal champions. He pointed out that the placing of three different teams on the field last season augured well for plenty of material being available for the coming year's work.

The treasurer's report showed a deficit of some \$3. Mr. Pease pointed out that this deficit was owing to the fact that men used the footballs and were unwilling to pay for the privilege. It is to be hoped that this state of affairs will cease.

The meeting then proceeded to elect the following officers for the coming year: Hon. president, Dr. W. P. Thompson, B.A.; president, W. E. Burns; vice-president, W. N. Mackay; secretary, W. A. Kirkwood; treasurer, T. Gibson; curator, T. Laidlaw. Councillors: '95, P. F. Sinclair, C. W. McPherson; '96, T. Bier, A. P. Burnett; '97, Ward Walker.

Mr. D. M. Duncan was nominated for captain, and would have been appointed by acclamation had he not persuaded the club to re-adopt the old and tried method of electing the captain by the individual members of the previous year's team. Messrs. J. C. Breckenridge and J. D. Webster were appointed representatives to the Toronto Senior League, and Messrs. Hough and Bier were given the same offices in the Intermediate League.

A mammoth international Y.M.C.A. convention is at present going on in Detroit. About 100 delegates have gone from Toronto, over 15 of which belong to our own Y.M.C.A. An account of the proceedings there will be given at a later date.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

An attendance of one hundred and one at an ordinary meeting of a college association such as the Mod. Lang. Club, is perhaps an unusual thing, yet that was the number of those who were seated and standing in Room 4 on Monday afternoon, Feb. 19, when the last English meeting of the club for this year was held. The programme was as follows: "Prometheus Unbound," by Mr. W. P. Reeve; an essay on Carlyle, by Mr. S. J. McLean; Andrew Lang, by Mr. W. M. Boulton, and an essay on Browning by Mr. A. J. Stringer. After having mentioned the names of the essayists, it is quite superfluous to say that their essays constituted one of the most delightful and instructive programmes with which the club has been favored this year, and the essayists, without exception, have the hearty thanks of the members and committee of the

club for their efforts which made the last English meeting of the year an unqualified success. Thanks to the kindly interest and assistance of many of the faculty, more prominently of our honorary president, Prof. Fraser, and also of Dr. Needler, Prof. Squair, Mr. Keys, Mr. Chant and others, as well as of all the essayists, the Club has had one of the most successful years in its history, and the committee has no doubt acted wisely in deciding to bring the meetings to a close a month earlier than usual, instead of continuing them into the very teeth of the examination, when the interest inevitably dies out.

W. A. BRAUN, Secretary.

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Varsity

VOL. XIII. No. 18

Toronto University

Toronto, March 7th, 1894.

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PRICE, 5 Cents.

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 7, 1894.

No. 18.

Editorial Comments.



THE new constitution for THE VARSITY, notice of which was given by Mr. Lingelbach in our last issue, successfully ran the gauntlet at Friday's meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society, and there is now every reason

to believe that, with the close of the present volume, the old order of things will have passed away and the paper have entered upon a changed and more promising course. The object of the constitution which has now been adopted, is to make THE VARSITY what it claims to be—a University journal, representative of all the faculties and colleges. Looking at the experience of those who, by the sweat of their brows, have given the paper that degree of success which it has enjoyed, there can be no doubt that the scheme of uniting the divided forces and interests of our University is the only one which holds out a promise of progress and development in matters journalistic. That the adoption of the new constitution by the Literary Society was a wise step, there is therefore no question. True, there may be some details which need amendment. If so, time will show it. But, on the whole, we believe the new machine will be found a smooth-running one. It is to be hoped that every section of the student body concerned will endeavor to make it so, and that henceforth THE VARSITY may receive the support of the whole University. If this hope be not belied, there can be little question that a great development is ahead. There are those who look for fresh improvements and new achievements in the field of college journalism, and who trust that from our present weekly something higher may be evolved. To such the widening of THE VARSITY's field comes as no ill portent.

* * * * *

Everything 'neath the sun has its lesson; and even constitution night, with its uproar and confusion, might be made the text of a homily. The number of amendments introduced on such an occasion is sufficiently appalling to take away the breath of even the gentlemen of the first year, and by this time the constitution bears the traces of so many hands, and reflects the brilliancy of so many minds, that we suppose there is not in all the earth a document half so fearfully and wonderfully made. It forms a subject for nice speculation whether the fathers of that glorious instrument of government could recognize, if they were now members of the society, any single feature of the promising youngster which, years ago, they sent forth to battle against the storm and stress of interpretation and emendation without end. Each year, as constitution night draws nigh, there is much thumbing of pages to discover some unhappy clause that holds forth

a remote promise of being capable of amendment. Then after an agonizing racking of the brains to invent some change, a motion is hastily prepared, and the proud draughtsman, who is all the while under the delightful delusion that he is a veritable constitutional Solon, proceeds to give due notice of his momentous intentions to a good natured but inattentive audience. At last comes the great and fateful night. By this time, there are six men really aware of the purpose and intent of the resolution. But what matter? The mover and a couple of his comrades in glory argue the rest of the Society into the belief that that resolution is the best thing that ever came before them. Or, perhaps, a couple of other members persuade the Society that it is the worst thing that ever came before them. And so, it is either adopted or thrown out—it may be a good thing and it may be a bad. White is made black and black is made white. Great are thy powers of persuasion, O constitutionalist!

Pilpay, the Sanskrit Æsop, gets the credit of a little fable which may not be out of place in this connection. A pious Brahmin, it is written, made a vow that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep, and on the appointed morning he went forth to buy one. There lived in his neighborhood three rogues who knew of his vow and determined to profit by it. The first met him and said, "O Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice." "It is for that very purpose," said the holy man, "that I came forth this day." Then the imposter opened a bag and brought out of it an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind. Thereon, the Brahmin cried out, "Wretch, who touchest things impure and utterest things untrue, callest thou that cur a sheep?" "Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece and of the sweetest flesh; O Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods." "Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must be blind."

Just then one of the accomplices came up. "Praised be the gods," said the second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?" When the Brahmin heard this his mind waved to and fro, like one swinging in the air at a holy festival. "Sir," said he to the newcomer, "take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur." "O Brahmin," said the newcomer, "thou art drunk or mad."

At this time the third confederate drew near. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I will stand by what he shall say." To this the others agreed; and the Brahmin called out, "O stranger, what dost thou call this beast?" "Surely, O Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep." Then the Brahmin said, "Surely the gods have taken away my senses," and

he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee, and offered it up to the gods, who, being wroth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.

No doubt there are others besides the pious Brahmin, who on some occasions have been argued into taking a worthless dog under the impression that they were getting a fine sheep.

* * * * *

We in the universities are too much inclined, perhaps, to exaggerate the importance of higher education as an agency in nineteenth century progress, and to belittle the rudimentary schooling with which the vast majority of people are and must be content. The statement has been made recently that, at the accession of Queen Victoria, 40 per cent. of the English people were unable to read and write, while now only 7 per cent. are in that condition. The statement is, of course, a measure of the gigantic work of the primary schools, not of the universities; and it would be interesting to know—if such a calculation were possible—just how much of the practical improvement in the conditions of life during the past sixty years is due to the general diffusion of elementary education, and just how much to the influence of colleges and such institutions of learning.

A GLANCE AT LAMPMAN.*

So much has been written and so much has been said about Canadian literature that some people are beginning to doubt the existence of such a thing. They feel that if there really existed a literature in Canada it would not require so much display and boom to make the fact apparent. And, indeed, there has been a great effort made to boom our literature, but like all booms, it has proven unsatisfactory and unprofitable, and now people are beginning to realize that to scream at one another that they have a literature is not going to give them one. I believe this state of self consciousness will never admit of literary freedom and activity, and is no proof whatever that we have or ever will have what America has been yearning for a century to possess, that is, a national literature.

It is true there are many promises of Canada's me day possessing a number of strong and healthy literary characters, but too much trust should not be placed in mere promises. In his "Victorian Poets," Stedman disposes of the Canadian contingent in about six lines, I believe, on one poet, and only one.

We cannot expect to see suddenly spring up like mushrooms a horde of Canadian writers and poets; it is enough to hope that our schools and universities may take advantage of the fresh, sturdy material they have to deal with, and turn out men fit for sound intellectual and literary work. It was little more than courtesy that prompted an American poet, when with us not long ago, to say there was something in this Canadian air of ours that made poets. Let our colleges and universities do their part and the Canadian air will do the rest. They should not leave all for the air to do.

There is one strong characteristic of the poets which Canada now has—that is, intense seriousness. They have not, perhaps unfortunately, any of the humor found in contemporary American versifiers; but they have an earnestness and a loftiness of ideal that is sadly lacking in American poetry. Mingled with this they have the freshness of a young race. It may be that this loftiness and

high endeavor is, as yet, a comparative failure; but the soul is there, and the technique is a thing that can be acquired. But where there is no soul, all the technique under the blue heaven is only a mockery.

Of the group of Canadian poets who have obtained a recognized standing, Roberts, Lampman, Carman, Campbell and Scott, probably Lampman is the most Canadian and at home the most popular. He is not as scholarly as Roberts, he has not the strong imaginative power of Campbell, nor the pleasing daintiness of Scott, but he is the strongest and healthiest poet of the group. He has an artist's eye and a poet's heart—the true nature poet. No one has written more happily of our seasons and our scenery, of the long, white, silent winter, of the warm, melodious, awakening spring; of the hot, parched Canadian summer-heat, with its dust and droughts, and of the reddening and yellowing leaves of autumn, that most sorrowful of all Canadian seasons, when summer wanes, and the birds flee away, and the rime comes on the fields, and once more snow and silence dwell on the barren, desolate, wintry earth.

I can easily understand why a God put man on His worlds. Without humanity the most beautiful world is an unreal dream; beauty exists only when man exists to call it beauty, and things are not what they are, but what we make them. Without thought nature is nothing; without emotion thought is nothing. That is an old, well-worn saying that in the world there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind, but its age and its repetition only intensify its truth.

The poet is he who sees. We say the poet's fancy, or imagination, or dreams, cast prismatic hues about what he sees, but, after all, this fancy is the essence of truth just as prismatic hues are the essences of white light, which we cannot see until the prism reveals them. In the same way as the prism, the poet acts on the truths he gives forth, showing that they have something more than their apparent elemental white light; that they, too, have their violet and blue and orange and red.

But Lampman sees nature in a peculiarly simple light. There is little of the transforming fancy in his word-painted scenes. They are more real than ideal. I do not in the least mean that Lampman is a realist—what poet could be one?—for after reading a poem like "The Frogs," in which a very realistic and common-place subject is idealistically treated, such a supposition becomes impossible. Indeed, the poet establishes a strong bond of sympathy between man and those dreamy pool-bubblers, the frogs.

Breathers of wisdom won without a quest,
Quaint, uncouth dreamers, voices high and strange,
Flutis of lan ls where beauty hath no change,
And wintry grief is a forgotten guest;
Sweet murmurers of everlasting rest,
For whom glad days have ever yet to run,
And moments are as atoms, and the sun
But ever sunken half way toward the west.

* * * * *

Morning and noon and midnight exquisitely
Wrapt with your voices, this alone we knew,
Cities might change and fall, and men might die.
Secure were we, content to dream with you,
That change and pain are shadows faint and fleet,
And dreams are real and life is only sweet.

Who ever thought there was so much poetry in such a thing as a frog, and after reading the poem who does not see latent charms in that little, neglected animal?

Lampman is a town man who likes to leave the fret and fever of the city and wander out into the quiet country, find a pleasant or a striking landscape, and then examine and absorb it. Having absorbed it, he carries the scene in his mind, and with that art of his he reproduces it; and it is in this wonderful reproduction that one is impressed with his power of delineation and strength of language. This is accurate and suggestive, graphic and impressive. None but a true artist could write the following lines; they are more than the work of a craftsman:

* "Among the Millet," Archibald Lampman. J. Durie & Son, Ottawa.

Beyond the dusky cornfields, toward the west,
 Dotted with farms beyond the shallow stream,
 Through drifts of elm with quiet peep and gleam,
 Curved white and slender as a lady's wrist,
 Faint and far off out of the autumn mist,
 Even as a pointed jewel softly set
 In clouds of color warmer, deeper yet,
 Crimson and gold, and rose, and amethyst,
 Toward dayset, where the journeying sun grown old
 Hangs lowly westward, darker now than gold,
 With the soft sun-touch of the yellowing bows
 Made lovelier, I see, with dreaming eyes,
 Even as a dream out of a dream, arise
 The bell-tongued city with its glorious towers.

But for the obtrusiveness of that lady's wrist, but for that little straining for a back-ground figure, the picture is a perfect one. What reader has not felt the power of the poem called "Heat"?

From plains that swell to southward, dim,
 The road runs by me white and bare,
 Up the steep hill it seems to swim
 Beyond, and melt into the glare.
 Upward half way, or it may be
 Nearer the summit, slowly steals
 A hay-cart, moving dustily
 With idly slacking wheels.

One can see that crawling hay-cart with the vividness of a picture; one can almost feel the quiver of the mid-summer heat, and smell the dry, hot dust.

By his cart's side the wagoner
 Is slouching slowly at his ease,
 Half-hidden in the windless blur
 Of white dust puffing at his knees.
 Th s wagon on the height above,
 From sky to sky on either hand,
 Is the sole thing that seems to move
 In all the heat-held land.

Very much in the same excellent style is "Among the Timothy," where

The cricket's creak, and through the noonday glow
 That crazy fiddler of the hot mid-year,
 The dry cicada plies his wiry bow
 In long-spun cadence, thin and dusty sere;
 From the green grass the small grasshoppers' din
 Spreads soft and silvery thin;
 And ever and anon a murmur steals
 Into mine ears of toil that moves away,
 The crackling rustle of the pitch-forked hay
 And lazy jerk of wheels.

To anyone who has been in the hay-field and has heard the "crackling rustle" of the dry hay, and the jerk of the moved-on wagon-wheels, the power of such words as Lampman's will appeal.

Lampman is a healthy child of nature, nursed by that broad, strong mother, the innocent earth. Happily he has none of the morbidness to be found only too readily in several young Canadians; grey children grown old in their youth. With Lampman the smiles were ever too near the lip for him to make his life discordant with his own words, when he said:

Poets speak of passion best
 When their dreams are undistressed,
 And the sweetest songs are sung
 Ere the inner heart is stung.

Emotion and melody seem mingled like sunlight and cloud in the sonnet on Music:

—calm and yearning undersong,
 Now swift and loud, tumultuously strong,
 And I in darkness sitting near to thee,
 Shall only hear and feel, but shall not see
 One hour made passionately bright with dreams,
 Keen glimpses of life's splendor, dashing gleams
 Of what we would, and what we cannot be.

Surely not painful ever, yet not glad,
 Shall such hours be to me, but blindly sweet,
 Sharp with all yearning and all fact at strife,
 Dreams that skim by with unremembered feet,
 And tones that like far distance make this life
 Spectral and wonderful and strangely sad.

There is so much that is good in Lampman; there is

so much that is worth quoting, that it is difficult to do him justice by tearing out a few tattered stanzas. But I must be content with one more quotation, a few lines termed "Aspiration."

Oh deep eyed brothers, was there ever here,
 Or is there now, or shall there sometime be,
 Harbor or any rest for such as we,
 Lone, thin-cheeked mariners, that aye must steer
 Our whispering barks with such keen hope and fear
 Toward misty bournes across that coastless sea,
 Whose winds are songs that ever gust and flee,
 Whose shores are dreams that tower but come not near.

Archibald Lampman is often spoken of as a young man to be measured by his promise more than by the greatness of his accomplishment, but it seems to me he has done his best work, and has risen to his greatest height. He has felt his limitations. But this accomplished work is so excellent, his art is so pure and chaste, that we cannot be but well satisfied with what our poet has given us. If he has still better work in store for us, it will be a surprise, but an agreeable and a welcome one. It would be foolish to expect anything more thoroughly Canadian, for Canada is hardly in a condition for poets to wax enthusiastically patriotic over just now; and while patriotism in itself is a good thing, the poet who loses himself in rapturous expressions of our national glory, could not be considered otherwise than very imaginative and very nonsensical, and he who thinks Canadian literature is anything more than the trans-frontier radiation of the central luminary, be it England or America, is likewise imaginative and nonsensical.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

TWO MAIDS.

Two maids as fair as maids can be,
 Fair maids, both blonde are they;
 But both coquettes and shallow souled,
 Dressed up in style to-day.

They paint sometimes when color fails,
 Delight in laces fine;
 Two maids, two ready mades are they,
 Those russet shoes of mine.

—Ex.

UNDONE!

I fastened her skates,
 And away we sped.
 'Tis the work of the fates.

There were numerous waits
 To adjust them; she said
 I fastened her skates.

If there's aught that she hates
 'Tis my asking to wed.
 'Tis the work of the fates.

But, "We are good mates,"
 Was the thought in my head,
 When I fastened her skates.

"Ere my fervor abates,
 We will fast knot *Love's thread*,
 'Tis the work of the fates."

She my suit deprecates,
 And now, since Hope's dead,
 'Tis the work of the fates
 I fastened her skates.

M.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the Corner of Yonge and College Streets, Oddfellows' Building, Room 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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MARCH 7, 1894.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



THEY were all there Friday night—the School of Science man and the Victoria man, the senior, the junior and the freshman, and the man from '96. What did they go for? Just to take a little constitutional. During the past year the Constitution has been shaken to its very foundation (did somebody say McKinnon?), and it required the united efforts of all its supporters to repair and strengthen it to withstand the insidious attacks to which it will undoubtedly be exposed during the following twelve months. Yet was it changed but little.

Fry arose and read off whole folios of amendments, and the Society listened spell-bound as he declaimed the rolling periods of Boulton and the incisive words of Brown. We were all glad when J. D. Webster entered the hall and sat on a freshman's hat. It seemed to break the spell. Mr. McLean's motion was carried, to his great joy and everlasting glory, for it was the only successful amendment of a non-routine character until the constitution of THE VARSITY was reached. Mr. Boulton then took the floor. He said that he would not make any statements, but that there were those who, if they chose to reveal what they knew, could mention facts which would indicate something of a pronounced odor in the state of Denmark. He (Mr. Boulton) would make no insinuations, but— The society, horror-stricken, bade him speak, and he breathed the awful word CORRUPTION. But instantly W. H. Moore was on his feet. He said that paying others' fees was not corrup-

tion, that when he was an ignorant freshman (an IGNORANT FRESHMAN—capitals, please,) he used to believe so in his simplicity, but he had gained wisdom long since, and now wished to see money go to the society rather than to the lordly cab driver and the haughty street-car conductor. J. H. Brown seemed hurt at these sentiments, and otherwise. Craig and G. B. Wilson also seemed to look at the matter in a different way. Davie Duncan defended Mr. Moore, and Mr. Moore then defended himself. The motion failed to get two thirds of the votes. Mr. Craig's first motion was also lost. In the course of the debate Mr. Shields insisted that he was not a flock of sheep, as he claimed some one had insinuated. His assurances to that effect were accepted. Craig's other motions seemed harmless, so the society let them pass. McKinnon then brought in his scheme for the disposal of our finances. As he mentioned the various sums to be set aside for various purposes, it seemed to us like a golden dream. But, alas, Gillis objected, and Barnum raised difficulties, and Duncan expressed doubts, and R. L. explained himself again, and Duncan expressed some more doubts. Then Lingelbach suddenly awoke when somebody mentioned VARSITY, and Lingel wanted to know what about VARSITY. McKinnon told him, but he seemed unsatisfied. Fry did too, so the society shook its head sadly and voted nay.

A desperate attack was now made on moral suasion, but Barnum and Gillis rushed to its defence and succeeded in preserving it intact. W. H. Moore's motion about the hours of voting on election day was carried, but the president was granted a respite from 7 to 8 p.m., in order that provision might be made for him, as somebody suggested. Thus was the constitution amended, and straightway many departed. Then did Lingel move the adoption of THE VARSITY's new constitution. He thought it would be a good constitution. Duncan, Fry, J. H. Brown, and Gillis thought so too. The Editor-in-Chief was given a seat on the Business Board. Gillis wanted Art. III., sec. 9, amended, as he considered it undignified for a student to accept money. Craig and Levy didn't agree with him on this point. Craig moved that 50 per cent. of any surplus go for improvements and the rest to the Business Board. This seemed good to the meeting. At the request of Mr. Johnson of Victoria, Art. III., sec. 3, was amended by changing "Arts" to "University College," and inserting the names of the societies instead of the institutions of learning therein mentioned. The new constitution, as amended, was adopted.

C. C. Stewart, the genial curator, here presented a voluminous document setting forth the periodicals, etc., which the VARSITY man will read when he can snatch a few moments between lectures. Some one wanted the society to cut off the American comic papers, and James strongly advocated the placing of the *Farmer's Advocate* on file; but the society frowned on both ideas. The House Committee's report closed with a vote of thanks to itself, which was supplemented by another from us. Since the new constitution of THE VARSITY was adopted, the nominating committee, appointed a week before, had nothing to do; so the society told them to do it before next week. They said they would. Gillis and J. D. Webster were appointed auditors, and then Lingelbach craved permission to give back half the amount advanced to THE VARSITY last term; also to lay aside \$50 for next year, and give the rest to the business board. The society kindly granted this request. There was no more business. We looked at each other, and then at the seats, erstwhile filled with two hundred stalwart voters, now, alas! empty and bare; and frightened at the impending solitude, we hastened forth.

Fizz.

—"A Handbook of Elizabethan Lyrics," by Prof. Felix E. Schelling, of the Department of English Literature, has gone to press and will be published in May, 1894.

THE FOURTH CHAIR IN THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. J. H. Cameron lectured to a large audience on "The Fourth Chair in the French Academy." In opening this interesting lecture, Mr. Cameron gave a description of the plan and purpose of this *Académie Française*. It was intended to preserve the language and literature of France, and to aid in so doing by the production of a dictionary, a grammar and a book on rhetoric. The grammar alone has been produced, and the *Académie* is still working away at this dictionary, the preparation of which was begun in the reign of Louis XIII. Mr. Cameron then sketched the history of this great institution from the 2nd of January, 1635, when charters were granted it by the government, to the latest change of note in the *Académie*, namely, the appointment of Pierre Loti to the fourth chair, which was made vacant by the death of Feuillet, in 1892. Then followed a description of the forty-first chair, an imaginary seat occupied by a long line of illustrious men, who were not fortunate enough to find a place in the *Académie*—among others, Descartes, Pascal, Diderot, Daudet. Mr. Cameron stated that of the forty seats in the *Académie*, the seventh, ninth and fourth were the most conspicuous in point of their occupants' celebrity. The literature of France for the past 250 years has caught its tone largely through the efforts of the writers who have occupied these three seats. And by no means the least conspicuous stands out the fourth chair. Beginning with Racine, a celebrated line of French litterateurs have filled this chair. The last occupant, Octave Feuillet, died in 1892, and Loti was elected to fill the vacant *fauteuil*. The lecturer proceeded to give a brief outline of Loti's life. "Loti was born in 1850, and since then the greatest event that has happened to him would seem to be his election to the French Academy." Notwithstanding that the greater part of his writings are subjective, we get little knowledge of Loti's life from the reading of his books. This subjective treatment is exceptional to the school of French writers which has dominated for the past few years, the school which "condemns every work in which we can trace the author."

Loti's first work appeared in 1879, and Frenchmen welcomed him as "the purveyor of sensations new and delicate," as Mr. Cameron styled it. This first book was *Aziade*, and though a very uneven production, and one which exhibits very serious faults, yet it showed that a man of unusual genius had begun to write, and his subsequent success has not belied this indication. Then followed a succession of volumes of more or less merit, but the three great works which won for Loti his fame are *Mon Frere Yvon*, *Le Pecheur d'Islande*, and *Matelot*—in all of which we have the poetry of the life at sea, for Pierre is first, last, and always a sailor, though indeed one of a very poetic turn. While sketching the contents of these three works Mr. Cameron indicated the points of strength and weakness in Loti's style, quoting freely from the first two of these works. For the first time, France has the romances of the sea. Sea-life—not only the *Zoe*, but the *Bios*, is depicted in Loti's writings. "It is the 'light of the setting suns'; it is the 'round ocean'; it is the 'living air and the blue sky'; but much more, it is in all this 'the mind of man' that holds us by its charm." There is nothing stereotyped in Loti. His sailors are men of flesh and blood. They are made up of the "brains of children 8 or 10 years old governing men's bodies." His scenes are sincere and simple, for he is the actual witness of them. It is owing to this fidelity to truth that the objection is taken to Loti's stories, that in them from one end to the other nothing ever happens. The only two exceptions are *Mon Frere Yvon* and *Le Pecheur d'Islande*. In the plots of these there is a slight development. Little can be said of his other works. "The Book of Pity and of Death" and others of his short

sketches are exquisite in their simple pathos. His last book, "Matelot," published a few months ago, is an excellent piece of work, a contrast to all that for six years preceded it. Like all his other works, it is a sea story. His range is so narrow that one wonders he does not exhaust it. "We must wait to see whether his song is sung out. Let us hope it is not." Why is Loti one of the most original of contemporary French writers; and why has he been elected to the Academy as the successor of the idealist Feuillet? Largely because he is intent upon the simple task of doing honestly and seriously what falls within his range. He says himself, "The true poets—in the largest and most general sense of the word—are born with two or three songs which they must sing at any cost, but which are always the same. What matter, indeed, if only they sing them each time with all their heart?"

THE CONSTITUTION OF "THE VARSITY."

The Constitution of the University of Toronto journal, as amended last Friday night, is as follows:

Article I.

1. The journal shall be called THE VARSITY, and shall be published weekly.
2. The subscription shall be \$1 per annum.

Article II.

1. On or before the last Friday in February of each year, the Literary and Scientific Society shall choose by ballot, if necessary, a nominating committee of not more than nine members to be nominated separately.
2. The duty of the nominating committee shall be to appoint, subject to the approval of the Society at the next meeting, the Society's representatives for the Editorial and Business Boards of THE VARSITY.
3. The Editorial Board shall be appointed according to the following schedule:
 - From the University College—Two representatives from the 3rd year and one from each of the 1st and 2nd.
 - From the Victoria Literary Society—One representative.
 - From the Medical Society—One representative from each school.
 - From the Engineering Society—One representative.
 - From the Women's Literary Society—One representative.

4. The Business Board shall consist of (a) two representatives from University College, to be chosen from the 1st and 3rd years respectively; (b) one from the Victoria Literary Society; (c) two from the Medical Society, one from each school; (d) one from the Engineering Society; (e) one from the Women's Literary Society.

Article III.

1. Within two weeks after their election the Editorial Board shall meet and appoint one of their number editor-in-chief, who shall act as Chairman of the Board and also sit and vote at the meetings of the Business Board.
2. The Editorial Board shall have full control of the literary part of the paper.
3. The representative of the 3rd year in the Faculty of Arts shall be the Chairman of Business Board and the Business Manager for the Arts Faculty.
4. The representative of the Old School in Medicine shall be the Business Manager for the Medical Faculty.
5. The Business Board shall appoint a secretary, who shall keep a record of all meetings and proceedings of the Board, and shall publish a financial statement of the business of the year in the second issue of the succeeding year. In October of every year the Board shall also draw up an itemized estimate of the probable receipts and expenditures of the current year, and the business representatives of each society shall submit this report to their respective societies by the 1st of November.

6. The Chairman of the Business Board shall have charge of all monies.

7. Vacancies in either of the Boards shall be filled by the society controlling the particular office.

8. The members of the Boards shall be directly responsible for the discharge of their duties to the respective societies which they represent.

9. Any surplus of funds after the setting apart of the sum of \$50 for the succeeding year, shall be disposed of as follows: (a) 25 per cent. to be devoted to the improvement of the paper; (b) 25 per cent. to be divided among the various societies in proportion to the number of paid subscribers from each; (c) 50 per cent. to be left at the disposal of the Business Board.

10. Any deficit shall be met by the different societies in the proportion of their representation on the Business Board.

EXCHANGES.

Cornell appears to be establishing a reputation for being foremost in innovations entailing most radical changes. The following clipping brings news of their latest departure from the recognized form of university government, a departure for which, it must be acknowledged, there is considerable show of reason: "The faculty at Cornell have decided to abolish final examinations, and the knowledge of the student will be decided by his daily recitations and the short examinations during the term."

The McMaster Monthly, commenting upon the letter lately written to *THE VARSITY* by "Caestus," says: "Some one writes in the last issue advocating the manly art of boxing. After the recent brutal exhibition between the great champions—a legitimate and certain outcome of this noble (?) art—surely the gentlemen of Toronto University have no time or place for this degrading pastime." To say that prize-fighting is a legitimate and certain outcome of boxing, is to take a very narrow and bigoted view of one of the many departments of true manly sport. The fact that a degenerating tendency exists among many of those who practice the manly art, does not justify University gentlemen in dropping it entirely and stigmatizing it as a "degrading pastime."

We clip the following from last week's issue of the *Sequoia*: "The *Sequoia* maintains its former grade of excellence. Its verse is equal if not superior to that found in most of our exchanges.—*Phoenix*." The insertion of such "puffs" in daily papers as a means of advertisement is a most natural proceeding, but we doubt whether it is good taste for a college journal to advertise its literary excellence.

DOLLY'S DILEMMA.

His name was David, but they called him Dolly. He was a shy and blameless youth with a splendid record at his Sunday-school, and a fringe of fluff along his upper lip. He had never been out much into society, as his dear mamma had a holy dread of his getting "gay." Now and then, certainly, he got off the maternal apron strings, and had a flare-up at the theatres and swell restaurants. He had even been known to bet on football and hockey matches.

The morning after his first ball he went to pay a duty call. He was shown up into a drawing room, where the daughter of the house was alone. She was a beautiful blonde, but she was a little tired out by the gaiety of the previous night, and frequently placed a lace *mouchoir*, saturated with toilet vinegar, to her finely chiselled brow. She begged Dolly to excuse her being so indisposed, and Dolly spluttered out some sort of an assurance that it didn't matter in the least. Then he tried to correct his speech. Of course, he didn't mean that it didn't—that is

to say---that---that---that---what he *really* meant to say, was—er —.

Then without any previous warning, her pretty nose began to bleed. Here was a golden opportunity! Dolly's domestic experience stood him in good stead. A more worldly young man than he would not have known what to do. But Dolly did. Ever ready for all such family emergencies, he rushed to the door, which was, of course, closed, grabbed the key, and, in less time than it takes to write it, *dropped it down Beauty's back*. At that moment steps were heard outside. Someone tried the door, and then began to knock. A cold perspiration started out upon his unmanly brow, as he realized that, in his hurry, he had locked the door, and that the drawing room was on the first floor! Of course, she couldn't give him back the key, because—because, er—well—er —. Wasn't it awkward, though?

F. D. W. '97.

HORACE: ODE XXII: BOOK I.

Fuscus, the man whose quiet heart
No conscious crimes molest,
Needs not the Moor's envenomed dart
To guard his guiltless breast!

Safe may he roam Gætulia's sands,
Virtue and peace his guides,
Or where the desert Garma stands,
Or famed Hydaspes glides.

Late, as I ranged the Sabine grove
Beyond my usual bounds,
And, void of care, I sang my love
In soft melodious sounds.

Sudden I met, without defence,
A wolf in fierceness bred,
But awed by peaceful innocence
The savage monster fled.

Not scorched Numidia's thirsty fields,
Where tawny lions feed,
Nor warlike Daunia's dreary wilds
So dire a monster breed.

Remove me far from cheerful day
To night and endless shades,
Where not a bright celestial ray
The awful gloom pervades;

Or place me near the solar blaze
Beneath the burning zone,
Where no refreshing breeze allays
The influence of the sun.

Still shall the memory of my love,
Her soft enchanting smile,
Her charming voice, my woes remove
And all my cares beguile.

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

The regular meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday afternoon, the president in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read, and, with a slight correction, approved. Some further discussion in regard to the class photo took place, but nothing definite was agreed to, and the end of the matter will doubtless be that, after great waste of time and discussion, the object will have to be abandoned. Mr. Beckett gave notice of a motion "That the Government be requested to establish a Teachers' Employment Bureau." The motion will be discussed on Friday next. Mr. W. B. Lane, B.A., was

appointed critic. The debate on the subject, "Resolved, that the School of Pedagogy should form part of the University system," followed a selection by the Glee Club and a violin solo by Mr. Wallace, B.A. Messrs. Myers and Stoddart supported the affirmative; Messrs. Taylor and Briggs the negative. Decision was given in favor of the affirmative. After a few pointed remarks by the critic and a chorus by the Glee Club, the meeting dispersed.

On Friday, March 9th, the programme of the Society will be "An Hour with Canadian Authors."

MERLIN.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE NOTES.

The Ontario mineral exhibit, which took such a high rank at the World's Fair, has arrived from Chicago and will be permanently located at the School of Science. The exhibit is a magnificent one and will prove a most valuable acquisition to the mineralogical department, taking in, as it does, every mineral produced by this province, and affording one an idea of the vast harvest still to be reaped by this Province of Ontario.

Excitement has been running high regarding a certain proposed amendment to the constitution of the Literary Society—an amendment, the carrying or rejection of which was of vital importance to the students of the School. Certain gentlemen of the Arts department strongly object to our existence as members of the Society. According to their ideas, the Science students are mugwumps, who never attend the Society meetings, sell their votes to both sides, and then don't vote. On Friday night the Science men turned out in force, prepared to submerge the Anti-Scientists. Something, however, evidently went wrong with the machinery of the Arts contingent, for the obnoxious motion was withdrawn, and the honor of the School of Science was vindicated.

Dr. Ellis has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and his genial countenance is again seen in the lecture-room.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in by Saturday night.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8.

Women's Glee Club Practice at 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9.

Literary Society.—Nomination Night—at 8 p.m.

Women's Literary Society.—Elections.

Glee Club Elections.—Room 9, at 4 p.m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10.

Public Lecture.—"Modern Painters," by Mr. Walker, at 3 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 11.

Y. M. C. A.—An Address to the Students in the Hall at 3 p.m.

Dr. Sheraton's Class at Wycliffe College at 3 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13.

Class '97, Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall at 8.30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14.

Engineering Society.—S.P.S. at 3 p.m.

Y. W. C. A. Meeting.—Y. M. C. A. Hall at 3 p.m.

—The *Dickinsonian* says: "Phil King is the significant name given to a dummy which furnishes practice in tackling to the U. of Pa. eleven." It evidently did not furnish them enough.

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

At a meeting of the Fencing Club, held last week, it was decided to give an exhibition of fencing and general gymnastics, in the gymnasium, on Thursday evening, March 15th. The boys are training hard to get into shape, and under the able leadership of Mr. Williams, the instructor, they expect to make a creditable showing. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the faculty, undergraduates and friends of the University, to take advantage of this opportunity to see the work that is being done in this branch of University training.

The individual bowling tournament, held a short time ago, was an unqualified success, and aroused an interest in the game which still continues unabated. The contest was arranged in four series, a competitor having to come out victorious in the first three series' work to gain a place in the finals. There were sixteen entries, and although no records were broken, the contests were keen and close. The final struggle was between Scott, '96, and Hendry, '95, each of these having won three sets. After a close game, the sophomore won, thus gaining the title of College champion. The result of the tournament was quite unexpected, Mr. Scott having only lately taken up bowling, but although young in the game, he has an old head, and plays with a determination and coolness before which both pins and opponents bite the dust.

BASE BALL CLUB.

The annual meeting of the University Base Ball Club was held last week, with Mr. H. E. Sampson in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, W. H. Pease, together with a report of last season's work. A discussion then took place on the probable material for a team for the coming season, the prospects appearing good for a first class team. The prospects of a city league were discussed, the matter finally being left to the captain, J. P. Fitzgerald. A letter was read from A. N. Garret, last year's manager, in which he stated that he would be unable to act in that capacity this season. Letters were received from Cornell and Michigan universities asking for dates for games. Their offers were, however, respectfully declined, as they demanded as guarantees \$250. Officers were elected as follows: Honorary president, A. N. Garrett; president, J. B. Peat; 1st vice-president, J. W. McIntosh; 2nd vice-president, R. H. Somers; secretary-treasurer, A. R. Hamilton; captain, J. P. Fitzgerald; curator, A. E. McCosh. Committee—W. H. Knox, D. M. Duncan, W. W. Nichol, F. H. Rose, S. J. Westman, A. G. Jackson, F. D. Woodworth, W. K. Stewart. Captain Fitzgerald reported that the proposed intercollegiate league would not likely be formed, as he had not heard from Niagara or Buffalo on the subject.

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To those favoring us with MAIL ORDERS we refund money in full should our selection not prove satisfactory.

MORTAR BOARDS.

Plug, plug, plug.
And now for elections!

This issue is in charge of Mr. J. A. Tucker.

The exam. fever is epidemic, and everybody is "settling down in earnest," but the treasurer of the Lit. suggests that it would be more appropriate if they were first to "settle up in cash."

The Women's Glee Club held their annual meeting last Thursday to elect officers for the coming year. We understand the choice was as follows:—President, Miss M. C. McGregor, '95, by acclamation; vice-president, Miss A. Rosebrugh, '95; secretary, Miss J. Dowd, '95, by acclamation; treasurer, Miss Tucker, '96; curator, Miss A. Kerr, '95; accompanist, Miss M. Bowes, '95.

At the last meeting of the Modern Language Club for the year, held on Monday, Feb. 26th, the following officers were elected for '94-'95:—Honorary president, Dr. Needler; president, Mr. W. A. Braun, '95; first vice-president, Mr. Riordan, '96; second vice-president, Miss Bowes, '95; recording secretary, Mr. McHutchion, '96; treasurer, Mr. Delury, '97; corresponding secretary, Mr. J. L. Murray, '95; assistant treasurer, Miss Shaw, '96; second year representative, Miss McMichael.

The public meeting of the Classical Association held on Wednesday was only moderately well attended. Dr. Bell, of Victoria College, read a very fine account of the "Early Roman Religion." Everybody was delighted with his masterly handling of the subject. Mr. Carruthers, after some humorous introductory remarks, settled down to a paper on "The Points of Similarity between Plato's 'Republic' and Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King.'" His comparison of the greatest prose work of antiquity with the greatest poem of the 19th century, proved very interesting indeed. After this programme J. H. Brown moved that a committee be appointed to arrange for a reproduction of Antigone for the benefit of the poor in Toronto, if circumstances should be favorable. The motion was carried and the meeting adjourned.

The open meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held on Friday, March 2nd, at 4 p.m., in room 16. President Loudon occupied the chair, and introduced the lecturer, W. J. Loudon, B.A., who for a time, which proved only too short, delighted his audience with a talk on "Optical Illusions." He took up first the common illusions of every day experience, such as the apparent magnification of the moon at the horizon, giving an ingenious explanation of this, the changes of

color produced by rotating discs, and many others. These were followed with practical illustrations of his subject, projected on the screen, of curious arrangements of lines, revolving circles, etc., too numerous to notice in detail, but all combining to make the lecture one of the greatest interest. The attendance was phenomenally large, the room being crowded to its utmost, a few even being turned away from the doors.

On Friday last week a meeting of the Glee Club was held for the purpose of nominating the officers for the coming year. Some changes were made in the constitution, the number of councillors on the committee being reduced from eight to four. A committee was formed to revise the constitution. Nominations were then proceeded with. Mr. A. L. MacAllister was elected honorary president by acclamation, Mr. Blythe having withdrawn his name on the ground that he would not be in town next year. Mr. Merkley was unanimously elected secretary, and Messrs. Scott and McConnell pianists. The following gentlemen stand for office: President, E. Gillis, J. Fielding, W. Carroll; treasurer, W. R. White, W. S. Mackay, J. L. Murray; curator, A. M. Ivey, R. N. Merritt; 4th year councillor, J. L. Murray, J. Fielding; 3rd year councillor, J. G. Gibson, C. MacPherson; 2nd year councillor, C. Campbell, F. C. Young, G. Hunter, W. D. Lore. The annual meeting will be held Friday, March 10th, when reports will be read and elections take place.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The nominations for the Women's Literary Society took place on Friday, and are as follows:

PRESIDENT.

Miss Street by Miss Fraser.—Acclamation.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

Miss Hillock by Miss White.

Miss Cowan by Miss de Beauregard.

Miss Burns by Miss Rowsom.

FOURTH YEAR COUNCILLOR.

Miss Rowsom by Miss Dowd.

Miss E. Darling by Miss Cawthorpe.

Miss Rosebrugh by Miss Burns.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

Miss Graham by Miss Hillock.

Miss Tucker by Miss Weir.

Miss Georgie Cowan by Miss Kerr.

Miss Wickham by Miss Harding.

THIRD YEAR COUNCILLOR.

Miss Cawthorpe by Miss Tucker.

Miss Coombe by Miss Fraser.

Miss White by Miss Skinner.

Miss Eastwood by Miss Street.

Miss Riddell by Miss Dingle.

CURATOR.

Miss Laird by Miss Hillock.

Miss Wanless by Miss de Beauregard.

Miss Rutherford by Miss White.

J. O. WHITE,

Corres.-Sec.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Last Sabbath's meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was addressed by Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Q.C. His remarks were very impressive and were based on Heb. ii. 1-3.

Henceforth the Sabbath afternoon meeting will assume the form of a prayer meeting. This meeting will be held at the usual time in the Y.M.C.A. parlors.

The delegates have returned from Detroit and report a most successful convention. Over 1,300 delegates were in attendance, and of the 120 who went from Toronto, 24 were from Varsity. Reports are expected from some of the delegates at next Thursday's meeting of the Y.M.C.A.

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The University

VOL. XIII. No. 19

Toronto University

Toronto, March 14th, 1894.

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PRICE, 5 Cents.

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1894.

No. 19.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Since, according to President Loudon, it is essentially true that the University of Toronto is financially a Government institution, it might be a point of interest to know why the Government does not support it. In spite of all that has been said by the jealous, and of all that has been done by the friendly, it is obvious that at this moment the University of Toronto is stricken with poverty, hampered in its usefulness, marred in its influence by the crippling absence of money: and what immensely aggravates the difficulty is simply this, that private purses are shut for it, through the prevailing idea that the bag of the Province is open. Yale and Harvard and McGill receive large donations from the wealthy; but no citizen feels disposed to exercise his liberality on an institution generally believed to derive its funds from Government grants. The Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, and a few individuals have done such things, but from the comparative standpoint, the University has derived little, indeed, from private benefaction.

As a consequence of this condition of affairs, the management have to face an awkward dilemma. If they appeal to Sir Oliver, it is soon made plain that the institution is not supported by Government. If they appeal to individuals, they are met with the answer that it is supported by Government. They are therefore forced to content themselves with a few dry crumbs from the Province, and a few lean scraps from its citizens. In the meantime the flourishing condition of the Provincial University is offered by Government as an argument to the educated, and the pittance granted it as a reassurance to the heavily taxed masses, and the millionaires, consoled by the reflection that there is nothing for them to do, are quite content to do nothing.

So when the meagre salaries doled out to instructors have been eclipsed by offers from Harvard and Princeton and Stanford, one after the other the stars of the faculty depart, and it is highly doubtful whether the really superior men who still remain to lift the place above mediocrity would have stayed so long but for the powerful ties of birth and kindred, of friendship, rivalry and enmity.

So, again, for years and years the pent-up physical energy of five hundred young men, denied a gymnasium by authority, bursts forth in hazings and hustlings and general smashing of furniture, fences, and sheds.

So, again, the young women of the University, denied a residence, are quartered out on a hostile population, and after an effort of three years duration have succeeded in scraping together only one-sixth of the sum required for a necessary and comfortable home.

So, finally, the decrepit sidewalk leading to the main entrance of the structure, gapes in many places for many years, and is finally repaired, according to common notion, out of fines collected from the impoverished students, who, in defiance of law, presumed to demolish a rickety bunk which had long been noticed by visitors as a singularly disgraceful eyesore to an unusually handsome edifice, but which, as the President and Council forcibly contended, the College could ill afford to lose. No surer proof could have been furnished to the minds of the students at the time of the poverty of this magnificently supported Government institution, this lofty seat of Science, this lovely home of Art, this Canadian Oxford, with its Deans and Fellows, with its Janitors, Beadles Principal, Beadles Assistant, and faithful Abyssinian lacquey to guard the overcoats and scrub the floors; this Parnassian academy, which gives Saturday lectures on Rome, and Pascal and Michael Angelo, which, before the *elite* of British North America and in the moving presence of vice-royalty, successfully reproduces Sophocles' *Antigone*; no surer proof could have been furnished from the students' standpoint of the poverty of this mighty establishment than the tremendous and interminable fuss made by its guardians over the destruction of a decaying tool-house, which a self-respecting dog would hardly deign to enter.

If this University is a Government institution, let the Premier support it as it ought to be supported; let him bestow upon it some of that surplus of which he talks so much, and, as far as the University is concerned, of which he shows so little. If it is not worth his while to keep the place above beggary, if he is afraid that by erecting a solid and healthy residence for the daughters of Ontario, that by supplying a sufficient sum to retain distinguished talent and afford an opening for rising merit, that by placing the faculty of medicine and the faculty of arts on such an independent foundation as to prevent the respective supporters of those bodies from again attempting to cut each others' throats, if he is afraid of losing popularity by such a liberal policy, let him declare it, and let the University, appearing no longer as a creature of Government, obtain that bounty of the people from which a miserable coalition with political authority at present so surely debars it. Such an event indeed might be fraught with some disadvantages; there might be fewer structures erected like the School of Science, rivalling in architectural beauty the Athenian Parthenon; there might perhaps be fewer instances of the contemptible vice of nepotism; there might be some possibility of retaining in their fame able educationists who had come here in their obscurity; there might be a post-graduate course; there might be a Students' Union, a Women's Residence, and even a residence for more than

one-tenth of the men. These disadvantages might result from this event, but a great, rich, œcumenical institution could assuredly stand them.

A CLASSICAL DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

Now that the custom of giving an annual *conversazione* has passed away, now that the *esprit de corps* of the students finds no inspiring aid, now when the class of '94 are about to found a scholarship, there is ample room for an annual drama, and there is ample room for a Classical Dramatic Association. Several ancient dramas could easily be used to furnish a pleasing variety, and there is abundant proof that at ordinary prices full and paying patronage would await them. Going on from year to year, the expenses of each presentation would be immensely lessened, and it can easily be seen that a surplus ought to remain. To carry out this feasible enterprise, is it rash to propose a Classical Dramatic Association on true business principles and with a definite object in view? To present annually a classical drama and to endow from the proceeds, firstly, the McCaul medal fund, and secondly, a valuable fellowship in classics, either at home or abroad, to say nothing of various subsidies to existing and contemplated institutions here? The excellent opportunity for such an annual event, its solid material advantage, its great educational value, are sufficient arguments for at least a patient hearing of the case. Schemes far more chimerical than this have developed into solid realities, and the consolidation of the dramatic tendencies seen in the intermittent classical revivals of the day, is in full harmony with the spirit of the age. The Greek drama possesses sufficient intrinsic merit always to have fascination for the world. It is idle to speak of loss of novelty. That true proportion, that beautiful simplicity, that lovely grace, embodied in all Greek art, constitutes an enduring novelty, and effectually prevents the possibility of its growing old. *ὁ τι καλὸν φίλον ἀεί.* Nor in the interest of culture, could its friends employ a more expedient or nobler means to diffuse it among the people.

A GLANCE AT GLADSTONE.

The *Court Chronicle* contained one day last week the simple announcement that the Queen had accepted Mr. Gladstone's resignation, and thus quietly the greatest figure of the English day takes his final exit from the stage of statesmanship. He has long outlasted all his contemporaries, and has passed from the leadership of his own generation to the leadership of the next. Even so far back as 1875, when after defeat he resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, he pleaded old age for an excuse. Nineteen years later, his mind and abilities as vigorous as then, he again has to plead old age, but now his senses are refusing their functions, and his body is sadly weak. The man who has given his life time to the service of the Empire, of England and of Ireland, now craves a space of rest to die, while the weakening breath and slowing pulse tell of the old age that almost perceptibly lulls him to his long sleep. Yet may we well ask, what manner of man is this, who at 84 leaves a banquet and walks home, braving the chills and dangers of a March wind? He comes of a long-lived race, and he has inherited their sturdy old age. His entire life has been spent in the House of Commons; it was at an unusually early age he entered, and save for some odd months, and during the period from 74-80 when he had resigned his leadership, he has been actively engaged

there. He was a Tory, born in that rigid school, and nourished on traditions of conservatism. Yet, his last speech as leader in the Commons was an attack upon the House of Lords, which has been interpreted as meaning war. Gladstone distinctly avowed that the Upper House must be bettered or abolished. The accepted doctrine has been that the Lords must yield to the nation's determination; the new idea is that they must yield to the Commons' determination. It was unfortunate that Gladstone, just about to resign, should have taken this unnecessary step, but we cannot blame him. Knowing his years were numbered, he had waited with an agony of suspense for the time when he could carry Home Rule, and he had seen the Lords defeat his project. He must have known that, for him, this ended that measure, yet in dignity he remained silent. Now the Lords would, in the excess of a new found power, which they had forgotten almost, amend considerably another measure of importance. Gladstone can not be blamed; it is kinder and truer to commend his whole attitude to them, for more than once has his patience been tried sorely by the checks they have placed upon reforms. Can Gladstone, then, be accused of inconsistency? Of late such taunts have been hurled at him; not that inconsistency is necessarily a fault, but he has been branded as bending to every wind, and of truckling to every turn of popular favor. Can a stream, then, that flows down to the sea be accused of inconsistency? For, from strong Tory, Gladstone's life has been a gradual long change to advanced liberal conceptions, and if of late years his advance, still onward, has been more rapid, it is but the sure swift flow of the river, as compared to the lagging of the brook among level meadows. For his is one of those minds which do not rest. Some zealous Reformers, when such measures as they advocate are secured, rest there, and, thinking all needful good accomplished, drift behind the advancing thought of their age, and become the Conservatives of the next. Such a man was Bright. But another class, perhaps less speculative but more utilitarian, grasp the reforms needed at the moment, and these accomplished, push on to other reforms, the urgency of which only then becomes apparent. And of this class is Gladstone.

It is almost idle now to recall that cold December morning in '52, when Derby's Government was defeated in the Commons by an adverse vote of 19. But it was then that Gladstone made his first great speech. Disraeli had spoken until two in the morning, with all the bitterness and all the freedom of despair. It was no easy task, at any time, to impress the House when following Disraeli; the task was even more difficult under such circumstances. But Gladstone held the attention of the House until four o'clock, and when he sat down it was conceded he had outmastered the master. From then until '76, Parliamentary history is a duel between those two great leaders; in that year Disraeli became Lord Beaconsfield, while Gladstone was practically in retirement. In '52, when Derby resigned, Aberdeen formed a coalition ministry, and Gladstone accepted the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a moderate Tory. Long after, Lord Derby offered him a seat in a Conservative Cabinet.

It would seem now that the day when eloquence can stir the legislators of England as formerly, is past. In these days of diffused knowledge, of dailies and of publications of all sorts, it is the cold reasoning of facts and figures that decides a matter. Public men have their minds made up in advance; it is logic and not passion that controls. So we find that the later speeches of Gladstone differ from the earlier. His first budget speeches, masterpieces of detail, and singularly lucid though they were, yet were ornamented with certain figures of eloquence. Invariably they closed with some more or less elaborate peroration. His oratory was exuberant; words flowed without effort, his sentences were involved, but always finished and perfect. Latterly his speeches have

been clear, lucid expositions of principle and detail, but calm and dispassionate. He looks at the question from every side of view and thoroughly analyzes it. His speech, read as a whole, has always a wonderful completeness and symmetry.

In '68, Gladstone first became Premier. It was then, too, that he first began to grapple with the Irish Question. His opinions had advanced considerably from the time when he wrote that he "would give the Irish a Protestant Church whether they like it or not." He now proceeded to disestablish the Irish Church. He went on to deal with the great question of land tenures in Ireland, to make the condition of the tenant equitable, to restrain the power of the landlord. And the great problem of Irish education was to be solved, too. But his bill for this purpose failed to please. It suited neither Catholics nor Protestants. On a division, the Government was defeated by a majority of three, and Mr. Disraeli was again called to the head of affairs. But he refused the post, and reluctantly, Gladstone had to continue in office. This was in '73; early in '74 Gladstone dissolved the House, and the country went overwhelmingly Conservative. Gladstone astonished everyone by his almost immediate retirement from politics, and until '80 Lord Hartington led the Liberal party. But during those six years rule of Liberalism let us see what had been done. Party politics often cause matters to take a peculiar course in England. It would almost seem that the party of reform comes into power at intervals, carries its measures, and that then the country settles down until another epoch of progress is needful. The six years of Gladstone's ministry had certainly been an epoch of progress. Besides the two Irish Bills carried, there were others as important. The National Education Bill, the Ballot Bill, the University Tests Bills, opening the way for Oxford and Cambridge to abolish all restrictions on account of the students' belief; a Trades Union Bill; and the Abolition of Purchase in the Army. This last is well known as the case in which, by making an unexpected and bold use of the prerogative, Gladstone nullified the opposition of the Lords, who had delayed his bill. But of course he was secure in the unity of the nation behind him.

From '80-'86 politics were unsettled; both parties had terms of office. Then we come to the last, the largest and the most decisive step in all his career. Gladstone adopted the policy of Home Rule, split the Liberal party, and in effect voluntarily resigned power for six long years. At that time few hoped to see him again occupy the position of first Minister; but for six years he waited, while slowly public opinion was changing. Then in '92 the general elections gave Gladstone a majority of 40. He was again called on to form a cabinet, and he passed a bill for Irish Home Rule through the Lower House. There can be no doubt that by Gladstone's firm attitude in '86 the solution of the Irish question—whatever it may ultimately be—was made far more possible, and the subject was forced on the attention of England in a way that it would never have been otherwise. Nor should there be any reasonable doubt that, considering Gladstone's long and earnest study of Ireland's need and his hearty sympathy with Ireland, but that the necessity of Home Rule was forced upon his convictions by its steady advance. Throughout his life he has been forced to break with old allies, and moving forward himself, is now found in the strange position of being connected with the Irish Home Rulers, and opposed to former Liberals like Goschen, and former Radicals like Chamberlain. The undercurrents and sidecurrents and eddies of politics are many and diverse, and those unfamiliar with them can not at all trace their combined influence or course. But when a life has been so steadily one of advance as has Gladstone's, it is necessary to refuse to believe that those hidden currents have made him their play, and resolve to hold that he is as honest and true as he appears by his words and by his actions.

C. A. Moss.

TO MARCH.

Thou hast perplexed the poet's careful mind.
The chosen epithets he had put by
For thee, fantastically misapply;
He wrote thee rude, and thou art proving kind;
He rhymed to bitter—restless—storm—and wind,
And thou art fair and gentle, with thy sky
So full of sunlight that the poet's eye
Can neither any frown nor failing find.

O tranquil March, more powerful art thou
In this new mood than thou wert wont to be.
And in my heart thou dost inspire now
With thy warm breath a wish to be like thee,
And always wear the sun upon my brow,
Perplexing whomsoe'er, but clearing me.

EVELYN DURAND.

OBITER LECTA.

Sophocles is said to have written upwards of 100 plays, of which only seven survive.

* * * * *

The eminence of Edward Blake as a Privy Council pleader naturally recalls the remarkable reputation and career of Benjamin. He was a member of the Confederate Cabinet of Jeff. Davis, and when the Southern cause expired at Appomattox, succeeded in escaping in an open boat to Cuba. Thence he made his way to England, and though past the prime of life rapidly rose to the leadership of the English bar. His income was about one hundred thousand dollars per annum. Blake, however, is his superior. His argument on the boundary dispute Lord Chancellor Herschel pronounced the most masterly effort ever made before the Judicial Committee.

* * * * *

Ruskin's famous criticism on one of Whistler's paintings will not soon be forgotten. "I have seen such a thing as impudence before, but it would be hard to match the effrontery of the coxcomb who thus dares to throw a pot of paint in the face of the public." The plaintiff obtained a verdict for one farthing.

* * * * *

The ironical wit of Randolph achieved a remarkable triumph on the following occasion: Having abused a rival editor, the latter walked thirty miles to Randolph's town, grimly resolved to thrash that scion of Pocohontas. Meeting him in the main street, the infuriated scribe, blocking the path, ejaculated, "I never get out of the way for a scoundrel." "I always do," Randolph observed as he walked around and past his foe. The latter returned and told the story.

* * * * *

Of the 800 graduates of Vassar eight are unmarried farmers.

* * * * *

Robert Hall, the famous preacher, occasionally went out of his mind. His physician told him he was too lonely, and prescribed the use of tobacco as a companion. Some time after Hall again became insane. Thereupon he was ordered immediately to marry. The great minister, after carefully scanning his congregation, one day called on one of the ladies. He announced that he was about to marry, that he wished to marry her cook, and that he intended to propose in the kitchen. Robert Hall married the girl, and never afterwards lost his head.

* * * * *

In the early days of Yale College, and until 1776, the names of the graduates were arranged not alphabetically, but in the order of the social rank of the family to which they belonged.

The Varsity.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance.

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the Corner of Yonge and College Streets, Oddfellows' Building, Room 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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MARCH 14, 1894

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



NOMINATION night has come and gone; election night has not come, nor will it go. This is sad news to many, for some of us have never yet feasted our eyes upon the spectacle of an election contest, and many thought that despite the close resemblance between the parties whose statements have been in the eyes of all men for a week past, there would still be found some issue on which they would agree to differ. But the fates willed it not so, and we must needs wait till Time, the hoary scene-shifter, lowers another painted canvas and displays to us for a brief space another of those nights, to students most dear, when strong men strive for mastery, and vestments are rent in sunder.

There has been much talk around Varsity during the past week. Some held with Proverbs, that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold." Few cared to dispute this position. All agreed with Wolsey's statement that "corruption wins not more than honesty," but there was marked difference of opinion as to what is corruption. Altogether the situation became much involved.

Just after the president took the chair a most alarming circumstance happened. A dozen sturdy desperadoes entered the hall and coolly took their seats on the last row of benches at the back. These menacing visitors were about ten years of age, and might well terrify the trembling members of the Society. But when these looked up and saw Fry sitting unmoved by the din below him, they

plucked up courage and turned on their assailants with a loud shout. The heroic rush, reinforced as it was by the loud war-cry, was successful. The hostile guests began a retreat, which soon was changed into a disorderly rout, and the Society once more breathed freely and permitted business to go on. Scarcely had the secretary concluded the last word of the carefully compiled minutes, when Mr. W. A. Kirkwood objected to them, and wished to re-open the subject of Mr. Boulton's motion on constitution night. Messrs. Levy and Moss instantly objected, and the president considered the objection well taken. J. H. Brown didn't, and he proceeded to explain why. But the rule forbidding discussion on a point of order was ruthlessly enforced, and his explanation had to be deferred. S. J. McLean strove to catch the president's eye, but failed, and as the minutes were approved he sank back into his seat. The report of the nominating committee was here laid on the table by Mr. Brown. The committee had decided on certain persons as fit and proper editors of VARSITY. Messrs. Tucker and Montgomery will represent '95, Mr. W. P. Reeve was appointed from the incoming third year, and Mr. H. J. Hewish from '97. Mr. Ed. Gillis was made chief business manager, and he will be assisted by an able representative from the first year in the person of Mr. E. C. Dingman. The auditors' report showed that we had considerable cash on hand, but when some debts were paid, we wouldn't have such a large surplus as one might rashly conclude—in fact seventeen dollars is the amount left.

A subject was then mooted which affects us all deeply—at least J. D. Webster and G. H. Levy said it ought to—that is, the quality of the entertainment supplied to us on election night. Do not for a moment imagine that this motion was aimed at the Br—te F—rce committee—not at all; the entertainment referred to was that provided at the back of the hall. It was urged on the General Committee to secure if possible the services of Henry Irving, Paderewski, and Mr. Gladstone, in order that the concert may be first-class in every respect, and the evening may be spent pleasantly. Mr. Craig then mounted the platform and stated his approval of an idea expressed during the week. Everybody listened eagerly to hear what this idea was; it proved to be government aid to the Gym. He wanted a committee appointed to interview the Cabinet on the subject, to impress upon them that their positions depended to a large extent on us; to hint darkly that certain votes by the coming election might possibly be influenced by this decision; and by other veiled threats of like kind to convey the general idea that their official lives hang upon a mere thread. Mr. J. D. Webster agreed with Mr. Craig and became his second accordingly. It was decreed that the committee should be, and that Messrs. Gillis, Levy, Webster, Moss, Boulton and Craig should form it.

The appointed time had now come. The president announced that it was in order to name a person to preside over the work of the Society during the coming year. Amid deafening applause Messrs. Levy and G. B. Wilson named Mr. C. A. Stuart as a suitable person, as one who had filled the office of president with grace and dignity, and who had in every way merited the deepest gratitude for his efforts in behalf of the Society. Mr. Stuart, while thanking the members of the Society for their kindness, declined the nomination. He was given three hearty cheers and an especially ferocious "tiger" as he took his seat. Mr. J. M. Clark was then nominated by Messrs. Webster and Brown, and Mr. Jones by Messrs. Ferguson and Cooper. The latter nomination was afterwards withdrawn, and Mr. Clark, who is one of our most brilliant and popular graduates, was declared elected by acclamation. Mr. J. H. Brown then placed in nomination Mr. O. E. Culbert for the first vice-presidency. In doing so Mr. Brown made an exceedingly clever speech in defence of his party's position and principles. Mr. W. H. Moore then rose to

name a candidate. His speech was little inferior to Mr. Brown's, and in fact both were most clear and logical statements of the speakers' tenets. In conclusion, Mr. Moore entered Mr. Campbell MacMurchy as a candidate. Mr. MacMurchy withdrew and Mr. Culbert was declared elected. The applause with which this announcement was greeted showed the esteem in which Mr. Culbert is deservedly held. The nominations were as follows:—

President.—J. M. Clark, by J. D. Webster.

1st Vice-President.—O. E. Culbert, by J. H. Brown.

2nd Vice-President.—F. McCutchen, by S. D. McLean.

3rd Vice-President.—H. S. Boulton, by J. Montgomery.

Recording Secretary.—J. S. Murray, by J. B. Wilson.

Treasurer.—J. S. McLean, by B. A. C. Craig.

Curator.—R. S. McKinnon, by J. H. Brown.

Cor. Secretary.—J. S. Dobie, by J. Chalmers.

Histor. Secretary.—W. T. F. Tamblyn, by T. A. Hunt.

Secretary of Committees.—W. T. Gilroy, by T. W.

Allen.

4th Year Councillor.—C. P. Megan, by S. J. McLean.

3rd Year Councillor.—J. E. Allison, by J. T. Blyth.

2nd Year Councillor.—F. Simpson, by J. A. Tucker.

S. P. S. Councillors.—G. Brebner, by R. Ballantyne

J. Forward, by A. E. Bergey.

Then followed periods of shouting and congratulations over offices got, and regrets that there was to be no election. Then wended we our homeward way, disturbing the residents with shouts as we passed, or treading on hasty wayfarers in our pre-occupation.

Fizz.

AN IDYL.

Eros of the flying mists!

Come to me, and listen!

Songs I sing of ancient times,

Songs of long-forgotten rhymes,

Songs of sunny southern climes

Where the sunbeams glisten.

Eros, tune my lyre for me,

Low and softly ringing,

Sighing ever dreamily

To the rippling of the sea,

All harmonious let it be

To the songs I'm singing.

Eros, lie thou at my side,

All the night time dreaming,

Whispering rhapsodies divine,

By the ocean's breaking;

O'er the rocks the dashing brine

White-capped waves is making,

While the moonlight's on thee streaming

All the magic eventide.

—Ex.

A SKETCH OF A COMMON MAN.

When Palgrave stepped from the car out upon the platform of the great dismal station, there were snow flakes in the air, and the December wind was blowing coldly from the north east, bringing with it huge tattered snow-clouds whose rugged borders were still golden with the western sunlight. But through the dreariness and the chilliness of the winter twilight came wafts of merry laughter and the broken cheering of many voices. The noise seemed so incongruous in the gloomy station that Palgrave ceased whistling to himself an old opera air very much out of tune, and glanced towards the group of young people chattering, laughing, and gesticulating on the platform. Then he saw it was a wedding party. He stood in the partial shelter of a baggage truck and watched them. They were young and stylish girls, and well-dressed men,

and in the centre of the group stood the bride and groom, both flushed and happy, and receiving repeated little showers of rice with perfect magnanimity and patience. Around them crowded the stylish-looking women, joking and chattering as if their careless little hearts were full of love and joy, instead of envy and lonesomeness. When the engine gave a warning whistle that it was about to start, the whole party rushed towards the Pullman, and Palgrave could not repress a smile when he saw the stately groom with an old boot pinned to his coat-tail. But the smile faded when he turned and walked away to see about his luggage. The laughter, and the light talk, and the flowers, and the pretty women caused the shadow of a sorrow to steal into his heart; but why, he did not know. It had in some way taken the pleasure out of his home-coming. It made him feel lonely.

But when he stepped into a hansom and was whirling through the city streets, new thoughts came into his mind. He thought of how long he had been away, a little more than three years. He thought what three long years of struggle and hardship they had been; how his whole life had changed in them; then he thought of home, and of Vivien, his sister; and of Margaret Arbuthnott, the woman he had loved long ago, during what now seemed his far-away city life. He looked out of the misty window, and under the pale gleam of the electric lights he saw carriages and sleighs passing through the streets, and in many of them were sweet, dainty faces, that caused a pang of strange sorrow, a momentary feeling that for three years he had missed a great something in life; for a moment his three years of struggle and money-making in the rough West seemed three years of mere animal brutality. But the feeling lasted only for a moment, and then an indefinite sense of the nobility of accomplishment rushed in upon it, and a great yearning for a taste of the sweeter portions of life came into his thoughts. He leaned back on the cushions and closed his eyes, and let the deep, full knowledge of a great aim accomplished, of three years' strenuous, unceasing labor, take possession of his mind. He had set out to make money; and he had made it—at what loss, he said, he neither knew nor cared. He had put a life-time of labor in three years, and now he was home to rest after his toil. He wondered in a careless way if Harold Arbuthnott, the man he had put in his place at the mines, would stick to the work. He said not, to himself, but for the sake of the man's sister he hoped that his fears might prove false. Then memories of that man's sister came flooding back to him; how long ago they were lovers; how she had thrown him over when his father had failed, and he had been forced to leave college; how Van Rensalleur, the young, wealthy New Yorker, had in turn played at love with her, and how, after finding him out, she became a silent, pale woman, with a sorrow in her life. Then he, Palgrave, had gone out West, and since then he had never seen her. But he was one of those men who can only love once, and he clung tenaciously, desperately to the phantom of that old love. And during that homeward drive he kept wondering if she would be much changed.

As he looked out from the dim window of his hansom, the strangeness of the city life seemed to grow upon him. The flow of humanity, the strange gleam of electric lights and continuous roar in the streets, seemed to become more and more unreal, until they were nothing but a dim, mysterious dream. The fleeting scenes, which he half saw, seemed nothing more than an unreal picture of a life that lay far outside his own. When a great change, he thought, comes in a man's life, for a time the new life seems unnatural and unreal, then it gradually grows a reality, and it is the old, past life that seems to be the dream. Which was the dream with himself, he asked, this, or the long stretch of monotonous, unbroken work? But his eyes grew used to the lights, and the sounds grew reminiscent in his ears, and the unnatural tinge faded away from it all,

and he began to look out for a remembered face or two, and for familiar places. Many of the buildings he recognized as he passed them, but he saw none but new, strange faces. This darkened his spirits a little, but he thought it might be the dusk and the motion of the carriage.

When the hansom drew up at the door of his home, the evening had deepened into night. Out of the darkness shone the glow of the home lights. They seemed warm and ruddy. Palgrave went up the steps three at a time, but at the top a little dark figure stood in his way. It flew straight to him out of the darkness, with just one tremulous little cry of "Tom!" but it was replete with all the love that a woman can throw into a word. And Tom drew the slight figure under his great rough cape, and showered brotherly kisses on the warm little mouth.

When they went in each looked closely at the other to see the changes that three years had made. Palgrave noticed that his sister had grown thinner and paler, but the little face had not lost its old-time charm; while Vivien saw a man with a somewhat weather-beaten, rugged face, made fiercer by a brown beard. She would not have known him as the scrupulously dressed, clean-shaven man who left her three years ago, but for the kindly light in the grey eyes. He had grown rough and uncouth, she saw; but she tried not to care. They were the only two left now, and he had come home at last. He had made enough money so they could live on together, happy and comfortable. But a disagreeable thought came into Vivien's mind—suppose he should marry some one? Then she smiled at the idea; for as she looked at the rough, grave face, she thought he must have grown out of any sentimental nonsense like that; and as for herself, she was contented to stay with him and care for him until they both grew old and grey. It was a woman's loving, happy, selfish picture she drew of their life, as they talked on together into the night.

In the dim back-ground of Palgrave's mental visions, as he listened to his sister's happy plans and watched the play of her sober little face, there was an image of a woman's face that would have caused Vivien some uneasiness if she had known it was there, and had been there for many a long day. Palgrave was content to allow the face to remain in the background; he had not the mental courage—or perhaps the cruelty—to utter her name or ask one of the many questions he was longing to ask about the woman he was thinking of, he had thought of, and, as he told himself, he would always think of. He had waited for years and now he could wait a few days more. So Palgrave dropped asleep that night with the same indefinite feeling of having missed something from his life that he had felt more than once of late; and the vague, indistinct bitterness that comes to a man who pursues something that seems always to escape his grasp, made his sleep uneasy and restless.

It was, perhaps, the same impulse that draws the bee to the flower and the bird to its old-time summer haunts, that caused Palgrave, the next morning, to turn his steps towards the avenue where Margaret Arbuthnott lived. As he walked along he looked into the strange faces that passed him, and idly tried to read something of their owners' lives; but he had to give it up, for if there was an art to read the mind's construction in the face, Palgrave found he was unschooled in it; and the flow of unknown faces only gave him an impression of the immensity and the complexity of a great world of life, of which he was an infinitely small atom. But as he walked on, the people and the sleighs became fewer and the avenue grew quieter. Then upon his reverie there broke the chime of sleigh-bells, and they suddenly ceased, and he heard a voice calling his name. It was a woman's clear voice, and before he looked up he knew it was Margaret Arbuthnott. He slightly paled as he stepped out to where she had pulled up in her sleigh at the road side. She was alone. Pal-

grave saw in her face the old, imperious smile, and as she put out her little gloved hand to him, he was yearning to take it in both of his; but the implacable, cold dignity of her face checked him. The man did not know that the woman's heart was throbbing far faster than his own. He took the little hand in his and held it there and said, "Margaret" very earnestly, a half greeting and half-question. But Margaret averted a crisis by pulling her hand away and throwing the robes aside and saying:

"Can you come, Mr. Palgrave, for a little drive with me? I have to go out to Glenwood, and I am all alone, and I *know* you have nothing to do." She smiled lightly and looked down into his face. In a moment Palgrave was beside her, and the spirited grey was dashing down the avenue after a touch of the whip. "Do you know I passed you three times before I could get up enough courage to stop;" and the woman went on talking in a light, seemingly aimless mood. Palgrave's eyes were on her, and he noticed she had changed very little; there was the same old smile, and the same soft eyes, and the same cold, imperiousness of the lips and in the poise of the head, even noticeable as the face settled amidst the rich furs. As he looked at her he was silent. He, with so much to say before they met, now he was beside her, had nothing to say; and even Margaret's woman lightness had gone from her, and she was looking far off, up the snowy road, with a mist before her eyes.

At last she turned her eyes to him and said:

"Mr. Palgrave, I—I have something to tell you—something to thank you for." Then she looked at the road ahead; and Palgrave said, vacantly, "What?"

As she glanced at him again, she noticed a streak of grey in his hair that should not be there, and a lump came in her throat as she spoke. "Yes—Tom—I have found out about you. I have found out what you have done for Harold, and I—I want to thank you." Palgrave noticed the word *Tom* and he grew hopeful. "Ah, Margaret; do not try. It was merely nothing."

"No, no, no," she said, "it was everything. It was more than I deserved—you have been too good to me. You know how I wanted poor Harold to get on. It has been the one great battle of my life, and when I was giving up, you fought it for me. I know the sacrifices you made for that mad, wild boy, and I can never repay you; no, never."

They had passed the straggling outskirts of the city, and were in the open country with its white, dazzling fields stretching away on either side of the road, and nothing to break the stillness but the chime of the sleigh-bells and the sound of their own voices.

Palgrave looked into the grateful upturned face, and could not help saying, "You *can* repay me. What I did for you is nothing to what I am thirsting still to do for you. You say I have helped you fight one battle of your life. Let me, Margaret, fight them all for you. Surely that old pride we both suffered from is dead now. We are both almost alone in the world now. I may be harder and rougher than other men, but my life has been a hard and rough one."

"No, no, no," said Margaret; "I will not hear you say that."

"But you must! I have waited for years; and you will not, you can not, play with me a second time."

A shade of something like injured pride came into Margaret's face, and it grew pale and impassive; and then Palgrave saw for the first time she was no longer a young girl or woman. The youth of both of them was gone. For some unknown reason tears forced themselves into Margaret's eyes. She allowed them to run down her cheek rather than let Palgrave see her wipe them away. But as he thought of those past years, gone forever, and those old wrongs past, too, forever, he looked at her, and their eyes met. A sad little smile stole across the woman's lips. There was only one thing for the man to do. He leaned

over and kissed the wet cheek, kissed the wet eyelashes, and said, very quietly, "Then it is all right after all, Margaret?"

And she turned her face towards the white, snow-covered fields, and murmured, "Yes, I think so."

As they drove on Palgrave thought how often he had pictured a scene like this. He had always imagined himself as infinitely happy when his dream-woman had spoken the right word to him. But now the word was spoken and the real woman was beside him, and he felt her warmth underneath the robes, in spite of all his happiness there came over him a feeling of passive sadness, an undercurrent of strange darkness. He was too much of a child of sorrow to have fully learned the taste of happiness; but he felt, and he told himself that he was happy, as much as man can be, for after all, joy is only a relative condition; it is only the back-thrown, evanescent perfume of a pursued face that is eternally mocking and eternally elusive. When he looked into the calm, sweet face beside him, the ingenious thought that the perfume, indeed, was the best part of a rose, and might be the best part of joy, consoled him. He told his thought to Margaret; and as they drove on through the hushed, happy country, he let it linger in his mind. But Margaret shook her little head gravely, and loosened to the breeze a tress of her golden-brown hair, and laughed as she said he was a man of strange moods And twilight had fallen ere they drove home along the silent road, and if silence came in their conversation, it was the silence of unspeakable happiness.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

THE CANDIDATE.

When you're talked of for an office
And become a candidate,
At first you're half indifferent
And would leave results to fate.
You're full of high-flown notions
Of what's pure, and right, and true,
And would only take the office
For the good that you can do.

But you soon find out elections
Arn't won in quite that way;
Your friends all come and tell you
You must canvas night and day.
You're just the man for Galway,
And they want to see you in;
So you get the taste for glory
And you're going in to win.

But as the campaign wages,
You're opponent's in the race,
He's working, and you find defeat
Now stares you in the face;
And you get right down to business
As you never did before,
If at first you fought for glory
You're fighting now for gore.

We begin with highest motives,
And then we fight for fame,
Then selfishly, to save defeat
From clouding up our name;
And it's when the other fellow
Seems about to throw us o'er;
If at first we fought for glory
It's then we fight for gore.

G. E. M.

—Two Chinese women have passed the entrance examinations for admission to the University of Michigan.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

"Willst du immer weiter, schweifen?
Sieh das Gute liegt so nah."

Wilt thou never rest or tarry,
Never leave the dusty road,
Never cheat the cares that harry,
Never flee the fears that goad?

Long the pathway lies behind thee—
What but blood to mark the way?
Sobs that choke thee, tears that blind thee,
Are they sweeter day by day?

Far and fearful still before thee
Reels the hard and broken track;
Ne'er a rose-leaf to restore thee—
Skies that flame and sands that crack.

Ah, hard by thy pathway growing,
If thou would'st but hear the truth,
Sweetly are the blossoms blowing
Thou hast dreamed of from thy youth.

Unfulfilled thy longing lingers
While their whole hearts strive to say
They are pining for thy fingers,
They are fainting by thy way.

Wilt thou ever onward ramble?
See, the flowers thou would'st greet,
While thou treadest rock and bramble,
Die unnoticed at thy feet.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

COUCHICING—A FRAGMENT.

All day was warfare. Now the battle's o'er;
The winds are dead, the redly-setting sun
Sinks down amid huge ruins of the fray,
Slanting afar his dying lurid light
On after-tossing of storm-beaten waves.
Poised in my boat, I see the waning light
Like life, fade out, and leave the world a grave,
Wherein my spirit and grey noiseless ghosts
With frozen, passionless, pale glimmering eyes,
Drift on the shadowy footsteps of a dream.
Wrapt in all-shrouding grayness, thus I lose
The sense of what is, and the lapse of time,
Save that I hear in eager undertone
Confusedly, the voices of the waves
Tell in my ears, which comprehend them not,
Their strange, deep secrets. And a creeping gleam,
Licking the crested waters in its course,
Steals unseen up behind me; silently
In growing, glittering radiance it glides on
To flood me with its splendour. Then, I turn,
As one awakened from a dreary dream,
And peering o'er the horizon, I behold
The full-orbed moon, gigantic, luminous.

IANTHE, '95.

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MORTAR BOARDS.

This issue of THE VARSITY is under the supervision of Mr. W. P. Reeve, '95.

To avoid confusion we point out to our readers that the piece of verse in the last issue signed M. was an exchange, and not from the pen of our regular contributor M.

The treasurer will be in the main hall every day during the week at 10 and 11 a.m. and at 3 p.m. to meet any members who have not yet paid their fees to the Literary Society.

Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, formerly of Toronto University, now of Princeton, has a very readable article in the current number of *Popular Science Monthly* on right-handedness.

At a meeting held some time ago it was decided to organize a Political Science Association, similar to the Classical and other associations. If anything is to be done this year, it is time to get things in shape. The third year is at the bottom of the movement.

The House Committee were discussing their annual Reading Room report the other day in Mr. C. C. Stewart's room, and it is said a certain member, whose name shall be nameless, gravely suggested that among the comic journals *Ex.* should be secured for the coming year. He had noticed some excellent jokes from that journal in the newspapers of late.

On Wednesday afternoon, at the Y.W.C.A., Miss Wigle gave a most interesting report of the late convention in Detroit. The delegation from the ladies of Univ. Coll. comprised Miss Robertson, pres. of the Y.W.C.A., Misses Wigle, Cluff, Grant, Chase, and Riddell. At the next meeting further reports will be given.—E. MAUD GRAHAM, Cor. Sec.

The 1851 Exhibition Scholarship of £150 per annum, tenable for two years in any University at home or abroad, has been awarded to Mr. F. B. Kenrick, '94. Though it is probable that Mr. Kenrick's modest disposition and unremitting devotion to his favorite study, chemistry, have prevented his becoming very widely known among his fellow students, those who do know him are unanimous in the opinion that he is a man eminently worthy of the distinction just bestowed upon him, and one whose future career in the field of science is sure to do honor to his *Alma Mater*.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last meeting of this society for the present year was held on Friday evening, in Room 16, with the president, Miss Lawson, in the chair. The respect and love of the students for their president received some slight manifestation in the presentation of a

basket of flowers by Miss Street. Reports from the officers of the present year showed the ever increasing influence of our society.

The results of the elections ensure for the society a more successful career than even that of the present year:

President—Miss Street.

Vice-President—Miss Hillock.

4th Year Councillor—Miss Darling.

Rec. Secretary—Miss Graham.

3rd Year Councillor—Miss Riddell.

Cor. Secretary—Miss Scoll.

2nd Year Councillor—Miss Brown.

Curator—Miss Laird.

Editor—Miss Durand.

Business Manager—Miss Fraser.

Residence Committee Representatives—Miss Dingle, Miss Tucker, Miss Morton.

Representatives for Local Council—Miss Jessie Darling, Miss Cawthorpe, Miss Wilson.

J. S. WHITE, Cor. Sec.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The University of Toronto Glee Club held its annual meeting on Friday last. Mr. W. R. P. Parker, B.A., the Honorary President, occupied the chair. The Secretary, Mr. A. S. MacKay, presented his report.

The work of the Club for the past year was carefully reviewed. It was shown that by the voice test instituted last October, the quality of tone production had been raised and that this more than made up for a decrease in membership. The annual tour was a pronounced success, and the Glee Club has upheld the honor and has extended the fame of our *Alma Mater* in Eastern Ontario. The reputation which the Glee Club has gained in Toronto was splendidly maintained in the production of the Greek play "Antigone" during the Easter Term.

Great credit is due to Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the genial and clever conductor, who, in this the first year of his connection with the Club, has brought it to such a state of efficiency and excellence as to surpass the record of any previous year. The treasurer's statement showed a small balance. The annual grant from the Literary Society was not forthcoming this year, and as the "Antigone" took the place of the annual concert this year, the receipts of the club have been seriously affected.

The election of officers then took place, resulting as follows:—

Hon. President—Mr. A. L. MacAllister.

President—E. Gillis.

Secretary—W. A. Merkley.

Treasurer—W. S. Mackay.

Curator—R. N. Merritt.

Pianists—W. D. Scott, F. McConnell.

Councillors—J. Fielding, '95; C. MacPherson, '96; G. L. Hunter, '97

After votes of thanks were passed and tendered to the retiring Hon. President, the retiring committee and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the Club's conductor, the meeting adjourned.

J. T. BLYTH.

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

As was announced in last week's VARSITY, there will be an exhibition of general gymnastics in the gymnasium on Thursday evening, March 15th, commencing at eight o'clock sharp. An interesting programme of fencing, single sticks, vaulting, bar work and boxing has been prepared, and it is hoped that the efforts of the boys to make the entertainment a success will be rewarded by a good turnout on Thursday night. President Loudon will probably speak during the entertainment, and an invitation is extended to all our friends and those interested in physical culture to come and see our gymnasium in full working order.

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EASTER NUMBER.



Varsity

VOL. XIII. No. 20

Toronto University

TORONTO, March 21st, 1894.

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(Late President Toronto University.)

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 21, 1894.

No. 20.

EASTER.

The return of Easter puts an end to the publication of THE VARSITY, and, in fact, to all College life, for the year '93-'94. We say *life* advisedly, because, after all, that consists not so much in attendance upon lectures and the consuming of the midnight oil, as in the social intercourse of the mass meeting and the class society, of the corridor and the campus. True, 'tis the acquisition of knowledge which constitutes the main object for which we come to College, yet, if that knowledge be not rendered digestible by a wholesome element of corridor experience, it will prove of but slight service to its possessor in after life. The near approach of the Easter holidays (?), the point at which even the most daring of pleasure-seekers begin to entertain troubled thoughts of examinations, draws an unconscious, yet none the less deep sigh from the universal student heart. Henceforth, until the dread ministers of death, to wit, the examiners, have completed their deadly work, all classes of students, however hitherto diverging in their pursuits, are merged into one vast mass of "grinding" humanity, ever haunted by the distracting and oft-recurring thought, "*tempus fugit*."

OUR CURRICULUM.

Sight-seers, upon visiting the University, after viewing the main building, the Library, the Biological Department, Galbraith's Factory and the Gymnasium, naturally ask to see the Museum. Now, although we have, during the *post-ignem* stage of our history, had no museum proper, the authorities have, with considerable ingenuity, furnished a most excellent substitute in the form of a curriculum. As a catalogue for an Alexandrian library, or as an approximate estimate of the capacity of the human brain, as gauged by capricious examiners, the work is a masterpiece, but there its excellence stops.

Upon nothing so much as upon its curriculum does the real, as opposed to the reputed, success of a University depend. The aim of a good curriculum should be to secure from the average student the maximum amount of work which he can thoroughly master in a given time. If this be true, who can fail to see that our curriculum aims far too high, and in so doing defeats the primary object for which it was framed. In the Classical course, for instance—and all that can be said of it will be equally applicable to the other courses—the student who attempts to make himself familiar with all the authors specified is regarded by his less ambitious brethren as one afflicted with a mild form of insanity. As a general rule, only the likely passages are read, so that the ability to "hit on" an exami-

ner's "hobby" constitutes the success of seventy-five per cent. of the candidates at our examinations.

It is true that some students do cover the work prescribed by our curriculum, but in the majority of cases they in so doing acquire a habit of superficial reading, which continues with them in after life and renders their study all but nugatory. If this evil exists, and of that there can be little doubt, it is high time that it should be removed. Better that a man should read a few books and read those few well, than that he should make a pretence of mastering our curriculum, and, in so overtaxing himself, acquire no real knowledge. It surely reflects but little credit on our *Alma Mater* that she continues to grant her degree to the man who has acquired no sound education, but who, with the names of countless authors and books at his tongue's end, goes about like a walking catalogue, vainly striving to conceal his real ignorance.

* * * * *

Now that the duties of the present editor are at a close, he takes this opportunity of thanking the staff for their able assistance in keeping up the standard of THE VARSITY during the past term. If our paper has attained a measure of success, it has been due largely to the untiring efforts of Mr. Fry, Business Manager, and Mr. Lingelbach, the Chairman of the Directorate. Under the control of Mr. Tucker, we feel assured that THE VARSITY will next year occupy a proud position in the field of college journalism.

REQUIESCAT.

Gently, oh gently, ye winter winds blow,
For my lov'd one sleeps beneath the snow.
Softly, oh softly pass over her breast,
That ye disturb not my darling's rest!

Shine dimly, dimly, O silver moon,
Lest in thy light she awake too soon.
Cover her deeply, fair, falling snow,
That she hear no sound in her bed below!

Sleep, my own, with the violets sweet,
That yesternight bloom'd fair at our feet!
Sleep calm and still while the drifting snow
Buries our Past with the flowers below!

Aye sleep, dear, sleep through the winter long—
Thou'rt safe forever from pain and wrong!
I bid thee "Farewell!" my sweet, my own,
And leave thee thus to thy rest alone!

But oh, ye winter winds, gently blow,
And oh, fall softly, pure, white snow,
Lest ye arouse my lov'd from sleep,
Lest ye disturb her slumber deep!

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

WESTERN COLLEGE LIFE.

The wonder of a suffering public has, from time to time, been excited by European travellers who land in New York, explore its vicinity, pay a flying visit to Boston; possibly, if exceptionally enterprising and intrepid, penetrate the remote West—as far as Chicago; and, returning home after a fortnight or so, produce sapient works upon "My Impressions of America."

Canada has less frequently been invaded by this curious tribe, in whose atlas it must be content to figure merely as the traditional "Few hundred arpents of snow," given over to polar bears and similar hyperborean horrors. It is not without fear of presenting an undesirable parallel to this strange species that the present writer essays a sketch of western college life, after an experience of only three years and two colleges.

The one justification for this imprudence, as well as for such romances of travel as the above-mentioned foreigners have offered to a wondering world, is that the most salient characteristics and the most acute angularities of a new life strike the unaccustomed eye with a vividness which familiarity quickly destroys.

Hence, I hasten to record my impressions in all their crudity, ere the imperfect correspondence between the number of courses and the allotment of forks and spoons in the dining-hall of a Montana college, or the marked ferocity of its lady undergraduates, shall have faded from my dreams; and before the jollity and fraternity of the students in this institution, or their *cameraderie* with the Faculty, shall have come to appear a normal condition of college life.

There is one generality which may safely be hazarded regarding Western colleges—from the pathetically ambitious little thinking-shop which, like the legendary frog, hopes to become an ox—by puffing, and which takes all knowledge for its province—with a Faculty of four, to the great Stanford itself (at present)—they are, one and all, badly in need of money.

The State universities, with one of which almost every Western State is equipped, are perhaps the best off in this respect; although the financial advantage is heavily counterbalanced in many cases by the curse of political interference.

This educational feature, I am told, has been observed even in Ontario; although merit—sufficiently backed, of course—is occasionally recognized there; and the unworldly professor, once appointed at least, may lay aside his Machiavelli without fear of losing his position.

Without entering further into this question, let it suffice to say that the faculty of a private college of any standing seldom have much reason to envy the gilded insecurity of their brethren in a State university.

The fact that the majority of western colleges have been built with "an exuberance of faith and a deficiency of funds," may be readily detected in their calendars. Latin, French and German, for example, form a trio of subjects of no inconsiderable weight, any one of which might, with modesty, claim the attention of at least one professor. Accordingly when we find one professor shouldering all three—in a State university at that—we are torn by a vague mistrust in the efficiency of the teaching, merging into concern for the plight of the professor. We pause, also, in admiration of the man who is simultaneously professor of metaphysics and of agriculture; and respectfully marvel at the satyr-dance of mind and matter, entelechies and ensilage, incubation and appreciation, which must riot through his teeming brain.

There may be those in the opulent college world of the east who are ignorant of the uses, or even of the existence of a "Field Secretary." Eastern capitalists and churches, however, both know and fear him; and many a western college follows with anxiety his erratic career. His function is to open the heart and pocket-book of the

eastern plutocrat—to capture the elusive dollar for the replenishment of his college's empty till.

It is to the money of the East that the West has hitherto been indebted, in largest measure, for the support of higher education. With a few honorable exceptions, the Western millionaire has very frankly given the college representative to understand that he is not in the educational line himself; frequently conveying the information with characteristic Western dash and emphasis, and in language which, though not necessarily fit for publication, is an indisputable guarantee of good faith.

As regards the quality of the instruction given in a Western college, it is difficult to generalize. The wildest diversity of requirements prevails, and the most extreme inequality exists between the size or efficiency of Faculties in different institutions. Nor can a scrutiny of calendars, however critical, assist one to any reliable conclusion. No long residence in the West is required to discover not only that all men are liars, but also that most men are at once more flagrant and more artistic liars than in more unsophisticated communities. Connection with a college is not infrequently efficient in adding to this accomplishment a grace and ornamental finish which may easily deceive the most wary.

Hence the Western college calendar, like the real estate agent's insidious circular, and the optimistic mining prospectus, is usually to be taken with a strong dash of the saline condiment. It is apt to embrace all the wisdom of the ancients and all the enlightenment of the moderns; and to offer the services of a goodly corps of instructors. And why not? Paper and ink are cheap; and if the college does not teach all these things now, it expects to some day. It is easy for a local lawyer to lecture twice on Mining Law, and thus be constituted Professor of that branch; or for a town physician similarly to become Professor of Hygiene on a salary of nothing a year—no inadequate recompense for his services.

Sed nequaquam in istis omnia. Although there is no scarcity of such colleges in the West, it is by no means true that all or even most of its colleges are of this stamp. My own experience, as far as it goes, has been entirely in the opposite direction. The general plan of instruction in American arts colleges is well known. During the first two years the student has all or most of his studies prescribed, like the Toronto Pass-man. During the remainder of his course a few subjects are obligatory, while a certain amount of work may be chosen from a list of Electives. Thus the student may specialize in his favorite department for two years, or may take a general course throughout. Now, while the Honor courses in the University of Toronto are, I believe, as yet unequalled on this continent for thoroughness and extent, there are few Western colleges in the United States whose requirements—I hope this statement will hurt no one's feelings—are not almost half as heavy again as those of the Toronto Pass course.

What with passing minima of from fifty to seventy per cent., with Faculties composed of clever and ambitious young men, many of them fellows of Eastern colleges, fledgling Ph.D.'s, anxious to try their wings, or professors already prominent, who have come out West for health's sake, and with courses of study in many cases comprehensive and exacting, the average Western college needs no pity and deserves no disdain.

The well-known superiority of each generation of students to its predecessors leads me to fear that I should apologize to my readers for relating, as news, what may, by this time, be better understood in the University of Toronto than the Gothic tongue, or Green's Prolegomena to Ethics. In my day there, however, it was so unquestioned an axiom that a Western college was a whited sepulchre, with an exuberance of degrees and an absence of requirements, that some such account as this may still have a *raison d'être*.

The Western student is, of course, as diverse a type as his Eastern brother. If there is one statement which may be safely predicated of the class, however, it is that he—or she (which would perhaps be the fairer pronoun both poetically and arithmetically)—is quicker and keener than the average easterner, but by no means so patient and persevering. In this Rocky Mountain region, however, this may be accounted for by the altitude, to which one soon learns to refer a great variety of phenomena, from any unwonted irascibility of temper to the howling of dogs at night. The western student is also apt to display some little unconventionality—a more or less marked free-and-easiness in dress, speech, or personality, which to the precise easterner begins by appearing uncouth, and usually ends by becoming fascinating. It is odd to see Indians—and very bad Indians at that—or half-breeds, or Japanese, in one's lecture-room; while the eye of prejudice might detect some discrepancy between a brilliant student of classics and the army blanket and sombrero which form his outermost integuments. It would be not only novel, but profitable, though I cannot say comfortable—to many an undergraduate aristocrat or plutocrat, to live in a college where, with the exception of the Chinese cook, no hired servant was employed—the entire service, from book-keeping to scrubbing and coal-shovelling, being performed by students, who thus earned their board and tuition without in the very least forfeiting their caste. There are other, though fewer, colleges of a very different stamp, as, e.g., the one from which I write.

Situated at the foot of Pike's Peak, in one of the most celebrated health-resorts of the world, Colorado College has a constituency both cosmopolitan and wealthy. Western in its vigor and its rapid advance, it is very un-Western in the substantiality of buildings, its position and its work—un-Western, too, in the prominence it gives to the liberal as opposed to the strictly practical education. What a howl of rage would strike the stars if it were proposed in the cultured University of Toronto to make Greek compulsory for the first two years in the B.A. course! Yet this college successfully maintains that requirement. In the type of Western College of which this is a specimen, the student is not unlikely to ride to lecture on his own horse, or to be driven to the door in her own carriage. Yet there is no snobbery. For those whose heads are longer than their purses, it is as true here as Pericles said it was at Athens, that “to confess poverty is no disgrace; the disgrace is in not attempting to escape it.”

Hence, if in X the humble burro finds an apt *valet de chambre*; or panting Y 'neath vernal skies with sturdy blows expels the lurking microbe from the carpet's pile; or Z, defiled with honorable dust as stoker by some furnace drear, excites with kerosene the matutinal fire; these brave men, struggling with adversity, are comforted not only by the smile of the gods, but by the honor and respect of their fellows.

Anyone accustomed to the smooth-shaven lawns, the ivy-grown walls, and the “immemorial elms” of the University of Toronto, will probably be struck with a certain barrenness and unkemptness in Western College surroundings. The campus is apt to be of a yellowish-brown hue, if it be visible at all through its covering of prickly-pears and tall weeds; and the trees are sure to be young and lanky, needing shade rather than affording it. But a very short time is apt to witness a wonderful change in this, as in other respects. *Velut arbor aevo* would hardly be an appropriate motto for a Western College—*velut cucumis* would be nearer the mark; although even the western tree is infected with the spirit of the country, and rivals the gourd in the rapidity of its growth.

“I presume, that with you, vegetation grows apace,” I once heard a precise clergyman remark to a Southerner. “Grows apace!” enthusiastically replied the man from Dixie—“Grows apace! It grows two paces.” And like unto the Southern vegetable is the Western College.

Notwithstanding the general diffusion of intelligence, there remain those to whom the West is the rowdy West still. When this opinion dies of old age, it will be a great gain to the cause of truth, although a frightful blow to the comic papers. Allow me to say mildly that a Western College professor will hardly ever need a pistol, even in his most outrageous classes. Indeed, if I may judge from both experience and tradition, such an implement would be far more in place in a Pass Latin prose lecture in the University of Toronto.

Of course there was a period of wildness in the West, but there are few relics of it left to-day; and life is almost as uneventful here as elsewhere. It would be easy to relate lurid tales of by-gone days; how, for example, there was a Professor in Montana, a Toronto man, making his first acquaintance with the West, who espied an odd break in the plastering on one of the College walls. It was a cavity—round, large, and deep—and had evidently been made by the violent propulsion of some solid body. He was somewhat taken aback to learn that this was the impress of the learned head of his predecessor, who had thus involuntarily left his mark upon the institution. Engaging in an animated discussion with an undergraduate upon a point of etiquette—it was, I believe, upon the propriety of subjecting a Professor to solitary confinement by tying him in his room—he was betrayed into a warmth which offended the sensitiveness of the excitable mountaineer—he struck him on the nose, I understand. At all events, his Philistine opponent, reckless alike of the claims of Harvard culture and the known insecurity of the college building, seized him with rude hands and dashed him—*multa reluctanter*—against the wall.

There was also, as recently as five years ago, a College President in the same region (he is now a prominent divine in New York), who brought down with a Winchester an enterprising undergraduate who attempted to run off with his niece. The distance was about three hundred yards, and it was considered a good shot for a clergyman.

Exploits like these, however, with other legendary honors of the West, are now almost as obsolete as a ten-year-old philology. The Western college professor may still deplore the misdirection of his students' energy; but it is rather the careless handling of the subjunctive mood than of the professorial person which he has to deprecate. The premature bugle-fantasia which heralds the morn in a military college, or concerted effects by an orchestra of tin horns at a State university junction, are the worst outrages to which he will be subjected, and he has more to fear from the subscription list than from the highwayman.

Such are a few of the general impressions produced by the West. It is no fairy land, no Happy Valley. There is a city in Montana whose proudest boast—that it is the wickedest place on earth—few who know it would care to dispute; while we have all heard of the Kansas man who trusted that a just Providence would subtract from the term of his future punishment the number of years he had lived in Topeka.

The Eastern immigrant will miss the trees, the grass and the water; he will in many places feel the lack of books and congenial society; he will seek in vain for the trimness and punctilio of an older civilization.

But he will feel the indescribable charm of towering mountains and limitless prairie, he will unconsciously become injected with the prevailing spirit of happiest optimism, he will be captivated before he knows it with the freshness and freedom of a life still natural, where men yet venture to say what they please and do what they choose with small regard for Fashion's power. And so, though his work be hard and his pay far from princely, he is more than apt to grow, first tolerant, then pleased, and finally enthusiastic, as he yields himself more and more to the nameless fascination of the West.

G. A. H. FRASER.

Colorado College, Colorado Springs.

The Varsity.

MARCH 21, 1894.

MY BEAUTIFUL POEM MAY COME TO ME.

Perchance some day,
When I have lived and waited, learned and felt
My years away,
When under love my lust begins to melt
Like snow the sun disperses utterly,
Perchance some day
My beautiful poem may come to me.

Perchance some year,
When I can better know the soul of man
And feel his tear,
And breathe his joy, and better hold him than
Myself, more willingly his honor see,
Perchance some year
My beautiful poem may come to me.

Perchance somewhere,
Unlooked for, I may catch its dim outline
Past dreaming fair,
In darkness I have striven to divine,
Albeit it were done so failingly,
Perchance somewhere
My beautiful poem may come to me.

Perchance sometime,
Though it be long, I may perceive its form
And hear its rhyme,
And sing at last aloud above the storm
Beneath the calm and all that man can be,
Perchance sometime
My beautiful poem may come to me.

EVELYN DURAND.

"THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS."

At the drowsy dusk when the shadows creep
From the golden west, where the sunbeams sleep,
An angel mused: "Is there good or ill
In the mad world's heart, since on Calvary's hill
'Round the cross a mid-day twilight fell
That darkened earth and o'ershadowed hell?"

Through the streets of a city the angel sped;
Like an open scroll men's hearts he read.

In a monarch's ear his courtiers lied,
And humble faces hid hearts of pride.

Men's hate waxed hot, and their hearts grew cold,
As they haggled and fought for the lust of gold.

Despairing, he cried, "After all these years
Is there naught but hatred and strife and tears?"

He found two waifs in an attic bare;
—A single crust was their meagre fare—

One strove to quiet the other's cries,
And the love-light dawned in her famished eyes

As she kissed the child with a motherly air:
"I don't need mine, you can have my share."

Then the angel knew that the earthly cross
And the sorrow and shame were not wholly loss.

At dawn, when hushed was earth's busy hum
And men looked not for their Christ to come,

From the attic poor to the palace grand,
The king and the beggar went hand in hand.

M.

HOW THE TWENTY-THIRD PAID FORFEIT.

"I know I shouldn't bother you this way," said he. "Oh, you don't bother me at all," said she.

Those were the two stray sentences which you might have heard in a nook of a London drawing room, if you had lived away as far as the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen. She was Dorothy Churchill, the sweetest girl that ever disturbed a man's peace of mind; he was Richard Callonby-Byton, Captain in His Majesty's Twenty-third Light Dragoons. Next day, he was going to rejoin his regiment in the Netherlands, and though they knew it not, Waterloo with its glory was not a week distant. To tell the truth, Dick loved Dorothy with all his heart, and with that knowledge, a casual observer might think that those words he had just spoken had something to do with the old, old, old story that is as old as Earth; but in reality they had reference to two pet bear-cubs, which Miss Churchill was kindly allowing to be sent to her mother's house, for their better preservation during Byton's absence. Dick dearly wished he could have told her how he loved her, but on that subject he seemed to be tongue-tied; and thus it came about that he was occupying his last tête-à-tête in the disposal of the future welfare of two shaggy little creatures whose only care was their next meal.

There was a long silence.

"Miss Dorothy," at last he said, "if you wanted to say something very particular to a person, and—and you were afraid, what would you do?"

"I didn't think you'd be afraid of anybody, Captain Byton," retorted Dorothy.

"Oh, but, you see"—he began.

"I would write him, I think, if I were dumb, or if I were too frightened to go near him to tell him."

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, you don't see exactly what I mean. I wasn't talking about a man; I was—" At this point Byton was aware of the approaching steps of his chum—for men have chums, sometimes, even if they are old)—Major Rawdon, of the 15th Hussars. In justice to the Major, let it be said that he had stayed away lest he should interrupt them, and here at last he had come at the minute he should have stayed away. In his good old heart, he thought himself somewhat of a drag on the younger generation, though his opinion of himself was quite unjust. Some people called him "Old Rawdon"; and, while not in reality old, he had at least come to believe that he was, and that everyone thought him so; he was slightly grey, and this, with a certain soldierly courtliness of manner, stamped him as one of the older generation. Notwithstanding that, these three were sworn friends.

"Mrs. Churchill is looking for you, Miss Dorothy. But don't go, please, for we three may not meet again for ever so long."

"I don't believe you two men would come back at all, unless you had to. You can't forget Spain, I'm afraid, Major," said Dorothy.

"Ah, Miss Dorothy, we can't very well contradict *you*, but"—

"Well, I'm going to bind you to come back. We will form a new Triple Alliance—the 15th Hussars, the Twenty-third Dragoons, and me," said she, as she laughingly drew herself up to her full height (which was not very great).

"Agreed," said Byton, "and whoever fails to honor the next meeting of the Powers of the Triple Alliance, must pay forfeit."

"I agree on behalf of the Fifteenth," said the Major. Dorothy rose to go.

"Good-bye, Major," said she, with a frank handshake and genuine regret in her voice. "Good-by, Captain Byton. Take care of Queenie, for my sake."

"Be sure I will," said he with his eyes brightening,

for his bay charger Queenie had a big share in his heart. "Good-bye."

As she went Byton followed her with his eyes, and as she disappeared he turned to Rawdon, who was standing gazing into vacancy. Life did not seem as bright to either as it had seemed a minute before.

"Good-night, Dick. When do you leave?"

"About nine, I think. Good-night, Rawdon."

The Major sat long that night in the sitting room of his club, and thought rather bitterly that the world thought him old and out of the race; and that Dorothy must think so, too; it was a little absurd, wasn't it, that he should think of winning her love? and Byton, too—but then, Byton was his best friend—yes, it was a little foolish—foolish—

The Major found he was dozing, and got up to go. Byton met him at the door.

"Hello, Dick, what's up now?"

"Will you take this to Miss Churchill?" holding out a letter.

"Ye-yes!" stammered the Major.

"Thank you, old fellow: good-bye"; and Byton vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, leaving the Major looking from the door to the letter in his hand, and from the letter to the door. Poor old Major! his thoughts were a little oppressive that night; for he too loved Dorothy, and he felt that the letter he was to carry might—nay, must—end it all; he could not fail to deliver it, and faith to his friend must seal his own lips.

Byton felt a strange elation, after he left the Major; he had told Dorothy (by indirect means it is true) that his heart was hers, and the telling had been to him the great obstacle. At last it was surmounted, and he felt in his heart that all was right. Happy in the belief he rejoined the Twenty-third at Ninhope, on the evening before the fight of Quatre Bras.

The morning of Byton's departure Dorothy found the Major awaiting her in the drawing room. He rose as she entered, and giving her the letter, walked over to the window and stood looking out; he thought Dorothy looked tired, and the truth was that, having slept but little, she felt nervous and worried. She opened the letter, read it, and folded it up slowly.

"Major Rawdon, I suppose you know what is in this letter."

The Major bowed, though he did not know why, for he had no knowledge of the letter's contents, save what his intuition had told him.

"I—I can't marry him," she broke out, with a choking sob. "He wouldn't be angry if he knew—" here she broke down completely. "Oh, Major Rawdon, I shouldn't tell you all this—it's—it's so foolish of me—I don't know what to do."

The truth was that Dorothy loved the old Major, but as far as she could see there was no possibility of his ever understanding.

The Major tapped his boot with his whip uneasily, for a minute, then stammered out—"Miss Dorothy—forgive me for asking—but he might like it better, if—and we mayn't come back—is there somebody else?"

Dorothy, as she sat with her face hidden in her hands, spoke no word, and the Major bit his grizzled moustache. When Dorothy did look up at him the tears were in her eyes; but he never saw them, for he did not lift his eyes, and so he did not understand. He read his own fate in Byton's, and put his hopes behind his back, once for all. That minute he seemed to himself to be older than ever, and he saw before him only a little girl that was in trouble. The old man stooped down and kissed the little girl's fair hair; and so they parted.

The same afternoon before he left, the Major received a letter addressed, in Dorothy's handwriting, to Byton, and his first care after reporting himself at the headquarters of the 15th Hussars was to find Byton. In the lines of the 23rd Dragoons he learned that Byton had set off in the

morning with a staff officer to the Fifth Division, which consisted of the Infantry under Picton. It was night before Rawdon was free to make his way to Genappe, where he learned that Byton had been all day with the 79th in the square at Les Quatre Bras. In the midst of that fight, where the 79th lost almost one man in three, Dick had toiled all afternoon—now tending a wounded man, now with a fallen man's musket; again with a fixed bayonet in the front rank, he had fought, shoulder to shoulder, with those burly Britons, where charge after charge of France's cavalry had dashed its unavailing weight against Picton's brigades. Dick had fought for renown and won it, and Rawdon knew at whose feet the glory would be laid.

When the Major reached the field, he found that Byton had gone with a picket in the direction of Frasne and thither he rode. The night was not dark, and being in friendly ground, he rode on unconcernedly, but not quite at ease, for he did not know what to say to Dick. The letter was in his sabretasche, and to it he decided to leave the task of breaking the news of his unsuccessful mission.

"Halt! who goes there?"

Rawdon reined up, and found that he had been halted by the picket Byton had taken out; from them he learned that Captain Byton and a trumpeter were some distance in the rear. Rawdon cantered on, and before long recognized them in the darkness, and his old manner quickly returned in response to his friend's cheery greeting. Dick longed to ask about Dorothy, and his heart gave a leap of delight as Rawdon said.

"I've a letter for you. It was chiefly to bring it that I came."

Rawdon's horse shied as he leaned over to get the letter from his sabretasche, and it was a moment or two before he succeeded in finding it. Dick took it eagerly and thrust it into the bosom of his jacket. Even had there been light, he would have kept it till he was alone, but the wild joy in his heart told what he hoped from it.

Suddenly the Major reined up.

"Listen!"

They had just reached a cross-road, up which, to judge by sound, a small troop of cavalry was approaching.

"By Jove, Dick, we've no cavalry here."

The rapid rattle of horses' hoofs sounded nearer and nearer, and in a minute more, against the camp fires in the distance, they saw the plumes of French chasseurs. The three men instinctively backed their horses against the high sloping bank at the side of the road.

"Five to one, at least," said the Major coolly, as he twisted his sword knot around his wrist.

"Yes," said Dick, quietly.

The chasseurs pulled up quickly as they saw the figures by the roadside and caught the gleam of swords.

"Qui va là?"

At the instant they challenged, they recognized the

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RYRIE BROS.

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British uniforms, and after Quatre Bras, with no thoughts but those of vengeance, the troopers closed in on the three. The trumpeter was no match for his assailants and fell cut to the eyes. Rawdon and Byton, in spite of the darkness, held out bravely, and the sword play was fast and heavy. Three times Rawdon felt Byton at his side lifting brave old Queenie against the oncharging chasseurs; then a pistol flashed and Queenie was down. The flash lighted up the scene for an instant—the fierce faces, the broad white blaze on that horse's forehead, the white finger post at the cross-roads, Queenie rearing as she was struck—Rawdon saw it all, but in the utter darkness that followed two heavy cuts broke down his guard, and as his sword-blade snapped near the hilt, he fell.

The next thing the Major knew, three infantry men werelifting him on to a rude litter; it was still dark, but the cool morning breeze and a streak of light in the east were ushering in the daylight. Far away, at Quatre Bras, he could hear a bugle blowing reveille. At the familiar sound, poor Queenie lifted her head, and, with a faint whinny, let it fall heavily beside her dead master.

The letter with Dorothy's kind words of comfort was never read; but, far better, the necessity for comfort had never arisen in Dick's heart. Dorothy married the Major one bright morning at Callonby Church, and Sir John Callonby-Byton, who knew only Dick's side of the story, asked to be allowed to give the bride away. After all was quietly over, Dorothy and the Major walked up the hill to the church, in the evening, rehearsing the whole happy day. In the quiet little chancel they stood while the darkness fell, reading the tablet, under the Callonby-Byton arms, "Erected by his Brother Officers."

"Do you remember the Triple Alliance, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, "the Alliance has met again, at last." Then she added very softly, "And the Twenty-third paid forfeit."

J. McCRAE.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF AN EXAMINER.

Every examiner is a tragedy, according to the Aristotelian definition; he inspires pity when you think of yourself, terror when you consider him. Interest in the examiner as a work of art is intensified at regularly recurrent intervals. At other times comparative isolation may afford him the same extreme consolation as it does the apostle of advanced literature.

Perhaps the most interesting of all varieties is the young examiner. How charming the dear young person is, with his little airs of celebrity! If he has been in Germany so much the better. One can almost hear the surge of trans-Atlantic thought beating against the narrow confines of his brow. The reason for the existence of the young examiner has occupied the attention of our ablest minds; it is therefore not without pride that the following humble solution is offered. Remembering how little he knew himself, and judging others by this insufficient standard, the young examiner slays his tens of thousands in the day of battle.

Tis a new sport to my lord, and as unctuous as killing flies. The young examiner still thinks he knows something, and that there is only one way of knowing it. How necessary to the welfare of the race is the eternal severity of youth! Consider the clenched teeth and the intense eye of the irresponsible young man or woman who regards the dancing impertinence of uncorrected infancy. When he is old, he will but administer lumps of sugar with shaking fingers and a senile smile. What but extremest age causes the mild post-paternity of the senior and extremest youth, the ardent vigor of the sophomore, who remembers and regrets the days of his own mourning? The eternal severity of youth is then the true explanation for the existence of the young examiner. Peace to his fury; it is a passing dream.

Far more painful to himself than to any of his victims is the conscientious examiner. He may be young, he may be old, but he is born conscientious. The terror of his office is written on his gentle brow, from which the fair hair rises in stiff regret. He is haunted night and day by the comparative values of indescribably incoherent papers which cause his mild soul anguish beyond anything they inflict on their inefficient scribes. This examiner exists in many varieties, all alike painful to witness. The kind examiner who broods over the possibilities of the candidates, recognizes the father of a large family (who is always plucked) at a glance, and realizes how impossible, yet how necessary, it is to help him. He can select from a thousand the young man who can't get married unless he passes this time. His pious endeavors are tears in the soul of the kind examiner. There is also the examiner who distributes information, when he can, and when he can't, goes to sleep, which sometimes does as well; but this is an extremely rare variety and grows chiefly in country districts.

But dearest to the imagination is the theological examiner. His dwelling is far from strife. Some pride of the professorial heart has gone up in the day of battle over, let us say, algebra, a subject which displays a profane capacity for proving antagonistic to the embryonic ministerial mind. The secular examiner intimates that a minus quantity in algebra is really shocking. Ah, but he is such a good young man, a wonder in Old Testament exegesis. The guileless professorial heart really wonders at the promising young man obtaining a minus quantity in algebra. The secular examiner derisively tenders a blank sheet, at which the reverend gentleman looks mildly over his glasses. Subsequently the young man passes, the discouraged assent of the secular examiner having been obtained.

And so until we come to the last of all—examiners ourselves. The idea is rather humorous at present, but in a few years nothing will seem more appropriate. At this distance it is still possible to believe that golden time may witness the veritable deification of an examiner. On the contrary we may serve only to illustrate the facility with which good lady Fortune discards her dearest friends, a reflection which introduces again the present lamentable tendency of turning the world into a sermon.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

THE END OF THE DREAM.

The man leaned out over the seven golden bars. "There," said the Angel of Life in a voice sweet as a half-heard melody, "below lies your earth." He followed the gaze of her soft, star-like eyes, and pierced the boundless realms of opal, hyaline ether, until his sight rested on a dark, far-away sphere revolving in a remote space of the universe. And as he looked there stole over the man a feeling of infinite sorrow. So desolate, so small, so forsaken did that old world appear to him as it went swimming on its lonely course through the great void, that his heart yearned toward it, in an ardor of pity and love, as a man might yearn toward a lost mother. That small, far-away world was where he had lived his life; the mother that had taken him in from the great silence, on whose breast he had dreamed that brief, transient dream called life; from whose arms he had been taken and placed within this new, strange world, where the great awakening came. Ah, how fleeting, and how sad, and yet how sweet that lost life seemed! Some mysterious, inalienable attachment for his old world, some lingering compassion for his mortal dwelling from which he was irrecoverably, eternally separated, took possession of his heart and caused tears of strange sadness to well to his eyes. And the first dawning glimmer of the vastness and infinitude of endless life and the boundless universe crept into his heart, and a sickening feeling of unutterable loneliness and insignificance rushed through him.

He turned away and drew nearer the Angel of Life who stood close by watching him with compassionate, sorrowful eyes, soft as earthly twilight. He leaned his head on the warm golden wing that sprang from her snow white shoulder, and wept bitterly. "Peace," she murmured, and her voice was like a summer wind that sighs through sun-lit leaves; "you from whom the wonder has not yet gone, and who are yet almost mortals, should not venture thus to heaven's parapet and look forth. 'Tis better you journey with the stream of joyous souls into those inner dreamful vales until the last breathings of your earthly sleep are lost in their golden, Lethean air. But now you have looked on your old earth, come, my child, and join the soul of the woman whom you loved in your former life, for she must be waiting, and sad because you do not come."

"Alas," said the man sorrowfully, "there is no woman I loved in my former life."

"Can there be no one," asked the Angel of Life, "whom you did not love during your life on earth?"

"No," answered the man; "no, there was no one. But yet—yes—there was a little woman with soft, sea-grey eyes, but she loved another man, and she died, and I forgot her."

"And she loved you not?" asked the Angel.

"She never knew I loved her; and when she died I forgot her, and I never loved again. I was a painter of pictures, and I had many pictures to paint. My days were busy and I had my fortune to make. I wished to win fame and feel the fulness of life; so I had no time for love. There was no one loved me, and I saw no one to love." A sad smile shadowed the Angel's lips, but the man went on: "I struggled on through my life alone, for I half felt that what I missed on earth would be given me here. I thought I was satisfied with my art. Yes, I was too busy making my life a success to stop to love."

"Ah, poor child! and now it is all over, tell me if you feel it has been a success?"

"No," said the man; "it has failed. There is something missing; something wanting, I cannot tell what it is, but, oh, there is a great something that seems to have always eluded me."

"It is even so," said the angel, "for life is only as death, if love enter not in it. And he who comes into this new life that you mortals were wont to call paradise, if he come in alone and unloving, alone and unloved he shall wander in eternal solitude. Ah, when, when, will that poor world learn the lesson that even its mating birds and mingling rivers are striving to teach? Oh, when will man learn to love?" The Angel of Life looked down on the far-off sphere, and her tears of commiseration splashed on the golden bars. Then she turned to the man and said: "But, man, I have weighed your soul in my balance, and by the deviation of a hair's weight, you are saved; for once on a time, long ago, you loved a woman with sea-grey eyes. Otherwise it had been better you had plunged from this topmost bar into the fathomless depths of the great emptiness, rather than linger in Heaven an unloved soul." A strange mingled emotion of sorrow and joy swept through the man at the angel's words. "If I had only known!" he thought; and as he looked with piteous eyes in her face, she read his thoughts like the words of an open scroll.

"There is a secret," she continued, "that you dream not of. There still dwells on yonder far earth of yours a woman who has loved you, and you knew it not. But you must await her coming, and when she comes, she will put her hand in yours; and then, O lonely one, you will learn to love." Then the Angel of Life turned away and was gone before the man could speak.

Long the man waited at the brink of Heaven. Patiently he watched the stream of ascending souls, that drifted heaven-ward like an endless shower of wind-driven snowflakes. And the woman was long in coming, and his love grew like a great thirst. But still he waited with meek face, and often he looked down on his old world, and faint

memories come to him, but they were sad as roses that bloom on a grave.

But at last the woman came. And when she saw him she gave a soft cry and nestled like a weary bird in his arms; and her hand sought his, and the love was sealed.

Then she looked into his eyes and said, "Love, do you remember me?" And the man gazed on her face and smiled, as he said, "Why, it is Marie, my young Marie, the pale, passionate-faced girl who used to sit for me. 'Yes, it is my old-time model whom I have so often painted.' A sweet, mild smile softened the woman's lips as she said, 'Yes, it is I; the poor, pale girl who used to sit for you; yes, the same strange, quiet girl with the calm eyes and the white shoulders, whom you have painted in so many pictures.'"

"Yes," said the man, "you were a good model."

"I knew," said the woman, "you would remember my face, and my neck, and my shoulders; you, who have studied every line and every curve so well, and so often. Ah, love, think of the number of pictures we used to make together. I know you want me here. I sometimes thought that you would forget me, but I knew all along you could not."

"No," said the man: "no; we will never forget and never separate, now. But did you love me in the old days, when I was so blind?"

"Ah, yes. I loved you all along, but you were a great painter, and wrapt up in your art, and I was a poor girl who sat for artists; so you did not know of it. How happy, how happy, I used to be through those long summer afternoons, when I would sit in your studio before you, and you would sit by the little window, with the sun on your hair, sometimes, and draw my face and shoulders, or my limbs and feet. And you would make me into a great picture, and men would come and praise it. Then my heart would grow almost too full, for I knew I was helping you win fame and wealth. And when you painted the Madonna and people said the eyes were too full of love and passion for a virgin's, I thought you would see my secret; for it was the love in my eyes as they looked on you, that was in that Madonna's gaze. But you were blind, and only said 'Ah Marie, Marie, what should I do without you, what could I do without that beautiful face of yours?' and then you suddenly died one day, and I was left alone. But I knew, love, you would wait for me here."

The man looked into the deep, calm eyes he had so often painted, and an over-flowing feeling of love and gratitude and happiness, too deep for word or thought, confounded his heart. He and the woman turned away from the dizzy parapet and looked towards the strange golden regions before them. And as they looked the Angel of Life came to them, and seeing them stand hand in hand, a look of tender love came into her soft eyes, and with that look came peace to the man and woman. And the Angel of Life led them gently and silently into the strange realms of the unknown; but ere he ventured into those regions the man cast one last look back upon his old, far-away world as it went reeling through lonely space; and as he looked a memory of a woman with sea-grey eyes came to him; but the Angel of Life knew the thought to be there, for she passed her soft golden wing over his eyes and thereafter the past faded, and yet faded, until it became not even a memory and dimmer than a dream within a dream. And even as he gazed the earth vanished down its wandering path through the silence, fading away as a bird flying into the sunset.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

THE ATHLETICS OF THE YEAR.

The record of Varsity sports for the past season savors much of hard luck. There was much enthusiasm and practice; a fair share of victories were won, but defeat came at critical moments, and one cup alone was captured.

In the Gymnasium, at Rugby and Association, it must be granted there were more of our undergrads actively engaged in athletics last fall than ever before. This is the most pleasing feature of last term's play, notwithstanding that our representatives at Queen's games had a worthy success, and that we carried off one football prize. But it is the number of players, great enough to allow of fast and keen inter-year matches, that is the most hopeful sign about College athletics. And this increased interest will bear fruit in the way of championship teams in a short time. One Saturday Varsity placed six teams, three Rugby and three Association, on the field; including substitutes, this means 90 men. Next year the ground at the rear will be ready, and the Athletic Association will doubtless take steps to obtain control of the old Cricket Grounds, to which we have a right. These additional fields will provide ample practice. The taking of a gate upon the lawn one match was a successful innovation, for it has long been felt that all the season's expense should not fall upon the members of the teams. In this, and in other ways, the Athletic Association has made a good start; its bowling competition and its exhibition were both worthy of it. The Gymnasium has been thronged all year; its effects, of course, appear only indirectly, but their good cannot be doubted.

The Association Club was most unfortunate. Two teams seemed to have their respective trophies won, when some cruel fate seized them away. The junior team, which, by the way, played a good combination, but never won a match, had the most satisfactory season, in that it was not doomed to dire disappointment. But "Shorty" Macpherson's team, after winning game after game, lost in a sand pile somewhere out west, and then again was defeated by one goal, in the final tie thus rendered necessary. The senior team, after having beaten the Scots, and gotten "Watty" out again, were disqualified on a technicality, and their labor, too, came to naught. The inter-year competition was interesting, Knox in particular playing a fast, good game, the result of steady practice. The freshmen gave them a hard run for the victory, however, although '97 was not the strongest arts team.

We are so accustomed to having our association teams win much as they please, that such reverses as this year come as severe sets back. But with the material which Varsity always has, there is no danger of our boys not being again on top this spring and next fall.

As for Rugby, the season was a disappointment, save for the brilliant successes of "Jack" Counsell's junior team. But the second team, after ample time for practice, failed to show any form at all in their first and only match. The first team, after beating Osgoode handily in two friendly games on the lawn, went to pieces in the second half at Kingston, and allowed Queen's to put on a winning lead. When Queen's came down here, our boys were too strong for them, but the team was unable to work any of the wing-passing combination they had practiced so hard, and consequently they scored but slowly. Of course Varsity displayed her annual superiority over Trinity; and the Toronto Meds., with "Don" Armour as captain,

walked away with their Trinity brethren of the dissecting room. The placing of three teams on the field was an experiment which was successful; most certainly there were numerous candidates for places. Two or three times simultaneous practices were held on the lawn, and on the cricket grounds there were over sixty playing Rugby last fall. And this does not include those who played and practiced with the S. P. S. team, or who played with the year teams.

The inter-year matches, although not managed systematically, were a means of bringing interest to the game, and next year when the new Mulock Cup is to be contended for, we may look confidently to seeing these games arouse interest and develop material for Rugby. It might indeed help in the search for new material if some inter-year matches were played before the championship season, instead of after.

There has been in the past a feeling that Rugby was the exclusive possession of those who had learnt it before matriculation. But that feeling is now dead, and the success of McArthur and Craig, who learnt the game well in one season, should embolden all who have the weight, speed or strength, to have a try at it.

The Rugby team is now chosen, not by a committee, as formerly, but by the captain choosing the first eight men, and this nine picks the rest of the team. This was a new departure, but worked satisfactorily. Last year's team has re-elected George Claves as captain for next season, and, with D. B. Macdonald as secretary, the prospects are bright for a good season.

The outlook for Hockey had been considered good. In '92-3, the team had been first-class, and every member would be back except "Watty" Thomson in goal, and Field on the forward line. But Bradley, from Ottawa, would take the place of the latter, while either Culbert or McMaster, U.C.C., would defend the flags. "Billy" Gilmour had again accepted the captaincy, and Trinity was easily defeated in the first game. It was then with confidence that the team went on the ice against Osgoode. The knowing had put them down as winners, and the betting was in their favor. As is too well known, they were not in it; and although again defeating Trinity, on losing a second time, after a close match, to Osgoode, Varsity was out of the cup race. But the second team did better. A year ago this team was weak; this year it was strong. It started happily by winning two games, which a less plucky and determined team would have lost; it ended unhappily by losing two games, which a team, not unlucky, would have won. The game for the Toronto cup final against the Granite II., which Varsity lost by one goal, showed what they could do, although minus their regular goal. The lack of ice all through the season really spoilt hockey this year, but with cold weather and good material, we can place two fast teams on the ice next January.

This spring will see the lawn as busy as last. There is no sight more inspiring than the campus on a bright spring day, when the football, lacrosse, baseball and cricket clubs are all out in force, and the dread of the Exams is for the moment forgotten.

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